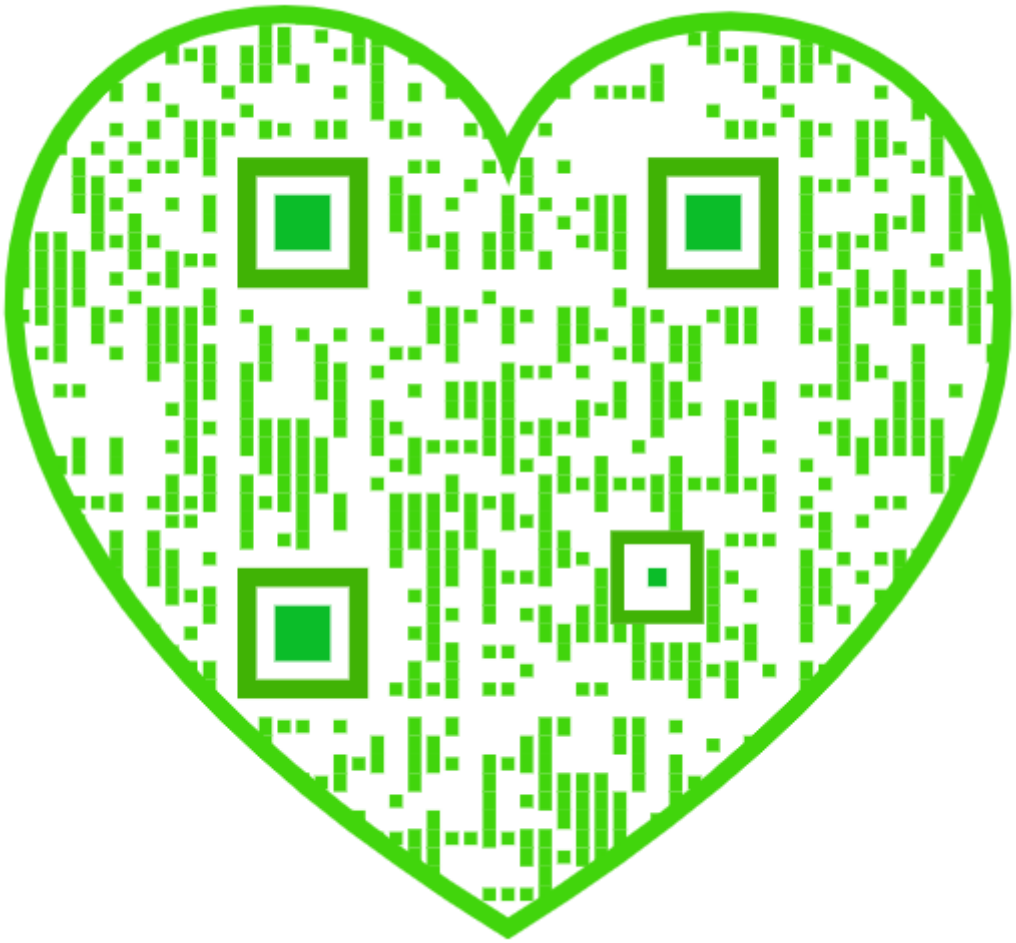

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THE ELSON READERS

BOOK SEVEN

BY

WILLIAM H. ELSON
AUTHOR OF GOOD ENGLISH SERIES

AND

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HEAD UNION JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

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PREFACE

This book is based on the belief that an efficient reader for the seventh grade must score high when tested on five fundamental features: *quality* of literature; *variety* of literature; *organization* of literature; *quantity* of literature; and *definite helps* sufficient to make the text a genuine tool for classroom use.

Quality of Literature

First among these features is the essential that the foundation of the book must be the acknowledged masterpieces of American and British authors. American boys and girls may be depended on to read current magazines and newspapers, *but if they are ever to have their taste and judgment of literary values enriched by familiarity with the classics of our literature, the schools must provide the opportunity.* This ideal does not mean the exclusion of well established present-day writers, but it does mean that the *core* of the school reader should be the rich literary heritage that has won recognition for its enduring value. Moreover, these masterpieces must come to the pupil in complete units, not in mere excerpts or garbled "cross-sections"; for the pupil in his school life should gain some real literary possessions.

A study of the contents of *The Elson Reader, Book Seven,* will show how consistently its authors have based the book on this sound test of *quality.* The works of the acknowledged "makers" of our literature have been abundantly drawn upon to furnish a foundation of great stories and poems, gripping in interest and well within the powers of pupil-appreciation in this grade.

Variety of Literature

Variety is fundamental to a well-rounded course of reading. If the school reader is to provide for all the purposes that a collection of literature for this grade should serve, it must contain material covering at least the following types: (1) literature representing both British and American authors; (2) some of the best contemporary poetry and prose as well as the literature of the past; (3) important race

stories—great epics—and world-stories of adventure; (4) patriotic literature, rich in ideals of home and country, loyalty and service, industry and thrift, coöperation and citizenship—ideals of which, during the World War, American children gained a new conception, that the school reader should perpetuate; (5) literature suited to festival occasions, particularly those celebrated in the schools: Columbus Day, Armistice Day, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, Arbor and Bird Day, anniversaries of the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington, as well as of Longfellow and other great American authors; (6) literature of the seasons, Nature, and out-of-door life; (7) literature of humor that will enliven the reading and cultivate the power to discriminate between *wholesome* humor—an essential part of life—and *crude* humor, so prevalent in the pupil's outside reading; (8) adventure stories both imaginative and real; (9) literature that portrays the romance of industry; (10) literature suited to dramatization, providing real project material.

This book offers a well-rounded course of reading covering all the types mentioned above. Especially by means of groups of stories and poems *that portray love of our free country and its flag, and unselfish service to others, this book makes a stirring appeal to the true spirit of good citizenship.* Moreover, wholesome ethical ideals pervade the literature throughout.

Organization of Literature

The literature of a school reader, if it is to do effective work, must be purposefully organized. Sound organization groups into related units the various selections that center about a common theme. *This arrangement enables the pupil to see the dominant ideas of the book as a whole, instead of viewing the text as a confused scrapbook of miscellaneous selections.* Such arrangement also fosters literary comparison by bringing together selections having a common theme or authorship.

This book has been so organized as to fulfill these purposes. There are four main Parts, each distinguished by unity of theme. Part I aims to develop a wholesome appreciation of Nature;

Part II deals with the magic world of adventure (including the great deeds of King Arthur's knights); Part III makes clear the heroic foundation of our Inheritance of Freedom; and Part IV presents certain phases of life in our homeland that will make America more significant to boys and girls. Through these grouped selections, fundamental ideals in the development of personal character and good citizenship are established.

Attention is called to five unique features that keep the plan of the book and the dominant theme of each Part clearly in the foreground: (1) A pupils' Introduction called "The Three Joys of Reading," that emphasizes the joy and value of reading, and makes clear the plan of the book, showing the pupil what to look for in each main Part; (2) Visual "guideposts"—large-type headings, half-title pages, and pictures typifying the theme of each unit; (3) A special Introduction to each main Part, that gives the pupil a graphic but simple forecast of the main ideal that dominates the group; (4) Notes and Questions that stress the contribution each story or poem makes to the main idea of the group; (5) A Review following each main division that serves, *first,* to crystallize into permanent form the various impressions left in the pupil's mind by the selections within each unit, and, *second,* to call into play the pupil's initiative, leading him to apply the ideas that dominate the group either through parallel readings or through his own experience.

Quantity of Literature

Obviously, a book that is to supply the pupil with a year's course in literature must be a generous volume. Variety is impossible without quantity, especially where literary wholes rather than fragmentary excerpts are offered. Particularly is this true when complete units are included not only for intensive study, but also for extensive reading—longer units to be read mainly for the story-element. *In bulk such units should be as large as the pupil can control readily in rapid silent reading, a kind of reading that increases the power to enjoy with intelligence a magazine or a book.*

The Elson Reader, Book Seven, which is a condensation of

Junior High School Literature, Book One, is a generous volume that provides for these needs. Its inclusiveness makes possible a proper balance between prose and poetry, between long and short selections, and between material for intensive and extensive reading.

If the pupil is to gain the full benefit from his reading, certain definite helps must be provided. An efficient reader must score a high test not only on the fundamentals of *quality, variety, organization,* and *quantity* of literature, but also on its *fitness as a tool for classroom use.* The effectiveness of this book as such a tool may be indicated by the following distinguishing features:

Definite Helps

(1) A distinctive Introduction, "The Three Joys of Reading" (see page 11), points out the great values of reading.

(2) Definite provisions are made for developing speed and concentration in silent reading. (See pages 34, 40-43, etc.)

(3) A comprehensive Glossary contains the words and phrases that offer valuable vocabulary training, either of pronunciation or meaning.

(4) A complete program of study, "How to Gain the Full Benefit from Your Reading" (pages 31-32), gives a concise explanation of the various helps found in the book.

(5) The helps to study are more than mere notes; they aid in making significant the larger purposes of the selections. These Notes and Questions include:

(*a*) Biographies of authors, that supply data for interpreting the stories and poems.

(*b*) Historical settings, wherever they are necessary to the intelligent understanding of the selection (see page 115, etc.).

(*c*) Questions and suggestions that present clearly the main idea, stimulate original discussion and comparison, and bring out modern parallels to the situations found in the selections.

(*d*) Words of everyday use frequently mispronounced, listed for study under "Discussion" (see page 33, etc.).

(*e*) Phrases that offer idiomatic difficulty; for convenience in locating these phrases the page and line number is indicated.

(*f*) Projects, individual and social (see page 98).

CONTENTS

		PAGE
PREFACE		3
SUGGESTIONS FOR AN ORDER OF READING		10
THE THREE JOYS OF READING		11

PART I

THE WORLD OF NATURE

An Introduction		19
ANIMALS		
THE BUFFALO	*Francis Parkman*	21
HUNTING THE GRIZZLY BEAR	*Theodore Roosevelt*	34
MOTI GUJ—MUTINEER	*Rudyard Kipling*	44
BIRDS		
ROBERT OF LINCOLN	*William Cullen Bryant*	53
THE MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT	*Henry van Dyke*	57
THE SANDPIPER	*Celia Thaxter*	60
THE THROSTLE	*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*	62
TO THE CUCKOO	*William Wordsworth*	63
A FAMOUS BIRD CLUB	*Ernest Harold Baynes*	65
FLOWERS AND TREES		
TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN	*William Cullen Bryant*	70
TO THE DANDELION	*James Russell Lowell*	71
THE DAFFODILS	*William Wordsworth*	74
TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY	*Robert Burns*	76
SWEET PEAS	*John Keats*	78
TREES	*Joyce Kilmer*	79
WINTER		
THE GREAT BLIZZARD	*Hamlin Garland*	82
THE FROST SPIRIT	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	89
THE SNOW STORM	*Ralph Waldo Emerson*	91
SNOWFLAKES	*Henry W. Longfellow*	93
BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND	*William Shakespeare*	94
A Review		96

PART II

THE WORLD OF ADVENTURE

PAGE

An Introduction 101

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

KING ARTHUR STORIES..... Adapted from *Sir Thomas Malory*
THE COMING OF ARTHUR 103
THE STORY OF GARETH 118
THE PEERLESS KNIGHT LANCELOT 141
THE PASSING OF ARTHUR 165

NARRATIVES IN VERSE

SIR PATRICK SPENS.....*Folk Ballad* 186
THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.....*Henry W. Longfellow*..... 189
LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.....*Thomas Campbell* 196
SPANISH WATERS .....*John Masefield* 198
KILMENY—A SONG OF THE TRAWLERS...*Alfred Noyes* 201

A TALE FROM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEMPEST .....*Charles and Mary Lamb*.. 203

A Review 216

PART III

OUR INHERITANCE OF FREEDOM

An Introduction 219

STORIES AND SONGS OF LIBERTY

LEONIDAS, THE SPARTAN.....*Herodotus* 223
ARNOLD WINKELRIED .....*James Montgomery* 229
TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.....*Sir Walter Scott*
ROBERT THE BRUCE..... 233
THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN..... 245
BRUCE'S ADDRESS AT BANNOCKBURN.....*Robert Burns* 251
THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE.....*Sir Walter Raleigh* 253
YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.....*Thomas Campbell* 258
ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782.....*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*.... 259
MEN WHO MARCH AWAY.....*Thomas Hardy* 261

EARLY AMERICAN SPIRIT OF FREEDOM

GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR .....*Nathaniel Hawthorne*
THE STAMP ACT 263
SOME FAMOUS PORTRAITS..... 269
WARREN'S ADDRESS AT BUNKER HILL....*John Pierpont* 274
LIBERTY OR DEATH .....*Patrick Henry* 275
LETTER TO HIS WIFE .....*George Washington* 280
LETTER TO GOVERNOR CLINTON .....*George Washington* 283
SONG OF MARION'S MEN.....*William Cullen Bryant*.... 285
TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS.....*Thomas Paine* 288

A Review 291

PART IV

LITERATURE AND LIFE IN THE HOMELAND

PAGE

An Introduction 295

EARLY AMERICA

THE CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS ..... *Archbishop Corrigan* 297
THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS. *Felicia Hemans* 299
THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH... *Henry W. Longfellow*..... 302
THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS ..... *Nathaniel Hawthorne* 346

AMERICAN SCENES AND LEGENDS

MY VISIT TO NIAGARA ..... *Nathaniel Hawthorne* 351
ON A FLORIDA RIVER ..... *Sidney Lanier* 359
I SIGH FOR THE LAND OF THE CYPRESS.. *Samuel Henry Dickson*.... 363
THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW ..... *Washington Irving* 365
THE GREAT STONE FACE ..... *Nathaniel Hawthorne*..... 400

AMERICAN LITERATURE OF LIGHTER VEIN

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG ..... *Mark Twain* 423
THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS ..... *Oliver Wendell Holmes*.... 431
THE GIFT OF THE MAGI ..... *O. Henry* 434

AMERICAN WORKERS AND THEIR WORK

MAKERS OF THE FLAG ..... *Franklin K. Lane*..... 441
I HEAR AMERICA SINGING ..... *Walt Whitman* 444
PIONEERS! O PIONEERS! ..... *Walt Whitman* 446
THE BEANFIELD ..... *Henry David Thoreau*..... 448
THE SHIPBUILDERS ..... *John Greenleaf Whittier*.. 452
THE BUILDERS ..... *Henry W. Longfellow*..... 455

LOVE OF COUNTRY

OLD IRONSIDES ..... *Oliver Wendell Holmes*... 458
THE AMERICAN FLAG ..... *Henry Ward Beecher*..... 460
THE FLAG GOES BY ..... *Henry H. Bennett* 462
THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY ..... *Oliver Wendell Holmes*... 464
CITIZENSHIP ..... *William Pierce Frye* 466
THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON ..... *Thomas Jefferson* 469
THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.... *William Cullen Bryant*.... 472
ABRAHAM LINCOLN ..... *Richard H. Stoddard*..... 473
O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN! ..... *Walt Whitman* 475
IN FLANDERS FIELDS ..... *John D. McCrae* 476
AMERICA'S ANSWER ..... *R. W. Lillard* 477

A Review 479

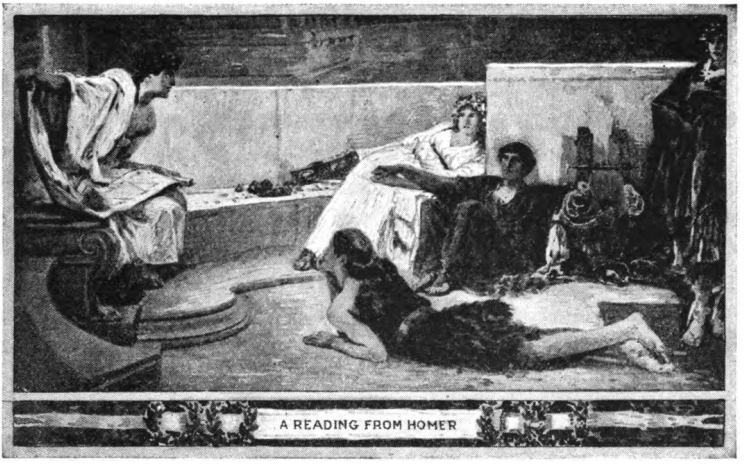
GLOSSARY 481

SUGGESTIONS FOR AN ORDER OF READING

In the Elson Readers selections are grouped according to theme or authorship. Such an arrangement enables the pupil to see the dominant ideas of the book as a whole. This purpose is further aided by an Introduction and a Review for each main group. The book, therefore, emphasizes certain fundamental ideals, making them stand out clearly in the mind of the pupil. This result can best be accomplished by reading all the selections of a group in the order given, before taking up those of a different group. The order of the groups, however, may be varied to suit school conditions or preferences.

It goes without saying that selections particularly suited to the celebration of special days will be read in connection with such festival occasions. For example, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," page 299, will be read immediately before the Thanksgiving holiday, even if the class at that particular time is in the midst of some other main part of the Reader. Before assigning a selection out of order, however, the teacher should scrutinize the notes and questions, to make certain that no references are made within these notes to a discussion in an Introduction or to other selections in the group that pupils have not yet read. In case such references are found the teacher may well conduct a brief class discussion to make these questions significant to the pupils.

It is the belief of the authors that many of the longer prose stories should be read silently and reported on in class. In this way the monotony incident to the reading of such selections aloud in class will be avoided. However, the class will wish to read *aloud* certain passages from these longer units because of their beauty, their dramatic quality, or the forceful way in which the author has expressed his thoughts. *Class readings* are suggested for this purpose. In this way reading aloud is given purposefulness.



A READING FROM HOMER

THE THREE JOYS OF READING

The picture on this page is called "A Reading from Homer." Study each of the people who form the group. Judging from their dress and appearance, do you think they are people of the present time or of the ancient world? From what sort of "book" is the poet reading? Should you think such "books" could be owned by all sorts of people, or only by a few? Study the reader's expression. What sort of story do you think he is reading? Can you decide anything about the listeners, who they are and what they are thinking about?

Men do brave deeds on the sea, in far-off lands, or in war, and these deeds are the subject of song and story. Youths who are looking forward to heroic careers, and men and women to whom life has brought few thrilling experiences, like to hear these tales. A well-told story opens the door to a new pleasure in living. An animal knows only the present. He is hungry, or tired, or his life is in danger, or he is well fed and sleepy. But boys and girls, and men and women, too, not only have their daily experience to

draw upon, but through books and magazines and papers they can enter into the experience of others, so that they may live many lives in one.

Aladdin had a wonderful lamp. By rubbing it he could be anywhere he chose or could possess anything he desired. Such a lamp the reader of good books possesses. You come in from work or play, curl yourself up in a big chair before the fire, open your book, and in a twinkling you are whisked away to a new world. Your body is there, curled up before the fire, but enchantment has come upon you. In imagination you are with Sindbad the sailor, or with Robinson Crusoe, or with King Arthur, or you are in the Indian jungle, or on a ship sailing the South Seas, or you are hunting for Treasure Island. And you have it in your power to take these wonderful trips instantly; no railway tickets are required, no long delays. You may go on a journey to the other side of the world or into the South Polar ice or out on a western ranch. What is more wonderful, you may go back a century, or ten centuries; through this Aladdin's lamp of reading you are master not only of space, but also of time. Thus the first joy of reading is the privilege of taking part in the experiences of men of every time and every portion of the world. You multiply your life, and the product is richness and joy.

The second joy of reading is even greater. Not only the world of adventure is open to you by means of books, but also a life enriched by the wisdom that has been gathered from a thousand poets and historians as bees gather honey from a thousand flowers. There is a story of a great Italian of the sixteenth century who found himself in the prime of life without a position, without money, and even compelled to become an exile because of a revolution. He retired to a farm remote from all the scenes in which his previous life had been passed. All day he worked hard, for only by hard work could he live. But in the evenings, when work was done, when horses and oxen and the laborers who had toiled with them all the day had gone to sleep, this man put on the splendid court dress he had worn in the days of his prosperity,

days when he had associated with princes and the great ones of the earth, and so garbed he went into his library and shut the door. And then, he tells us, for four hours he lived amid the scenes that his books called up before him. He found in books an Aladdin's lamp that transported him to past times, that revealed the secrets of Nature, that showed him what men had accomplished. Through history, he re-created the past. He could call on the wisest of men for counsel, and he forgot during these hours his weariness and pain.

THE SONG OF THE LARK

Many men, like this great Italian, have found happiness and strength in books. There was once a boy in a frontier cabin who was eager to know all that could be learned about life. His days were long and hard, but he was dreaming of things to come. At night by the light of the pine logs blazing in the fireplace, this boy read and studied. Books were hard to get; sometimes he tramped for miles to borrow one that he had heard a distant farmer possessed. Thus Lincoln found the second of the joys of reading, the stored-up wisdom of the race that he made his own in preparation for the day when he was to be not merely a student of history but a maker of history as well.

The third joy of reading is that through books our eyes are opened to the beauty of the world in which we live. There is a famous painting called "The Song of the Lark." A peasant girl is on her way to work in the fields, sickle in hand, in early morning. She has stopped to listen to the flood of melody that pours from the sky above her, and is trying in vain to see the

bird which is singing the glorious song. Her dull, unexpressive face is lighted up for the moment in the presence of a beauty that she feels but does not comprehend. So the painter interprets for us the effect of beauty upon even a dull intelligence. But the poet translates the song into beautiful language, and we read and are happy.

Thousands of people pass unthinkingly by a field filled with the common daisies. They know the name of the flower; they may even say, or think, that the flowers make a pretty sight. But a poor young poet plows up one on his farm and tells us of his sympathy for the little flower he has destroyed; tells us, too, how the fate of the daisy suggests to him his own fate, so that all who read the poem by Robert Burns no longer see in the daisy a common flower, but see instead a symbol of life.

Bird-song and flower; the west wind as it drives the dead leaves before it or hurries the clouds across the sky or piles up in great masses the waters of the sea; the mountain that rises stark and stern above the plain; the ocean over which men's ships pass in safety or into whose depths they plunge to their grave—all these things the poet helps us to see and to feel. So once more our Aladdin's lamp brings us into scenes of enchantment, multiplies our lives, opens our eyes to things that the fairy-folk know right well, but which are forbidden to mortal eye and ear until the spell has worked its will.

These, then, are the three joys of reading: First, to be able to travel at will in any country and in any period of time and to taste the salt of adventure; to hear the great stories that the human race has garnered through centuries of living; to know earth's heroes and to become a part of the company that surrounds them. Second, to enter into the inheritance of wisdom that has come down from ancient times or that animates those who are the builders of our present world. "Histories make men wise," said one of the wisest of men, by which he meant that history records the experience of men in their attempts to make the world a place where people may dwell together in safety, and that

as men reflect on this experience they become wiser. And poets and prose writers, too, have told in books what they thought to be the meaning of life. They are like the wise old hermits, dwelling in little cabins by the edge of the enchanted forest, who told Sir Galahad or Sir Gawain or Sir Lancelot about the perils of the forest and how to win their way to the enchanted castle where dwelt the princess or the Queen.

And the third joy of reading is that which opens our eyes to the beauty of the enchanted world in which we live. All about you, in the manifold aspects of Nature, lies a world of wonder as interesting as that fairy world which so delighted you when mother told you stories or when you read your fairy books. Poems and stories of Nature are gateways to this new fairy world. Other gateways are found in stories of travel in far-off lands, and in accounts of the achievements of science. The journey of Captain Scott in search of the South Pole was as thrilling as the voyage of Sindbad. Those brave men who made the first flight in an airplane across the ocean the other day were as venturesome as Columbus, and their journey was as wonderful as that journey in 1492. But Captain Scott did not leave his comfortable and safe life at home merely to seek adventure. It was an expedition planned in order that he might bring back exact information about parts of the earth where men had never been before. And the flight across the Atlantic was just one more step in the development of a new form of transportation. So science contributes in many ways to our happiness and safety. What men do to develop the resources of the earth, what they do to conquer disease, the inventions and discoveries that give us greater power than if we possessed the open sesame of our fairy stories—these also you learn about in your reading.

The book to which you are here introduced is planned in such a way as to help you find these three joys of reading. It is a big generous book, filled with good things. It is an Aladdin's lamp. Take it to your favorite big chair or to your favorite corner and test it. Do you wish to get into the Enchanted Forest?

The very first selections, about animals and birds and growing things, take you there where you will find friends old and new. Do you wish to go on a long journey back to King Arthur's time and meet the knights of the Round Table? The power is yours for the asking. Or if you prefer songs and stories of the sea, here is a ballad that has been sung for centuries, or you may have ballads about battles in the war that ended the other day. And no one knew the secrets of the Enchanted Forest better than William Shakespeare—here is a story that he loved.

At some other time your book will take you back to the olden days when heroes were giving their lives in Greece or in Switzerland or, later, in our own America, to win for themselves and their children the precious gift of freedom. And, last of all, there are stories of life in our America—old legends, and tales that will make you smile, and stories of workers and their work. When you have finished the last section you will be happier and a better citizen, ready to do your share at every opportunity.

One word more. You know that in order to work enchantment people have had to do certain things. There was some charm like "open sesame," or the wonderful lamp that had to be rubbed. Now to use this book rightly, you must not think of it as a lesson book, containing tasks. If you do that, it will be no Aladdin's lamp at all but just a dull old smoky lamp that would not even guide you to the cellar. You must do these things: First, get that chair or that corner and make yourself comfortable. Second, *look at the program.* What is that? Why, the "Table of Contents," of course. You must know where you are going and what you are to see. In this book everything is arranged in such a way as to help the charm to work. Third, you will find questions and notes every now and then, and a Glossary, guide-posts to help you find your way. And, last of all, you are to try to see the book as a whole and not as a sort of scrapbook about all sorts of things. For it all deals, in one way or another, with the Enchanted Forest and the Castle of Life.

PART I

THE WORLD OF NATURE

"Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings."
—William Cullen Bryant.

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A. Stengelin

AN AUTUMN EVENING

An Introduction

Men in all ages have felt the influence of Nature, sometimes because they could not understand her mysteries, sometimes because they were conscious of a kinship between animal life and their own, or again, because they were thrilled by the beauty of the world that lay about them.

Nature brings adventures to those who love her and try to learn her secrets. These adventures may be like other adventures, interesting because they bring unusual experiences. Such are the adventures of men hunting wild animals or exploring strange lands; or of one shut in by a great snowstorm, snowbound on a train or in a New England farmhouse. But often familiar or common things bring adventures when our eyes are opened to what they have for us. A man named Gilbert White once lived in the English village of Selborne. Nothing ever hap pened in the village, most people thought, but Gilbert White won fame because through many years he watched the habits of insects and the shy animals of the countryside and wrote down what he saw. Henry Thoreau, an American poet and essayist, lived for years on the shore of a New England lake, lived alone, in the roughest way, but his observations, set forth in his book called *Walden,* have become a precious part of American literature. And the poets of all times and countries have sung of birds and bees and flowers, of the changing seasons, of brooks and stars, of the ocean with its many moods, and of mountains and what they teach of beauty and strength to men.

As you read the stories and poems of this group, you will notice that the great writers who deal with the outdoor world reveal to you two quite different kinds of secrets.

First, some of them show you the many hidden charms of Nature that you may see with your own eyes, if you will only

observe closely your neighbors, the animals and birds, or the wonders of the changing seasons. For example, Parkman and Roosevelt and Kipling will picture for you the habits of buffalo, grizzly bears, and elephants so clearly that you will gain a new feeling of your kinship with the animal world. And Hamlin Garland will teach you to see new wonders in the majestic power that grips the world when the icy blizzard holds the land in its all-embracing grasp. All around you lie many hidden beauties of Nature that will enrich your life when once you have learned their secrets. And it is through the writings of keen observers—the naturalists—that you will gain this power.

Second, other writers, chiefly the poets, will still further enrich your appreciation of Nature by awakening your powers of imagination and fancy. These men and women interpret for you the deeper meaning of the life about you—things that the eye alone, no matter how keen, can never reveal. In "The Three Joys of Reading," page 14, you saw how the poet Burns pictured the kinship between his own life and the fate of a common daisy that he had plowed up by chance one day. Many of the poems you are about to read will touch your fancy with similar thoughts of beauty. Celia Thaxter teaches us the lesson of faith and courage she learned while watching a little sandpiper; and James Russell Lowell gives us a beautiful fancy of humbleness as he thinks of the lowly dandelion.

We treasure the songs of these poets, not alone for their rich fancies but also for their musical rhythm and the charm of their language. For example, in Wordsworth's "The Daffodils" you will notice the rime and rhythm, which give an easy swing or movement to the lines. As you read other poems in Part I, see which seem most musical.

While reading the selections of this group, you will learn many lessons about the two kinds of secrets that were mentioned. And whenever you go through the woods and fields, see if these writers—the wise observers and the interpreters of Nature—have given you a new vision of life in the outdoor world.

ANIMALS

THE BUFFALO

FRANCIS PARKMAN

BRINGING HOME THE MEAT

Four days on the Platte, and yet no buffalo! The wagons one morning had left the camp; Shaw and I were already on horseback, but Henry Chatillon still sat cross-legged by the dead embers of the fire, playing with the lock of his rifle, while his sturdy pony stood quietly behind him, looking over his head. At last he got up, patted the neck of the pony (which, from an exaggerated appreciation of his merits, he had christened Five Hundred Dollar), and then mounted with a melancholy air.

"What is it, Henry?"

"Ah, I feel lonesome; I never been here before; but I see away yonder over the buttes, and down there on the prairie, black—all black with buffalo!"

In the afternoon he and I left the party in search of an antelope; until, at the distance of a mile or two on the right, the tall white wagons and the little black specks of horsemen were just visible, so slowly advancing that they seemed motionless; and

far on the left rose the broken line of scorched, desolate sand-hills. The vast plain waved with tall rank grass that swept our horses' bellies; it swayed to and fro in billows with the light breeze, and far and near, antelope and wolves were moving through it, the hairy backs of the latter alternately appearing and disappearing as they bounded awkwardly along; while the antelope, with the simple curiosity peculiar to them, would often approach us closely, their little horns and white throats just visible above the grass tops as they gazed eagerly at us with their round, black eyes.

I dismounted, and amused myself with firing at the wolves. Henry attentively scrutinized the surrounding landscape; at length he gave a shout, and called on me to mount again, pointing in the direction of the sand-hills. A mile and a half from us, two minute black specks slowly traversed the face of one of the bare, glaring declivities, and disappeared behind the summit. "Let us go!" cried Henry, belaboring the sides of Five Hundred Dollar; and we galloped rapidly through the rank grass toward the hills.

From one of their openings descended a deep ravine, widening as it issued on the prairie. We entered it, and galloping up, in a moment were surrounded by the bleak sand-hills. Half of their steep sides were bare; the rest were scantily clothed with clumps of grass and various plants, conspicuous among which appeared the reptile-like prickly-pear. They were gashed with numberless ravines; and as the sky had suddenly darkened and a cold gusty wind arisen, the strange shrubs and the dreary hills looked doubly wild and desolate. But Henry's face was all eagerness. He tore off a little hair from the piece of buffalo robe under his saddle, and threw it up, to show the course of the wind. It blew directly before us. The game were therefore to windward, and it was necessary to make our best speed to get round them.

We scrambled from this ravine, and galloping away through the hollows, soon found another, winding like a snake among the hills, and so deep that it completely concealed us. We rode up the bottom of it, glancing through the shrubbery at its edge,

till Henry abruptly jerked his rein and slid out of his saddle. Full a quarter of a mile distant, on the outline of the farthest hill, a long procession of buffalo were walking in Indian file with the utmost gravity and deliberation; then more appeared, clambering from a hollow not far off, and ascending, one behind the other, the grassy slope of another hill; then a shaggy head and a pair of short, broken horns appeared, issuing out of a ravine close at hand, and with a slow, stately step, one by one, the enormous brutes came into view, taking their way across the valley, wholly unconscious of an enemy. In a moment Henry was worming his way, lying flat on the ground, through grass and prickly-pears, toward his unsuspecting victims. He had with him both my rifle and his own. He was soon out of sight, and still the buffalo kept issuing into the valley. For a long time all was silent; I sat holding his horse, and wondering what he was about, when suddenly, in rapid succession, came the sharp reports of the two rifles, and the whole line of buffalo, quickening their pace into a clumsy trot, gradually disappeared over the ridge of the hill. Henry rose to his feet, and stood looking after them.

"You have missed them," said I.

"Yes," said Henry; "let us go." He descended into the ravine, loaded the rifles, and mounted his horse.

We rode up the hill after the buffalo. The herd was out of sight when we reached the top, but lying not far off was one quite lifeless, and another struggling in the death agony.

"You see I miss him!" remarked Henry. He had fired from a distance of more than a hundred and fifty yards, and both balls had passed through the lungs—the true mark in shooting buffalo.

The darkness increased, and a driving storm came on. Tying our horses to the horns of the victims, Henry began the bloody work of dissection. Old Hendrick recoiled with horror and indignation when I endeavored to tie the meat to the strings of rawhide always carried for this purpose, dangling at the back of the saddle. After some difficulty we overcame his scruples; and heavily burdened, we set out on our return. Scarcely had

we issued upon the open prairie, when the pricking sleet came driving, gust upon gust, directly in our faces. It was strangely dark, though wanting still an hour of sunset. The freezing storm soon penetrated to the skin, but the uneasy trot of our horses kept us warm enough, as we forced them unwillingly in the teeth of the sleet and rain. The prairie in this place was hard and level. A flourishing colony of prairie dogs had burrowed into it in every direction, and the little mounds of fresh earth around their holes were about as numerous as the hills in a cornfield; but not a yelp was to be heard; not the nose of a single citizen was visible; all had retired to the depths of their burrows, and we envied them their dry and comfortable habitations. An hour's hard riding showed us our tent dimly looming through the storm, one side puffed out by the force of the wind, and the other collapsed in proportion, while the horses stood shivering close around, and the wind kept up a dismal whistling in the boughs of three old, half-dead trees above. Shaw sat on his saddle in the entrance, with a pipe in his mouth, and his arms folded, contemplating with cool satisfaction the piles of meat that we flung on the ground before him. A dark and dreary night succeeded; but the sun rose with a heat so sultry and languid that the captain excused himself on that account from waylaying an old buffalo bull, walking with stupid gravity over the prairie to drink at the river. So much for the climate of the Platte!

AN UNSUCCESSFUL HUNT

On the following morning Henry Chatillon, looking over the ocean-like expanse, saw near the foot of the distant hills something that looked like a band of buffalo. He was not sure, he said, but at all events, if they were buffalo, there was a fine chance for a race. Shaw and I at once determined to try the speed of our horses, and we set out at a trot. The game appeared about three miles distant.

As we advanced, the band of buffalo were transformed into certain clumps of tall bushes, dotting the prairie for a consider-

able distance. At this ludicrous termination of our chase, we turned back toward the party. We were skirting the brink of a deep ravine, when we saw Henry and the broad-chested pony coming toward us at a gallop.

"Here's old Papin and Frederic, down from Fort Laramie!" shouted Henry, long before he came up. We had for some days expected this encounter. Papin was the *bourgeois* of Fort Laramie. He had come down the river with the buffalo robes and the beaver, the produce of the last winter's trading. I had among our baggage a letter which I wished to commit to their hands; so, requesting Henry to detain the boats if he could until my return, I set out after the wagons. They were about four miles in advance. In half an hour I overtook them, got the letter, trotted back upon the trail, and looking carefully as I rode, saw a patch of broken, storm-blasted trees, and moving near them some little black specks like men and horses. Arriving at the place, I found a strange assembly. The boats, eleven in number, deep-laden with the skins, hugged close to the shore to escape being borne down by the swift current. The rowers, swarthy Mexicans, turned their brutish faces upward to look as I reached the bank. Papin sat in the middle of one of the boats upon the canvas covering that protected the robes. He was a stout, robust fellow, with a little gray eye that had a peculiarly sly twinkle. "Frederic" also stretched his tall, rawboned proportions close by the *bourgeois*. The "mountain-men" completed the group, some lounging in the boats, some strolling on shore, some attired in gayly painted buffalo robes like Indian dandies, some with hair saturated with red paint and glue, and one bedaubed with vermilion upon his forehead and each cheek.

I shook hands with the *bourgeois* and delivered the letter; then the boats swung around into the stream and floated away. They had reason for haste, for already the voyage from Fort Laramie had occupied a full month, and the river was growing daily more shallow. Fifty times a day the boats had been aground; indeed, those who navigate the Platte invariably spend

half their time upon sand-bars. Two of these boats, the property of private traders, afterwards separating from the rest, got hopelessly involved in the shallows, not very far from the Pawnee villages, and were soon surrounded by a swarm of the inhabitants. They carried off everything that they considered valuable, including most of the robes, and amused themselves by tying up the men left on guard, and whipping them with sticks.

LOST ON THE GREAT PLAINS

"Buffalo! buffalo!" It was but a grim old bull, roaming the prairie by himself; but there might be more behind the hills. Dreading the monotony of the camp, Shaw and I saddled our horses and set out with Henry Chatillon in search of the game. Henry, not intending to take part in the chase, but merely conducting us, carried his rifle with him, while we took our pistols. We ~~rode for some five~~ or six miles, and saw no living thing but wolves, snakes, and prairie dogs.

"This won't do at all," said Shaw.

"What won't do?"

"There's no wood about here to make a litter for the wounded man; I have an idea that one of us will need something of the sort before the day is over."

There was some foundation for such an apprehension, for the ground was none of the best for a race, and grew worse continually as we proceeded; indeed it soon became desperately bad, consisting of abrupt hills and deep hollows, cut by frequent ravines not easy to pass. At length, a mile in advance, we saw a band of bulls. Some were scattered, grazing over a green declivity, while the rest were crowded more densely together in the wide hollow below. Making a circuit to keep out of sight, we rode toward them until we ascended a hill within a furlong of them, beyond which nothing intervened that could possibly screen us from their view. We dismounted behind the ridge just out of sight, drew our saddle-girths, examined our pistols, and mounting again rode over the hill and descended at a canter toward them,

bending close to our horses' necks. Instantly they took the alarm; those on the hill descended; those below gathered into a mass, and the whole got in motion, shouldering each other along at a clumsy gallop. We followed, spurring our horses to full speed; and as the herd rushed, crowding and trampling in terror through an opening in the hills, we were close at their heels, half suffocated by the clouds of dust. But as we drew near, their alarm and speed increased; our horses showed signs of the utmost fear, bounding violently aside as we approached, and refusing to enter among the herd. The buffalo now broke into several small bodies, scampering over the hills in different directions, and I lost sight of Shaw; neither of us knew where the other had gone. Old Pontiac ran like a frantic elephant up hill and down hill, his ponderous hoofs striking the prairie like sledge-hammers. He showed a curious mixture of eagerness and terror, straining to overtake the panic-stricken herd, but constantly recoiling in dismay as we drew near. The fugitives, indeed, offered no very attractive spectacle, with their enormous size and weight, their shaggy manes, and the tattered remnants of their last winter's hair covering their backs in irregular shreds and patches and flying off in the wind as they ran. At length I urged my horse close behind a bull, and after trying in vain, by blows and spurring, to bring him alongside, I shot a bullet into the buffalo from this disadvantageous position. At the report, Pontiac swerved so much that I was again thrown a little behind the game. The bullet failed to disable the bull. The herd ran up a hill, and I followed in pursuit. As Pontiac rushed headlong down on the other side, I saw Shaw and Henry descending the hollow on the right at a leisurely gallop; and in front, the buffalo were just disappearing behind the crest of the next hill, their short tails erect and their hoofs twinkling through a cloud of dust.

At that moment I heard Shaw and Henry shouting to me; but the muscles of a stronger arm than mine could not have checked at once the furious course of Pontiac. A stronger and hardier brute never trod the prairie; but the novel sight of the buffalo

filled him with terror, and when at full speed he was almost uncontrollable. Gaining the top of the ridge, I saw nothing of the buffalo; they had all vanished amid the intricacies of the hills and hollows. Reloading my pistols in the best way I could, I galloped on until I saw them again scuttling along at the base of the hill. Down went old Pontiac among them, scattering them to the right and left, and then we had another long chase. About a dozen bulls were before us, scouring over the hills, rushing down the declivities with tremendous weight and impetuosity, and then laboring with a weary gallop upward. Still Pontiac, in spite of spurring and beating, would not close with them. One bull at length fell a little behind the rest, and by dint of much effort I urged my horse within six or eight yards of his side. His back was darkened with sweat, and he was panting heavily, while his tongue lolled out a foot from his jaws. Gradually I came up abreast of him, urging Pontiac with leg and rein nearer to his side, when suddenly he did what buffalo in such circumstances will always do: he slackened his gallop, and turning toward us with an aspect of mingled rage and distress, lowered his huge shaggy head for a charge. Pontiac, with a snort, leaped aside in terror, nearly throwing me to the ground. I fired a bullet after the bull, which had resumed his flight; then drew rein, and determined to rejoin my companions. It was high time. The breath blew hard from Pontiac's nostrils, and the sweat rolled in big drops down his sides; I myself felt as if drenched in warm water. I looked round for some indications to show me where I was, and what course I ought to pursue. I might as well have looked for landmarks in the midst of the ocean. How many miles I had run or in what direction, I had no idea; and around me the prairie was rolling in steep swells and pitches, without a single distinctive feature to guide me. I had a little compass hung at my neck; and ignorant that the Platte at this point diverged considerably from its easterly course, I thought that by keeping to the northward I should certainly reach it. So I turned and rode about two hours in that direction. The

prairie changed as I advanced, softening away into easier undulations, but nothing like the Platte appeared, nor any sign of a human being; the same wild endless expanse lay around me still; and to all appearance I was as far from my object as ever. I began now to consider myself in danger of being lost. Looking round, it occurred to me that the buffalo might prove my best guides. I soon found one of the paths made by them in their passage to the river; it ran nearly at right angles to my course; but turning my horse's head in the direction it indicated, his freer gait and erect ears assured me that I was right.

But in the meantime my ride had been by no means a solitary one. The whole face of the country was dotted far and wide with countless hundreds of buffalo. They trooped along in files and columns, bulls, cows, and calves, on the green faces of the declivities in front. They scrambled away over the hills to the right and left; and far off, the pale blue swells in the extreme distance were dotted with innumerable specks. Sometimes I surprised shaggy old bulls grazing alone, or sleeping behind the ridges I ascended. They would leap up at my approach, stare stupidly at me through their tangled manes, and then gallop heavily away. The antelope were very numerous; and as they are always bold when in the neighborhood of buffalo, they would approach quite near to look at me, gazing intently with their great round eyes, then suddenly leap aside and stretch lightly away over the prairie as swiftly as a racehorse. Squalid, ruffian-like wolves sneaked through the hollows and sandy ravines. Several times I passed through villages of prairie dogs, which sat, each at the mouth of his burrow, holding his paws before him in a supplicating attitude and yelping away most vehemently, energetically whisking his little tail with every squeaking cry he uttered. Prairie dogs are not fastidious in their choice of companions; various long, checkered snakes were sunning themselves in the midst of the village, and demure little gray owls, with a large white ring around each eye, were perched side by side with the rightful inhabitants. The prairie teemed with life. Again

and again I looked toward the crowded hillsides, and was sure I saw horsemen; and riding near, with a mixture of hope and dread, for Indians were abroad, I found them transformed into a group of buffalo. There was nothing in human shape amid all this vast congregation of brute forms.

When I turned down the buffalo path, the prairie seemed changed; only a wolf or two glided past at intervals, never looking to the right or left. Being now free from anxiety, I was at leisure to observe minutely the objects around me; and here, for the first time, I noticed insects wholly different from any of the varieties found farther to the eastward. Gaudy butterflies fluttered about my horse's head; strangely formed beetles were crawling upon plants that I had never seen before; multitudes of lizards, too, were darting like lightning over the sand.

I had run to a great distance from the river. It cost me a long ride on the buffalo path before I saw from the ridge of a sand-hill the pale surface of the Platte glistening in the midst of its desert valleys, and the faint outline of the hills beyond waving along the sky. From where I stood, not a tree nor a bush nor a living thing was visible throughout the whole extent of the sun-scorched landscape. In half an hour I came upon the trail, not far from the river; and seeing that the party had not yet passed, I turned eastward to meet them, old Pontiac's long, swinging trot again assuring me that I was right in doing so. Having been slightly ill on leaving camp in the morning, six or seven hours of rough riding had fatigued me extremely. I soon stopped, therefore; flung my saddle to the ground, and with my head resting on it, and my horse's trail-rope tied loosely to my arm, lay awaiting the arrival of the party. At length the white wagon coverings rose from the verge of the plain. Almost at the same moment two horsemen appeared coming down from the hills. They were Shaw and Henry, who had searched for me a while in the morning, but well knowing the futility of the attempt in such a broken country, had placed themselves on the top of the highest hill they could find, and picketing their horses near them, as a signal to me, had lain down and fallen asleep.

How to Gain the Full Benefit from Your Reading

No doubt you enjoyed reading the story, "The Buffalo," and you probably gained many new ideas of life on the western plains in the days before railroads crossed the continent. But if you are to get the full benefit from the story, or in fact from any selection in this book, you will need to pause long enough to notice certain facts. These will help you to enjoy more keenly and to understand more clearly what you read and to train yourself in good habits of reading.

Introductions and **Reviews.** First, you should read and discuss in class "The Three Joys of Reading" (pp. 11-16) and examine the Table of Contents, to gain a general understanding of the aim and purpose of the book as a whole. As you study the Contents, you will notice that each story and poem is a part of a special group that centers about some one big idea, such as Nature, Adventure, etc. Each selection will have a fuller meaning for you and will leave a more lasting impression if you understand how it, united with others in teamwork, helps to bring out the central thought of the unit. Before reading the selections in any group you are asked to read and discuss in class the "Introduction" that precedes it, in order that you may know in a general way what to expect. As a preparation for a full appreciation of "The Buffalo," read the Introduction to the Nature selections (pp. 19-20). And after you have read all the selections in a group, you will enjoy a pleasant class period discussing the Review found at the close of each unit—taking stock, as it were, of the joy and benefit gained from your reading.

In addition to the Introductions and the Reviews, this book furnishes other aids to your reading, in the form of helpful "Notes and Questions" that contain some or all of the following features:

Biography. It is always desirable to know something about the author. When you learn, for example, on page 32, that Francis Parkman made a long journey in order to gain first-hand knowledge of life in the West, you are prepared to accept his statements as coming from experience and having authority.

Discussion. After you have read the story through in preparation for the class period, you will find, under the topic "Discussion," questions and notes that will clear up points in the story so that you may gain the full meaning. For example, see 1, page 33. Other

questions, such as 8, will call your attention to the beauty or effectiveness of the author's language. Others will bring out the connection between the thought of the selection and the central idea of the unit, as question 10. Still others, as question 9, will suggest to you topics for informal class discussions, in which you can compare situations in the story with corresponding present-day conditions.

Glossary. One of the benefits that you should gain from reading is the learning of new words and the ability to use them. At the end of the "Discussion" on page 33 you will find a list of words the meaning of which you are to look up in the Glossary (page 481) and a second list that you should find out how to pronounce by using the Glossary. Many of these words you may think you know how to pronounce correctly; but perhaps you have been *mispronouncing* some of them. Look in the Glossary for the words listed under question 15, and you may find that you have been mispronouncing *robust* or *leisurely*. When you are looking up words in the pronunciation lists, be sure that you also understand their meaning. In addition to the words in these lists the Glossary includes many other words. Whenever a selection contains a word that you are not sure you understand, form the habit of looking it up in the Glossary.

Besides the individual words you do not understand, you will sometimes find a phrase, or a group of words, used in some special sense. The most striking of these are listed under the topic "Phrases for Study." Look them up in the Glossary, for you will often find the hardest passage of the reading lesson made easy by the explanation of a single phrase.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Francis Parkman (1823-1893), an American historian, was born in Boston, Massachusetts. At the age of eight years he went to live with his grandfather on a wild tract of land not far from Boston, and there he developed the fondness for outdoor life shown in all his writings. By the time he had finished college he had resolved to write the history of the French in America. For this he needed an intimate knowledge of Indian life. To gain this knowledge he made the journey described in *The Oregon Trail,* from which "The Buffalo" is taken. Parkman left Boston in April, 1846, accompanied by Quincy Adams Shaw, a relative, and went first to St. Louis. This trip,

made by railroad, steamboat, and stage, took two weeks. There they engaged guides and bought an outfit, including presents for the Indians. After eight days on a river steamboat they reached Independence, Missouri, where the land journey began. The entire trip took five months.

At this time there were no states west of the Missouri River, nor were there any white settlers. From Canada to what is now Oklahoma tribes of savage Indians roamed, hunting the buffalo, and warring among themselves. Two great overland routes led across this immense wild stretch from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. The southern, known as the Santa Fé trail, carried a large trade between the East and Mexico and southern California; the northern, or Oregon trail, was commonly used by emigrants on their way to the northwest coast.

Discussion. 1. Locate on a map the Platte River and the region mentioned in the story. 2. What picture do you see as you read the fourth paragraph? 3. Briefly relate the incident of the first afternoon's hunting trip. 4. What do you learn of prairie animals from this story? 5. Read the description of the prairie dog found on page 29; why is this description a good one? 6. How does this description prove that Parkman was a close observer of Nature? 7. What insects that differ from those found farther east does the author mention? 8. Point out lines that show Parkman to be excellent in description. 9. Compare travel at the time the author made this trip with travel at the present time. 10. You read in the Introduction, page 15, that Nature brings adventures to those who love her; mention some adventures that Parkman had on his journey up the Platte. 11. Notice that Parkman adds interest by means of fanciful expressions, such as "skirting the brink" (page 25, line 2); explain this phrase, and find other similar fancies. 12. In what simple way did Henry determine the direction of the wind? 13. You will enjoy reading "The Bison, or American Buffalo," Roosevelt (in *The Wilderness Hunter); In Texas with David Crockett* and *In Kentucky with Daniel Boone,* McIntyre; *The Boy Immigrants,* Brooks. 14. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: melancholy; ravine; contemplating; languid; apprehension; declivity; furlong; canter; impetuosity; aspect; squalid; fastidious; futility; picketing. 15. *Pronounce:* butte; alternately; minute; *bourgeois;* robust; circuit; leisurely; intricacies; vehemently.

Phrases for Study

(Numbers in heavy type refer to pages; numbers in light type to lines.)

exaggerated appreciation, **21**, 6
attentively scrutinized, **22**, 12
overcame his scruples, **23**, 34
hopelessly involved, **26**, 2
drew our saddle-girths, **26**, 32
easier undulations, **29**, 1
supplicating attitude, **29**, 29
teemed with life, **29**, 35

HUNTING THE GRIZZLY BEAR*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I spent much of the fall of 1889 hunting on the head-waters of the Salmon and Snake in Idaho, and along the Montana boundary line from the Big Hole Basin and the head of the Wisdom River to the neighborhood of Red Rock Pass and to the north and west of Henry's Lake. During the last fortnight my companion was the old mountain man named Griffeth or Griffin—I cannot tell which, as he was always called either "Hank" or "Griff." He was a crabbedly honest old fellow, and a very skillful hunter; but he was worn-out with age and rheumatism, and his temper had failed even faster than his bodily strength. He showed me a greater variety of game than I had ever seen before in so short a time; nor did I ever before or after make so successful a hunt. But he was an exceedingly disagreeable companion on account of his surly, moody ways. I generally had to get up first, to kindle the fire and make ready breakfast, and he was very quarrelsome. Finally, during my absence from camp one day, while not very far from Red Rock Pass, he found my whisky-flask, which I kept purely for emergencies, and drank all the contents. When I came back he was quite drunk. This was unbearable, and after some high words I left him, and struck off homeward through the woods on my own account. We had with us four pack and saddle horses; and of these I took a very intelligent and gentle little bronco mare, which possessed the invaluable trait of always staying near camp, even when not hobbled. I was not hampered with much of an outfit, having only my buffalo sleeping-bag, a fur coat, and my washing-kit, with a couple of spare pairs of socks and some handkerchiefs. A frying-pan, some salt, flour, baking-powder, a small chunk of salt pork, and a hatchet made up a light pack, which, with the bedding, I fastened across the stock saddle by means of a rope and a spare

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

packing cinch. My cartridges and knife were in my belt; my compass and matches, as always, in my pocket. I walked, while the little mare followed almost like a dog, often without my having to hold the lariat which served as halter.

The country was for the most part fairly open, as I kept near the foot-hills, where glades and little prairies broke the pine forest. The trees were of small size. There was no regular trail, but the course was easy to keep, and I had no trouble of any kind save on the second day. That afternoon I was following a stream which at last "canyoned up"—that is, sank to the bottom of a canyon-like ravine impassable for a horse. I started up a side valley, intending to cross from its head coulies to those of another valley which would lead in below the canyon.

However, I got enmeshed in the tangle of winding valleys at the foot of the steep mountains, and as dusk was coming on I halted and camped in a little open spot by the side of a small, noisy brook, with crystal water. The place was carpeted with soft, wet, green moss, dotted red with the kinnikinnick berries, and at its edge, under the trees where the ground was dry, I threw down the buffalo bed on the mat of sweet-smelling pine needles. Making camp took but a moment. I opened the pack, tossed the bedding on a smooth spot, knee-haltered the little mare, dragged up a few dry logs, and then strolled off, rifle on shoulder, to see if I could pick up a grouse for supper.

For half a mile I walked quickly and silently over the pine needles, across a succession of slight ridges separated by narrow, shallow valleys. The forest here was composed of lodgepole pines, which on the ridges grew close together, with tall slender trunks, while in the valleys the growth was more open. Though the sun was behind the mountains there was yet plenty of light by which to shoot, but it was fading rapidly.

At last, as I was thinking of turning toward camp, I stole up to the crest of one of the ridges, and looked over into the valley some sixty yards off. Immediately I caught the loom of some large, dark object; and another glance showed me a big grizzly

walking slowly off with his head down. He was quartering to me, and I fired into his flank, the bullet, as I afterwards found, ranging forward and piercing one lung. At the shot he uttered a loud, moaning grunt and plunged forward at a heavy gallop, while I raced obliquely down the hill to cut him off. After going a few hundred feet he reached a laurel thicket, some thirty yards broad, and two or three times as long, which he did not leave. I ran up to the edge and there halted, not liking to venture into the mass of twisted, close-growing stems and glossy foliage. Moreover, as I halted, I heard him utter a peculiar, savage kind of whine from the heart of the brush. Accordingly, I began to skirt the edge, standing on tiptoe and gazing earnestly to see if I could not catch a glimpse of his hide. When I was at the narrowest part of the thicket, he suddenly left it directly opposite, and then wheeled and stood broadside to me on the hillside, a little above. He turned his head stiffly toward me; scarlet strings of froth hung from his lips; his eyes burned like embers in the gloom.

I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it with a ball which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself

and made two or three jumps onward, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound.

It was already twilight, and I merely opened the carcass, and then trotted back to camp. Next morning I returned and with much labor took off the skin. The fur was very fine, the animal being in excellent trim, and unusually bright-colored. Unfortunately, in packing it out I lost the skull, and had to supply its place with one of plaster. The beauty of the trophy, and the memory of the circumstances under which I procured it, make me value it perhaps more highly than any other in my house.

This is the only instance in which I have been regularly charged by a grizzly. On the whole, the danger of hunting these great bears has been much exaggerated. At the beginning of the present century, when white hunters first encountered the grizzly, he was doubtless an exceedingly savage beast, prone to attack without provocation, and a redoubtable foe to persons armed with the clumsy, small-bore, muzzle-loading rifles of the day. But at present, bitter experience has taught him caution. He has been hunted for sport, and hunted for his pelt, and hunted for the bounty, and hunted as a dangerous enemy to stock, until, save in the very wildest districts, he has learned to be more wary than a deer, and to avoid man's presence almost as carefully as the most timid kind of game. Except in rare cases he will not attack of his own accord, and, as a rule, even when wounded, his object is escape rather than battle.

Still, when fairly brought to bay, or when moved by a sudden fit of ungovernable anger, the grizzly is beyond peradventure a very dangerous antagonist. The first shot, if taken at a bear a good distance off and previously unwounded and unharried, is not usually fraught with much danger, the startled animal being at the outset bent merely on flight. It is always hazardous, how-

ever, to track a wounded and worried grizzly into thick cover, and the man who habitually follows and kills this chief of American game in dense timber, never abandoning the bloody trail whithersoever it leads, must show no small degree of skill and hardihood and must not too closely count the risk to life or limb. Bears differ widely in temper, and occasionally one may be found which will not show fight, no matter how much he is bullied; but, as a rule, a hunter must be cautious in meddling with a wounded animal which has retreated into a dense thicket, and has been once or twice roused; and such a beast, when it does turn, will usually charge again and again, and fight to the last with unconquerable ferocity. The short distance at which the bear can be seen through the underbrush, the fury of its charge, and its tenacity of life make it necessary for the hunter on such occasions to have steady nerves and a fairly quick and accurate aim. It is always well to have two men in following a wounded bear under such conditions. This is not necessary, however, and a good hunter, rather than lose his quarry, will, under ordinary circumstances, follow and attack it, no matter how tangled the fastness in which it has sought refuge; but he must act warily and with the utmost caution and resolution, if he wishes to escape a terrible and probably fatal mauling. An experienced hunter is rarely rash, and never heedless; he will not, when alone, follow a wounded bear into a thicket, if by the exercise of patience, skill, and knowledge of the game's habits he can avoid the necessity; but it is idle to talk of the feat as something which ought in no case to be attempted. While danger ought never to be needlessly incurred, it is yet true that the keenest zest in sport comes from its presence, and from the consequent exercise of the qualities necessary to overcome it. The most thrilling moments of an American hunter's life are those in which, with every sense on the alert, and with nerves strung to the highest point, he is following alone into the heart of its forest fastness the fresh and bloody footprints of an angered grizzly; and no other triumph of American hunting can compare with the victory to be thus gained.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919), twenty-sixth President of the United States, was born in New York City. As a boy he was of frail physique, but overcame this handicap by systematic exercise and outdoor life. He was always interested in natural history, and at the age of fourteen, when he accompanied his father on a tour up the Nile, he made a collection of the Egyptian birds found there. This collection is now in the Smithsonian Museum, Washington, D. C. In 1884 Roosevelt bought two cattle ranches in North Dakota, where for two years he lived and entered actively into western life and spirit.

In 1909, at the close of his presidency, he conducted an expedition to Africa, to make a collection of tropical animals and plants. Expert naturalists accompanied the party, which remained in the wilderness for a year, and returned with a collection which scientists pronounce of unusual value for students of natural history. Most of the specimens are now in the Smithsonian Museum. Some of the books in which he has recorded his hunting experiences are: *African Game Trails, The Deer Family,* and *The Wilderness Hunter,* from which "Hunting the Grizzly Bear" is taken.

The vigorous personality of this great American continually found expression not only in his interest in the lives of men and their political and social relations, but also in his love of the great outdoors and the unbeaten tracks where life is an adventure.

Roosevelt's last work as an explorer was his journey to South America. On this journey he penetrated wildernesses rarely explored by white men, and made many discoveries in the field of South American animal and vegetable life and in geography.

Discussion. 1. Locate the region in which the author was hunting at the time of the adventure he narrates. 2. Describe his outfit and tell what must be considered in providing such a hunting outfit. 3. What moments in the encounter with the grizzly were most exciting and dangerous? 4. For what purpose does the author say the grizzly has been hunted? 5. What habit has bitter experience taught the grizzly bear? 6. What shows you that Roosevelt was a close observer of Nature? 7. What qualities must a hunter of the grizzly bear possess? 8. What conclusions does the author give as a result of his experience in hunting "this chief of American game"? 9. What impression of the author do you gain from this story? 10. On page 19 you were told that Nature sometimes gives us two kinds of adventures; which kind is told of in this story? 11. You will enjoy reading *The Boys' Life of Theodore*

Roosevelt, Hagedorn, and "Blackbear," Scoville (in *St. Nicholas,* August, 1919). 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: emergency; coulie; trophy; prone; provocation; redoubtable; pelt; quarry; fastness. 13. *Pronounce:* obliquely; foliage; wound; wary.

Phrases for Study

crabbedly honest, **34**, 8
stock saddle, **34**, 30
packing cinch, **35**, 2
caught the loom, **35**, 34
quartering to me, **36**, 1
packing it out, **37**, 11
hunted for the bounty, **37**, 23
brought to bay, **37**, 30
beyond peradventure, **37**, 31
fraught with much danger, **37**, 34
tenacity of life, **38**, 14
consequent exercise, **38**, 29

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Where did Roosevelt spend the fall of 1889? 2. What can you tell about his companion? 3. Of what did Roosevelt's outfit consist? 4. Describe the place he chose for his camp. 5. What was his object in leaving the camp? 6. Tell of his stroll. 7. What were the actions of the bear after the first shot? 8. Give an account of the bear's charge. 9. Why is the grizzly not so dangerous now as he once was? 10. What is the chief danger in hunting these great bears?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. (a) The part of the country in which the hunt occurred; (b) Roosevelt's outfit and camp; (c) His discovery of the bear; (d) The encounter with the bear; (e) The danger in hunting the grizzly.

Silent and Oral Reading

Silent Reading. This book includes abundant material for both silent and oral reading. Some stories and poems must be read thoughtfully in order to gain the author's full meaning; such reading cannot be done rapidly. In other selections the meaning can be grasped easily, and the reading can be rapid; in such cases we read mainly for the central thought, for the story-element.

You read silently more often than you read aloud to others; you should, therefore, train yourself in rapid silent reading, concentrating your mind on the thought of the selection. You will soon discover that as you give closer attention to a story you will not only understand it

better but you will also remember more of it. In previous grades your training in silent reading has enabled you to gather facts from individual paragraphs and to hold in mind the thread of the narrative in shorter selections. But you are to extend this power steadily until you can gather facts and follow the unfolding plot in selections of considerable length. A number of stories in this book are long enough to train you to read with intelligence a newspaper, a magazine article, or a book. And this is precisely the ability you most need, not only in preparing lessons in history and other school subjects, but in all your reading throughout life. As you train yourself to grasp swiftly and accurately the meaning of a page, you increase your capacity to enjoy books—one of the most pleasurable things in life. Theodore Roosevelt trained himself to be such a rapid reader that he was able to grasp the central thought of a page almost as quickly as he could turn the leaves of the book.

In preparing lessons in geography and history and in the use of geographical and historical stories, you have a splendid opportunity to increase your ability to gather facts quickly from the printed page. These informational studies, however, do not take the place of the reading lesson in literature. They merely offer additional opportunity for you to increase your ability in rapid silent reading.

Notice that the rapid silent readers in your class generally gain and retain from their reading more facts than the slow readers do. Notice, too, that you read more rapidly when you are looking for the answer to some particular question, or looking for a certain passage than you do when you read merely to follow the thread of the story. Moving your lips or pointing to the words with your finger retards your speed. In the selections in this book suggested for silent reading you may test your ability at thought-getting in any of the following ways:

1. By using a list of questions covering the most important ideas of the selection (see "Questions for Testing Silent Reading," p. 40).
2. By telling the story from a given outline (see "Outline for Testing Silent Reading," p. 40).
3. By making a list of questions yourself, allowing some classmate to use them to test his ability at thought-getting, while you make similar use of his questions.

4. By telling the story from an outline that you have made. Telling the substance of the story from your own outline is an excellent kind of test because you test not only your understanding of the story, but also your memory and your power to express the thought of what you have read.

In all your reading, both at home and at school, you should read as rapidly as you can, but not so fast that you fail to get the thought. In preparing your lessons on selections in this book, test yourself by seeing how many of the questions, under "Discussion," that develop the most important thoughts of the story, you can answer after one reading. You may have to read parts of the story more than once in order to gain the full meaning. If from time to time you record your reading speed and your thought-getting ability, comparing your standing with that of your classmates and with the standard for seventh grade pupils, you will be able to see whether or not you are making satisfactory progress. *The standard for seventh grade boys and girls is 250 words per minute, with the ability to reproduce after one reading 50% of the ideas in a 400-word passage.*

The following form will suggest a way to record the results of your test:

INDIVIDUAL RECORD

Date	Titles	Speed		Comprehension
		No. of minutes required to read story	No. words per minute	Ten points for each of ten test questions*
	Hunting the Grizzly Bear... Total No. Words, 1957			
	The Great Stone Face..... Total No. Words, 7475			

*Questions to be selected by the teacher.

CLASS RECORD

Date	Speed			Comprehension			
	No. words per minute			Ten points for each of ten test questions			
	Lowest	Highest	Median	Lowest	Highest	Median	

Oral Reading. In the prose selections suggested for silent reading, you will wish to read aloud certain passages because of their beauty, their dramatic quality, or the forceful way in which the author has expressed his thoughts. In these selections, *Class Readings* are listed for this purpose. Sometimes these readings are intended for individual pupils; sometimes, particularly in dialogue, they are intended for groups. *Class Readings* include also supplementary poems and stories suggested for oral presentation.

In general all poetry should be read aloud, for much of the beauty of poetry lies in its rhythm. The voice, with its infinite possibilities of change, is an important factor in interpreting a poem. As you listen to your teacher or some other good reader, you will appreciate how much pleasure one who has learned the art of reading is able to give others. Oral reading trains the ear of the listener to become sensitive to a pleasing voice, to correct pronunciation, and to distinct articulation. The sympathetic reading of many of the poems in this book will reveal to you the beauty of the language that we speak and by which we express our thoughts. Longfellow says, "Of equal honor with him who writes a grand poem is he who reads it grandly."

MOTI GUJ—MUTINEER*

RUDYARD KIPLING

DEESA'S PLAN FOR A VACATION

Once upon a time there was a coffee-planter in India who wished to clear some forest land for coffee-planting. When he had cut down all the trees and burned the underwood, the stumps still remained. Dynamite is expensive and slow fire slow. The happy medium for stump-clearing is the lord of all beasts, which is the elephant. He will either push the stump out of the ground with his tusks, if he has any, or drag it out with ropes. The planter, therefore, hired elephants by ones and twos and threes, and fell to work. The very best of all the elephants belonged to the very worst of all the drivers or mahouts; and this superior beast's name was Moti Guj. He was the absolute property of his mahout, which would never have been the case under native rule; for Moti Guj was a creature to be desired by kings, and his name, being translated, meant the Pearl Elephant. Because the British government was in the land, Deesa, the mahout, enjoyed his property undisturbed. He was dissipated. When he had made much money through the strength of his elephant, he would get extremely drunk and give Moti Guj a beating with a tent-peg over the tender nails of the forefeet. Moti Guj never trampled the life out of Deesa on these occasions, for he knew that after the beating was over, Deesa would embrace his trunk and weep and call him his love and his life and the liver of his soul, and give him some liquor. Moti Guj was very fond of liquor—arrack for choice, though he would drink palm-tree toddy if nothing better offered. Then Deesa would go to sleep between Moti Guj's forefeet, and as Deesa generally chose the middle of the public road, and as Moti Guj mounted guard over him, and would

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

not permit horse, foot, or cart to pass by, traffic was congested till Deesa saw fit to wake up.

There was no sleeping in the daytime on the planter's clearing; the wages were too high to risk. Deesa sat on Moti Guj's neck and gave him orders, while Moti Guj rooted up the stumps —for he owned a magnificent pair of tusks; or pulled at the end of a rope—for he had a magnificent pair of shoulders—while Deesa kicked him behind the ears and said he was the king of elephants. At evening time Moti Guj would wash down his three hundred pounds' weight of green food with a quart of arrack, and Deesa would take a share, and sing songs between Moti Guj's legs till it was time to go to bed. Once a week Deesa led Moti Guj down to the river, and Moti Guj lay on his side luxuriously in the shallows, while Deesa went over him with a coir-swab and a brick. Moti Guj never mistook the pounding blow of the latter for the smack of the former that warned him to get up and turn over on the other side. Then Deesa would look at his feet and examine his eyes, and turn up the fringes of his mighty ears in case of sores or budding ophthalmia. After inspection the two would "come up with a song from the sea," Moti Guj, all black and shining, waving a torn tree branch twelve feet long in his trunk, and Deesa knotting up his own long wet hair.

It was a peaceful, well-paid life till Deesa felt the return of the desire to drink deep. He wished for an orgy. The little draughts that led nowhere were taking the manhood out of him.

He went to the planter, and "My mother's dead," said he, weeping.

"She died on the last plantation two months ago, and she died once before that when you were working for me last year," said the planter, who knew something of the ways of nativedom.

"Then it's my aunt, and she was just the same as a mother to me," said Deesa, weeping more than ever. "She has left eighteen small children entirely without bread, and it is I who must fill their little stomachs," said Deesa, beating his head on the floor.

"Who brought you the news?" said the planter.

"The post," said Deesa.

"There hasn't been a post here for the past week. Get back to your lines!"

"A devastating sickness has fallen on my village, and all my wives are dying," yelled Deesa, really in tears this time.

"Call Chihun, who comes from Deesa's village," said the planter. "Chihun, has this man got a wife?"

"He?" said Chihun. "No. Not a woman of our village would look at him. They'd sooner marry the elephant."

Chihun snorted. Deesa wept and bellowed.

"You will get into a difficulty in a minute," said the planter. "Go back to your work!"

"Now I will speak heaven's truth," gulped Deesa, with an inspiration. "I haven't been drunk for two months. I desire to depart in order to get properly drunk afar off and distant from this heavenly plantation. Thus I shall cause no trouble."

A flickering smile crossed the planter's face. "Deesa," said he, "you've spoken the truth, and I'd give you leave on the spot if anything could be done with Moti Guj while you're away. You know that he will only obey your orders."

"May the light of the heavens live forty thousand years. I shall be absent but ten little days. After that, upon my faith and honor and soul, I return. As to the inconsiderable interval, have I the gracious permission of the heaven-born to call up Moti Guj?"

Permission was granted, and in answer to Deesa's shrill yell, the mighty tusker swung out of the shade of a clump of trees where he had been squirting dust over himself till his master should return.

"Light of my heart, protector of the drunken, mountain of might, give ear!" said Deesa, standing in front of him.

Moti Guj gave ear, and saluted with his trunk. "I am going away," said Deesa.

Moti Guj's eyes twinkled. He liked jaunts as well as his master. One could snatch all manner of nice things from the roadside then.

"But you, you fussy old pig, must stay behind and work."

The twinkle died out as Moti Guj tried to look delighted. He hated stump-hauling on the plantation. It hurt his teeth.

"I shall be gone for ten days, oh, delectable one! Hold up your near forefoot and I'll impress the fact upon it, warty toad of a dried mud-puddle." Deesa took a tent-peg and banged Moti Guj ten times on the nails. Moti Guj grunted and shuffled from foot to foot.

"Ten days," said Deesa, "you will work and haul and root the trees as Chihun here shall order you. Take up Chihun and set him on your neck!". Moti Guj curled the tip of his trunk, Chihun put his foot there, and was swung on to the neck. Deesa handed Chihun the heavy *ankus*—the iron elephant goad.

Chihun thumped Moti Guj's bald head as a paver thumps a curbstone. Moti Guj trumpeted.

"Be still, hog of the backwoods! Chihun's your mahout for ten days. And now bid me good-by, beast after mine own heart. Oh, my lord, my king! Jewel of all created elephants, lily of the herd, preserve your honored health; be virtuous. Adieu!"

Moti Guj lapped his trunk round Deesa and swung him into the air twice. That was his way of bidding him good-by.

"He'll work now," said Deesa to the planter. "Have I leave to go?"

~~The planter~~ nodded, and Deesa dived into the woods. Moti Guj went back to haul stumps.

THE MUTINY

Chihun was very kind to him, but he felt unhappy and forlorn for all that. Chihun gave him a ball of spices and tickled him under the chin, and Chihun's little baby cooed to him after work was over, and Chihun's wife called him a darling; but Moti Guj was a bachelor by instinct, as Deesa was. He did not understand the domestic emotions. He wanted the light of his universe back again—the drink and the drunken slumber, the savage beatings and the savage caresses.

None the less he worked well, and the planter wondered. Deesa had wandered along the roads till he met a marriage procession of his own caste, and, drinking, dancing, and tippling, had drifted with it past all knowledge of the lapse of time.

The morning of the eleventh day dawned, and there returned no Deesa. Moti Guj was loosed from his ropes for the daily stint. He swung clear, looked round, shrugged his shoulders, and began to walk away, as one having business elsewhere.

"Hi! ho! Come back, you!" shouted Chihun. "Come back and put me on your neck, misborn mountain! Return, splendor of the hillsides! Adornment of all India, heave to, or I'll bang every toe off your fat forefoot!"

Moti Guj gurgled gently, but did not obey. Chihun ran after him with a rope and caught him up. Moti put his ears forward, and Chihun knew what that meant, though he tried to carry it off with high words.

"None of your nonsense with me," said he. "To your pickets, devil-son!"

"Hrrump!" said Moti Guj, and that was all—that and the forebent ears.

Moti Guj put his hands in his pockets, chewed a branch for a toothpick, and strolled about the clearing, making fun of the other elephants who had just set to work.

Chihun reported the state of affairs to the planter, who came out with a dog-whip and cracked it furiously. Moti Guj paid the white man the compliment of charging him nearly a quarter of a mile across the clearing and "Hrrumping" him into his veranda. Then he stood outside the house, chuckling to himself and shaking all over with the fun of it as an elephant will.

"We'll thrash him," said the planter. "He shall have the finest thrashing ever elephant received. Give Kala Nag and Nazim twelve foot of chain apiece, and tell them to lay on twenty."

Kala Nag—which means Black Snake—and Nazim were two of the biggest elephants in the lines, and one of their duties was

to administer the graver punishment, since no man can beat an elephant properly.

They took the whipping-chains and rattled them in their trunks as they sidled up to Moti Guj, meaning to hustle him between them. Moti Guj had never, in all his life of thirty-nine years, been whipped, and he did not intend to begin a new experience. So he waited, waving his head from right to left, and measuring the precise spot in Kala Nag's fat side where a blunt tusk could sink deepest. Kala Nag had no tusks; the chain was the badge of his authority; but for all that, he swung wide of Moti Guj at the last minute, and tried to appear as if he had brought the chain out for amusement. Nazim turned round and went home early. He did not feel fighting fit that morning and so Moti Guj was left standing alone with his ears cocked.

That decided the planter to argue no more and Moti Guj rolled back to his amateur inspection of the clearing. An elephant who will not work and is not tied up is about as manageable as an eighty-one-ton gun loose in a heavy seaway. He slapped old friends on the back and asked them if the stumps were coming away easily; he talked nonsense concerning labor and the inalienable rights of elephants to a long "nooning"; and, wandering to and fro, he thoroughly demoralized the garden till sundown, when he returned to his picket for food.

"If you won't work, you shan't eat," said Chihun, angrily. "You're a wild elephant, and no educated animal at all. Go back to your jungle."

Chihun's little brown baby was rolling on the floor of the hut, and stretching out its fat arms to the huge shadow in the doorway. Moti Guj knew well that it was the dearest thing on earth to Chihun. He swung out his trunk with a fascinating crook at the end, and the brown baby threw itself, shouting, upon it. Moti Guj made fast and pulled up till the brown baby was crowing in the air twelve feet above his father's head.

"Great lord!" said Chihun, "flour cakes of the best, twelve in number, two feet across and soaked in rum, shall be yours on

the instant, and two hundred pounds weight of fresh-cut young sugar-cane therewith. Deign only to put down safely that insignificant brat who is my heart and my life to me!"

Moti Guj tucked the brown baby comfortably between his forefeet, that could have knocked into toothpicks all Chihun's hut, and waited for his food. He ate it, and the brown baby crawled away. Moti Guj dozed and thought of Deesa. One of many mysteries connected with the elephant is that his huge body needs less sleep than anything else that lives. Four or five hours in the night suffice—two just before midnight, lying down on one side; two just after one o'clock, lying down on the other. The rest of the silent hours are filled with eating and fidgeting, and long grumbling soliloquies.

At midnight, therefore, Moti Guj strode out of his pickets, for a thought had come to him that Deesa might be lying drunk somewhere in the dark forest with none to look after him. So all that night he chased through the undergrowth, blowing and trumpeting and shaking his ears. He went down to the river and blared across the shallows where Deesa used to wash him, but there was no answer. He could not find Deesa, but he disturbed all the other elephants in the lines, and nearly frightened to death some gypsies in the woods.

At dawn Deesa returned to the plantation. He had been very drunk indeed, and he expected to get into trouble for outstaying his leave. He drew a long breath when he saw that the bungalow and the plantation were still uninjured, for he knew something of Moti Guj's temper, and reported himself with many lies and salaams. Moti Guj had gone to his pickets for breakfast. The night exercise had made him hungry.

"Call up your beast," said the planter; and Deesa shouted in the mysterious elephant language that some mahouts believe came from China at the birth of the world, when elephants and not men were masters. Moti Guj heard and came. Elephants do not gallop. They move from places at varying rates of speed. If an elephant wished to catch an express train he could not

gallop, but he could catch the train. So Moti Guj was at the planter's door almost before Chihun noticed that he had left his pickets. He fell into Deesa's arms, trumpeting with joy, and the man and beast wept and slobbered over each other, and handled each other from head to heel to see that no harm had befallen.

"Now we will get to work" said Deesa. "Lift me up, my son and my joy!"

Moti Guj swung him up, and the two went to the coffee-clearing to look for difficult stumps.

The planter was too astonished to be very angry.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Rudyard Kipling (1865-) was born in Bombay, India, of British parents. He was sent to England for most of his education, but at the age of seventeen he returned to India to work as a journalist. Very soon he began to write tales of the life about him, as well as poems dealing with British officials and soldiers in India. By the time he was twenty-four he had won fame with his *Plain Tales from the Hills* and other short stories; and when he published *Barrack Room Ballads,* in 1892, he was widely recognized as a great poet. From 1892 to 1896 he lived in the United States. Perhaps he is best known to boys and girls as the author of the *Jungle Books.* He is a master of the art of telling stories, either in prose or verse.

Discussion. 1. Read all that tells you of the time and place in which this mutiny occurred. 2. Read all that gives you a picture of life on the clearing. 3. Who is the principal character in the story? 4. What caused the mutiny? 5. What ended it? 6. What is the most interesting point in the story? 7. Read parts that convince you that Kipling knows the characteristics of the elephant. 8. Find instances where he exaggerates the intelligence of the elephant, giving it human characteristics. 9. Does this add to or take from the interest of the story? 10. On page 20 you read that a close acquaintance with Nature makes us see our kinship with animals; do the instances you find show companionship between Deesa and the elephant? 11. Read parts in which humor is shown in dialogue or incident. 12. Tell in your own words the main incident. 13. What do you like about this story? 14. Tell what you know of the author. 15. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: dissipated; congested; devastating; inspiration; delectable; caste; inalienable; demoralized; soliloquy; salaam. 16. *Pronounce:* therefore; orgy; adieu; amateur; deign.

Phrases for Study

under native rule, **44**, 12
draughts that led nowhere, **45**, 25
ways of nativedom, **45**, 30
inconsiderable interval, **46**, 23
domestic emotions, **47**, 31
badge of his authority, **49**, 10

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "Great-Heart," a tribute to Theodore Roosevelt by Kipling (in *Review of Reviews*, July, 1919).

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. (a) Clearing the forest land in India; (b) Moti Guj and his driver, Deesa; (c) Their work; (d) The weekly bath; (e) Deesa's excuses to the planter for wishing a vacation; (f) Deesa's method of telling Moti Guj of his leaving; (g) Moti Guj's manner of bidding Deesa good-by; (h) Moti Guj during the ten days; (i) Moti Guj's performances on the eleventh day; (j) Proposed punishments and their result; (k) Moti Guj's midnight search for Deesa; (l) Deesa's return.

Library Reading

Your interest in the various authors, aroused by reading their stories or poems in this volume, may make you wish to know more of their works; or your interest in the subjects they discuss may make you wish to extend your knowledge along these lines through directed library reading. For example, your interest in "Moti Guj—Mutineer" may lead you to read other elephant stories, particularly those by Kipling, such as "Toomai of the Elephants" in *The Jungle Book*.

You will do your class and yourself a real service by planning an orderly oral or written report, giving all the boys and girls the benefit of your individual reading. Your classmates will enjoy hearing you review in an interesting way a favorite book or a particular story in a book, giving the title, the author, the time and scene, the principal characters, and a brief outline of the story, reading such selected passages from it as you think will give your classmates most pleasure.

The public library is the source to which you will go for additional reading and reference material. In order to learn how to use, intelligently and effectively, the public library, or your school library, ask the librarian to explain to you the card catalogue system and the arrangement of the books on the shelves. Locate in your library the American and the English *Who's Who*, the sets of encyclopedias, and the dictionaries, so that you may be independent in looking up biographical and historical facts, or other information.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest.
Hear him call in his merry note:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight,
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.

"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care,
Off his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee!"

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
"Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography: William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878), the first great American poet, was reared among the rugged hills of western Massachusetts. His mother began his education at home, and as a boy he spent many hours in the excellent library of his father, who was a country physician. He attended the district school, and later a private school, then was at Williams College for nearly a year.

He grew up in close touch with Nature, and his lonely life on the farm made him more serious and thoughtful than most boys of his age.

By the time he was nine years old he was putting his thoughts into verse, and before he was eighteen he wrote "Thanatopsis," one of the world's classics. His love of writing led him to take up journalism. In 1825 he became editor of the *Evening Post* of New York, and he continued in this position for more than half a century, until his death.

Yet this busy editor of a great city newspaper found leisure to write poetry. He chose, for the most part, American subjects taken from his own surroundings and experience—the scenes and impressions of his boyhood, the flowers, the birds, the hills, of New England. By these poems Bryant opened men's eyes to the beauty of Nature.

Note. The bobolink is an American song bird. In the spring the male is black and white, with a yellow patch on the head and neck, while the female is yellowish brown. In midsummer the male bobolink molts, taking on "plain brown" plumage like that of his "Quaker wife," but the next spring he regains his black and buff colors. He sings only in the spring. Bobolinks make long migrations extending from Canada to Paraguay, and in the late autumn collect in large flocks, which feed in the rice fields of the South, where they are known as ricebirds, or reedbirds.

Discussion. 1. Read the lines that imitate the song of the bobolink. 2. Describe the dress of Robert of Lincoln and that of his "Quaker wife." 3. Why does the poet call the bobolink's wife a Quaker? 4. How does her song differ from his? 5. What are the work and the care that make him silent? 6. How does the poet account for the bird's changed appearance as the season advances? 7. Where does he go for winter? When will he come again? 8. On page 14 you read that the poet awakens our fancy, enabling us to picture things that the eye alone cannot see; what fancy does Bryant leave with you, by the last two stanzas of this poem? 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: mead; brood; braggart; knave; wane; crone; pipe; strain.

Newspaper Reading

In 1825 when William Cullen Bryant became editor of the New York *Evening Post* there were comparatively few newspapers in our country; but during the century since that date the number has grown steadily until today there is hardly a town or village in the land that has not its weekly or even its daily newspaper. Besides the thousands of papers printed in the English language, there are daily papers printed in our country in the French, Italian, Spanish, German, Dutch,

Norwegian, Polish, Russian, Yiddish, Japanese, and Chinese languages.

The editors who have the power to decide what shall and what shall not appear in their papers exert a tremendous influence in shaping the opinions of the millions of newspaper readers. Who is the editor of the paper that you are in the habit of reading? Bring to class copies of your local newspaper and show that there is a regular place for general news, editorials, society news, sports, market reports, jokes, cartoons, and advertisements; of what advantage to the busy reader is a definite place in the paper for each of these departments? *Headlines* in large type call attention to the story, and *leads* in smaller type directly under the headlines give a brief summary of the story. How do these, also, help to save the reader's time?

When was the first newspaper started in your community? Have you seen copies of newspapers printed one hundred years ago or printed during the Civil War? If you can, bring to class copies of old-time newspapers and compare them with those of today.

Keep a class scrapbook for current events and for interesting newspaper mention of literary men and women and their works. Note especially accounts of local visits by authors. A committee of pupils may be chosen to be responsible for pasting the clippings as they are handed in from time to time by members of the class.

THE MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT *

HENRY VAN DYKE

While May bedecks the naked trees
With tassels and embroideries,
And many blue-eyed violets beam
Along the edges of the stream,
I hear a voice that seems to say,
Now near at hand, now far away,
"Witchery—witchery—witchery."

*From *Poems of Henry van Dyke;* copyright 1897, 1911, by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

An incantation so serene,
So innocent, befits the scene;
There's magic in that small bird's note—
See, there he flits—the Yellow-Throat,
A living sunbeam, tipped with wings,
A spark of light that shines and sings,
"Witchery—witchery—witchery."

You prophet with a pleasant name,
If out of Mary-land you came,
You know the way that thither goes
Where Mary's lovely garden grows;
Fly swiftly back to her, I pray,
And try to call her down this way,
"Witchery—witchery—witchery!"

Tell her to leave her cockle-shells
And all her little silver bells
That blossom into melody,
And all her maids less fair than she.
She does not need these pretty things,
For everywhere she comes, she brings
"Witchery—witchery—witchery!"

The woods are greening overhead,
And flowers adorn each mossy bed;
The waters babble as they run—
One thing is lacking, only one:
If Mary were but here today,
I would believe your charming lay,
"Witchery—witchery—witchery!"

Along the shady road I look—
Who's coming now across the brook?
A woodland maid, all robed in white—
The leaves dance round her with delight,
The stream laughs out beneath her feet—
Sing, merry bird, the charm's complete,
"Witchery—witchery—witchery!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry van Dyke (1852-) was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, but while he was still a small boy, his parents moved to Brooklyn, New York. He was graduated from Princeton College in 1873 and from the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1877. For several years he was pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City. Later he was made professor of English Literature at Princeton University, and returned to that position after serving as United States Minister to Holland during the early years of the World War. He has written many stories and poems of great literary charm.

Discussion. 1. What bird does the poet celebrate in this poem? 2. What pictures does the first stanza give you? 3. What does the Yellow-Throat seem to say? 4. Make a list of all the names by which the poet speaks of the bird. 5. Read again what is said on page 20 about poets who awaken your imagination and fancy; what fancy does the poet express in the third and fourth stanzas? 6. What does the poet say is wanting to make the day's charm complete? 7. Why is the bird called a prophet? 8. What is the name of the "woodland maid"? 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: bedeck; witchery; lay. 10. *Pronounce:* mossy; beneath.

Phrases for Study

incantation so serene, **58**, 1
befits the scene, **58**, 2
living sunbeam, **58**, 5
blossom into melody, **58**, 17
woods are greening, **58**, 22
the charm's complete, **59**, 6

Library Reading. *The Story of the Other Wise Man* and *The First Christmas Tree*, van Dyke.

THE SANDPIPER

CELIA THAXTER

Across the lonely beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry:
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be tonight
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Celia Thaxter (1835-1894), whose father was a lighthouse keeper on White Island, one of the rocky "Isles of Shoals," off the coast of New Hampshire, had the ocean for a companion in her early years. She studied the sunrises and the sunsets, the wild flowers, the birds, the rocks, and all sea life. This selection shows how intimate was her friendship with the bird life of the coast.

Discussion. 1. The poet and the sandpiper were comrades; in the first stanza, what tells you this? 2. Which lines give you pictures that might be used to illustrate this poem? 3. What did the poet and the bird have in common? 4. Give a quotation from the poem that describes the sandpiper's habits. 5. What effect on you have the repetitions of the second line of the poem at the end of the first and second stanzas and the variations of it at the end of the third and fourth stanzas? 6. Which lines express confidence in God's care for His children? 7. What classes of "God's children" do "little sandpiper" and "I," respectively, represent? 8. On page 20 you read that Celia Thaxter learned a lesson of faith and courage from the little sandpiper; which lines tell you this? 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: bleached; rave; close-reefed; fitful; scan. 10. *Pronounce:* stanch; loosed; wroth.

Phrases for Study

silent ghosts in misty shrouds, **60**, 11
flash of fluttering drapery, **60**, 20
loosed storm breaks furiously, **61**, 2
wroth the tempest rushes, **61**, 5

THE THROSTLE

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

"Summer is coming, summer is coming,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!"
Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography: Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) was born in Lincolnshire, England, and attended Cambridge University. He devoted his whole life to poetry and became one of the greatest poets of the nineteenth century. He succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate, and because of this honor, wrote a number of poems about matters of timely and national interest. One of these is his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." You will learn to know him as a teller of tales in verse, some of them modern ballads, others the old romances about King Arthur; as a writer of many lovely song-poems, or lyrics; and as a poet of religious faith.

Note. The song-thrush, or throstle, found in England and other European countries, is a charming songster. This is the bird of which Browning wrote,

> "He sings each song twice over,
> Lest you should think he never could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture!"

Discussion. 1. Which lines in the first stanza represent the song of the bird? 2. Which line gives Tennyson's answer to the throstle? 3. Point out the words in the poem that represent the bird's song. 4. Which lines tell you that Tennyson did not share the little bird's hope? 5. What do the last two lines show that the bird did for the poet? 6. On page 20 you read that we treasure some poems for their musical quality; is this such a poem?

TO THE CUCKOO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

O blithe newcomer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice;
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird
Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale,
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love,
Still longed for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blesséd bird! the earth we pace,
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for thee!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was born in the beautiful Cumberland Highlands of northern England, which furnished the inspiration for most of his poetry. While still a young man, he retired to the Lake Country, where he lived a simple life. Wordsworth was devoted to the cause of liberty; he was a believer in the beauty and charm of the humble life; he often wrote about peasants rather than about lords and ladies and knights of romance. His poems on flowers and birds show the simplicity and sincerity of his nature. Wordsworth's fame grew steadily during his lifetime, and for the last seven years he was poet laureate.

The cuckoo is a European bird noted for its two-syllabled whistle, in imitation of which it is named; also for its habit of laying eggs in the nests of other birds for them to hatch, instead of building a nest of its own.

Note. "To the Cuckoo" is a lyric, that is, a poem which is suitable to be sung to a musical accompaniment. It takes its name from the lyre, a

harp played by the ancient Greeks to accompany songs. In a lyric the poet does not tell us of an event or of something that happened, but he expresses some deep feeling of his own. In this song the poet expresses his joy at hearing the familiar "voice" again, which recalls to him the happy days of his childhood. Other well-known lyrics by Wordsworth are "My Heart Leaps Up," "March," and "The Daffodils."

Discussion. 1. Why does the poet call the cuckoo "a wandering voice"? 2. What other names does the poet call the cuckoo? 3. To what habit of the cuckoo does this poem call attention? 4. What "golden time" is mentioned? 5. Why does the poet say a "fairy place" is a fit home for the cuckoo? 6. On page 19 you read that we are sometimes influenced by Nature because we cannot understand its mysteries; how does Wordsworth make you feel that much of the charm of the cuckoo is due to the fact that it is "an invisible thing," "a mystery"? 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: vale; pace; unsubstantial. 8. *Pronounce:* blithe; blesséd.

Phrases for Study

twofold shout, **63**, 6
at once far off and near, **63**, 8
tale of visionary hours, **63**, 11
beget that golden time again, **64**, 11

A FAMOUS BIRD CLUB

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

The late Theodore Roosevelt was a man who practiced what he preached, and when he said that the cause of bird protection was "entitled to the support of every sensible man, woman, and child in the country," he knew that the statement applied to himself just as much as to anyone else. Colonel Roosevelt was always interested in birds, and when he was President of the United States, with vast responsibilities and endless work, he still found time to collect the material for his book, *Birds of the White House Grounds*. So it was fitting that one of the foremost bird clubs in the world should be organized in his own home, and that he should become its president.

I shall never forget the night. It was the fourteenth of May,

1915, and I had just delivered an illustrated lecture on "How to Attract Wild Birds" in a large room of the simple dwelling, which with the grounds about it is called "Sagamore Hill."

My audience was composed chiefly of the Colonel's and Mrs. Roosevelt's friends and neighbors. At the close of the lecture there was free discussion of the subject, and many questions were asked and answered. Then, as I always do at the close of this lecture, I suggested that a local bird club be organized. The suggestion was accepted, and the audience voted to organize the club then and there. Colonel Roosevelt was chosen as the first president, and it was named "The Bird Club of Long Island."

Had the birds known how important a night this was for them, I am sure that they would have sent delegates from all parts of the country to Sagamore Hill to express their gratitude in song.

Colonel Roosevelt at once wrote an appeal which was sent out to hundreds of his "fellow Long-Islanders," as he called them, asking them to help him forward the objects of the new Bird Club. In speaking of the work to be done, Colonel Roosevelt said:

"The preservation of the birds is of great economic importance to all of us, and especially to the farmers because of the war they make upon the insect foes which are the most dangerous enemies of the farm, garden, and woodland.

"Our aim should be three-fold: first, to put a stop to all molestation of beautiful and useful birds by man or by the domestic creatures which man can control; second, to encourage these birds by making existence easier for them; third, to war against their natural foes.

"As regards the first and most important object, every effort should be made in the home and at school to teach our boys the beauty of wild life and the immense attractiveness that birds give by their presence around our houses and in the woods.

"Entirely apart from their usefulness we should understand

that the mere presence of birds, the chance of observing their habits and listening to their singing ought to give us the pleasure that we get from looking at beautiful pictures or listening to good music."

The president then spoke of the fine work which could be done by the Boy Scouts in protecting birds, and pointed out that it should be a matter of honorable obligation among both men and boys, never to molest birds in any way, and to take prompt action against those who do molest them. He made a special plea for the quail, which he said was now so rare that it should never be shot.

He spoke of the domestic cat as an inveterate enemy of those birds which it is most desirable to save, and expressed regret that there was not a license for cats. Finally he told his neighbors how birds might be attracted to the home grounds by means of baths and drinking places in summer, food in winter, and bird houses and shelves during the nesting season.

From that moment the bird club became a power for good. Hundreds of people from all parts of Long Island hastened to join it, and then helped to forward its objects. They represented about fifty chapters or branches of the organization, and each branch began to interest its own town or village in birds and bird protection. They set an example not only by feeding the birds in winter, by giving them water in summer, and by putting up nesting boxes in the spring and autumn, but also by calling neighbors' meetings to discuss bird problems.

From time to time the club issued leaflets to tell the members what kinds of food to put out for the birds, how to make bird baths and bird houses, and what kinds of trees and shrubs to plant in order to attract birds to the gardens and farms.

Large areas of field and woodland were set apart as bird sanctuaries, and around them were posted signs forbidding the shooting of birds. Lecturers on bird life were sent to the schools, to interest the pupils in the club, and prizes were offered for the best bird houses and photographs of birds.

Soon, thousands of people who had never thought much about such things before were enjoying the companionship of their feathered neighbors. To give just one example of the pleasure they got, I will tell you about a member who was ill and who had to stay in bed all winter. She kept her windows open day and night, and when her meals were brought to her, her little bird friends would fly in, alight on the bed, and help themselves to whatever they wanted from her tray.

But perhaps the best work of the club was not on Long Island at all. It was done indirectly in scores of towns and villages throughout the country, where the people heard of the interesting things accomplished around Oyster Bay by Colonel Roosevelt and his splendid bird club, and determined to follow his good example by organizing bird clubs of their own. In this way the good work is spreading over the country. I hope that each pupil who reads this story will play his part well in this great movement, by starting a bird club, or by helping to make a success of one which has already been started.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Ernest Harold Baynes (1868-), an American author and naturalist, lives in Meriden, New Hampshire. He is an authority on the service birds and animals rendered in the World War, because he was sent overseas to the front to make a permanent history of the war-work of animals. (See "Our Animal Allies in the World War," by Mr. Baynes in *Harper's Magazine,* January, 1921.) Mr. Baynes is a member of the National Association of Audubon Societies and of the American Bison Society. His book *Wild Bird Guests* was written to interest people in protecting birds. Theodore Roosevelt wrote a preface for it, in which he says, "The Meriden Club has furnished a model for all similar experiments in preserving bird life, and Mr. Baynes writes in advocacy of a cause which by practical achievement he has shown to be entitled to the support of every sensible man, woman, and child in the country."

Discussion. 1. How did Theodore Roosevelt practice what he preached in the cause of bird protection? 2. What organizations in your locality look after the protection of birds? 3. Some cities have passed laws making it necessary for owners to take out licenses for their cats or to see

that the cats wear bells; has your city any such regulation? 4. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: forward; economic; inveterate; sanctuary. 5. *Pronounce:* illustrated; molestation.

Suggested Problems

You will find in this book from time to time suggested problems, some of which are to be worked out by you alone and some with the help of your classmates. It is often a good plan to make use of all the various talents in a class in order to carry out successfully a piece of work that the class would like to do. The members of most seventh grade classes represent a wide range of abilities in art, music, reading, composing, dramatizing, printing, manual training, etc. With the guidance of your teacher you will learn how to help plan even a big undertaking and to carry it out successfully without anyone's being overburdened, because all the talent in the class is made use of and because each member is made to feel responsibility for his share.

Here is a suggestion for a class undertaking, or "problem." Prepare a program for a public meeting of your Bird Club. Your program may include: (a) An exhibit of bird houses, bird baths, and feeding shelves, made by members of the club (*Bird Houses and How to Build Them* and *How to Attract Birds* are illustrated bulletins sent free by the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.; *Good Bungalows for Good Birds* is also sent free by the Southern Cypress Manufacturers' Association, New Orleans, Louisiana); (b) Three-minute talks by members about personal experiences with birds; (c) Reading or recitation of one or more poems about birds; (d) A contest to see who is able to recognize the greatest number of birds from stereopticon slides or from colored pictures that may be secured from the library or museum; (e) Talking-machine records of bird notes and songs (See Victor Records, "Bird Chorus" and "Songs of Our Native Birds," Kellogg, "Songs and Calls of our Native Birds," Gorst; and Columbia Record, "Bird Calls," Avis); (f) A distribution of previously prepared lists of bird books or interesting bird stories and poems, citing the magazines and books in which the selections may be found; (g) Advertisements of the meeting by means of posters and newspaper announcements prepared by class members.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 55.

Discussion. 1. To whom is this poem addressed? 2. In what poetic way does the author tell you the time of year that the fringed gentian blooms? 3. What words does the poet use to tell the color of the gentian? 4. When does the gentian open? 5. What words does Bryant use for "early morning"? 6. When do violets come, and in what kind of soil do they grow? 7. What words in the poem tell you this? 8. What does the poet tell you about the violets when he says they "lean," and about the columbine when he says it "nods"? 9. What signs of approaching winter does the poet mention? 10. Why does he repeat "blue" in the third line of the fourth stanza? 11. Of what is this color a symbol? 12. To what in his life does Bryant compare the end of the year? 13. In this comparison what does the little flower represent? 14. Music for this lyric appears in the *Laurel Song Book*. 15. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: portend; cerulean.

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "Fringed Gentians," Amy Lowell (in *The Melody of Earth*).

TO THE DANDELION

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An El Dorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,

And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. James Russell Lowell (1819-1891) came of an old and influential New England family. He grew up in an atmosphere of learning, in the old family home in historic Cambridge, at the very doors of Harvard College, enjoying every advantage for culture that inherited tastes, ample means, and convenient opportunity could offer. Not only did he have the college near by, but his father's library, in which he roamed at will from his very infancy, was one of the richest in the whole country. It is not strange, then, that he grew to be one of the most scholarly Americans of his time.

Lowell's first poems were on political subjects and had a great influence in the stirring times which preceded the Mexican War. His "Commemoration Ode," written some years later, is one of our great patriotic poems. In 1848 he published "The Vision of Sir Launfal," a beautiful tale of knightly aspiration and brotherly love.

Lowell succeeded Longfellow as Professor of Romance Languages at Harvard. Besides his poems he wrote several volumes of essays, and he was the first editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He served as Minister to Spain and later as Minister to England.

Discussion. 1. In which stanzas does the poet express his love for the dandelion? 2. Which stanzas tell why the dandelion is so dear to the poet? 3. Where must he have lived to learn what he tells us in these

stanzas? 4. Name some "prouder summer-blooms." 5. What kind of gold wrinkles the "lean brow of age"? How does the dandelion's gold differ from it? 6. Explain lines 7-9, page 72; and name other common things that we do not value enough. 7. What were you told on pages 19-20 of the value of observing closely if you would not "pass by with unrewarded eye"? 8. How can the poet *look* at the dandelion, but *see* the tropics and Italy? 9. Has a poet more vivid imagination than other people? Give reasons for your answer. 10. What "eyes are in the heart, and heed not space or time"? 11. The dandelion is compared to gold and to sunshine; which comparison did the poet have in mind in lines 6-7, page 73? In lines 8-12, page 73? 12. The flower reflects its "scanty gleam of heaven" in glowing color; how can human hearts reflect it? 13. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: El Dorado; largess; lavish; tropics; golden-cuirassed; ravishment; Sybaris; peer; prodigal.

Phrases for Study

pledge of blithesome May, 71, 3
high-hearted buccaneers, 71, 5
earth's ample round, 71, 7
drew the Spanish prow, 72, 1
primeval hush, 72, 2
unlocks a warmer clime, 72, 11
lily's breezy tent, 72, 16
untainted ears, 73, 4
deem more sacredly, 73, 9
living pages of God's book, 73, 14

Class Reading. Bring to class and read, "The Dandelions," Cone (in *The Elson Reader, Book Six).*

THE DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,

They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography see page 64.

Discussion. 1. What picture do the first two stanzas give you? 2. To whom does "I" refer? 3. Point out the comparison and the things compared in the first two stanzas. 4. Why does the poet use the word "host" when he has already spoken of a "crowd"? 5. Explain the peculiar fitness of the word "sprightly." 6. What lines particularly express life and gayety? 7. Compare the expression, "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude," with that of Lowell in "To the Dandelion," page 72, lines 12-13, "The eyes thou givest me are in the heart, and heed not space or time." 8. How does Wordsworth show that he has received from the daffodils that thrill of "the beauty of the world that lies about them," mentioned on page 19? 9. Memorize the poem. 10. Tell why this is a lyrical poem. For music by Mason see *Laurel Octavo*. 11. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: margin; jocund; vacant.

Phrases for Study

milky way, **74**, 8
pensive mood, **75**, 12
inward eye. **75**, 13
bliss of solitude, **75**, 14

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ROBERT BURNS

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun [1] crush amang the stoure [2]
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie [3] gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,[4]
Wi' speckl'd breast!
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's [5] maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield [6]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie [7] stibble [8]-field,
Unseen, alane.

[1] *maun*, must
[2] *stoure*, dust
[3] *bonnie*, pretty
[4] *weet*, wet
[5] *wa's*, walls
[6] *bield*, shelter
[7] *histie*, barren
[8] *stibble*, stubble

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean, luckless starr'd!
Unskillful he to note the card [1]
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Robert Burns (1759-1796) was a Scotch poet, whose home was near Ayr, in Scotland. His life was short and filled with poverty and hardship, but he was able to write sweet songs and sincere poems because he saw beauty in the common things of life and had a heart full of sympathy. He wrote this poem at a time when he was in great trouble. His farm was turning out badly, the soil was sour and wet, his crops were

[1] *card*, compass-face

failures, and he saw nothing but ruin before him. Burns's tenderness and sympathy are shown in this poem by his description of the way he felt when he saw that he had crushed the flower.

Discussion. 1. How does the English daisy, which Burns describes in the first line of the poem, differ from the daisy that you know, the American daisy? 2. Select and give the meaning of words that illustrate Burns's use of the Scotch dialect. 3. Tell in your own words the incident related in the first stanza. 4. What do you know about the lark that helps you to understand why it is called the daisy's "companion" and "neebor"? 5. What comparison is made between the daisy and the garden flowers? 6. What "share" is mentioned in the fifth stanza? 7. What characteristic of the flower does Burns seem to like best? 8. Why is this poem a lyric? 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: glinted; random; unassuming; guise; uptears; Bard; elate. 10. *Pronounce:* humble; rear'd.

Phrases for Study

companion meet, **76**, 8
purpling east, **76**, 12
parent-earth, **76**, 17
luckless starr'd, **77**, 8
card of prudent lore, **77**, 9
whelm him o'er, **77**, 12
suffering worth, **77**, 13
wrench'd of ev'ry stay, **77**, 17

SWEET PEAS

JOHN KEATS

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger a while upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings;
They will be found softer than ringdove's cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend!
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging sallows; blades of grass
Slowly across the checkered shadows pass.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Keats (1795-1821) was of humble birth, the son of a London stable-keeper. He lived at the time of Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Leigh Hunt, from all of whom he gathered inspiration. His fame did not come while he was living, but the three small volumes of poems he wrote in his brief life have given him a high place among English poets. He had a passion for beauty, which found expression in all his poetry. On account of failing health he went, in 1820, to Rome, where he died the year following. "Sweet Peas" is from one of his earliest poems, called "I Stood on Tiptoe on a Little Hill."

Discussion. 1. Why does the poet say sweet peas are "on tiptoe for a flight"? 2. What are the wings of the sweet pea? 3. The poet tells of the perfect stillness of the moving water in the stream; what words does he use in the lines immediately preceding to prepare you for this stillness? 4. What picture does the last sentence of the poem give you? 5. On page 20 you read that we treasure some poems for their musical charm; is this such a poem? 6. What does the poet say is "softer than ringdove's cooings"? 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: flush; taper; rushy; intently; sallow. 8. *Pronounce:* tiny; minutest.

Library Reading. The group of flower poems in "This Wonderful World," (in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks,* Stevenson).

TREES

JOYCE KILMER

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree;

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Joyce Kilmer (1886-1918) was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey. He entered the field of journalism in New York. When the United States entered the World War, Kilmer was one of the first to offer his services to his country. He was at once assigned to the Intelligence Department. One of his duties was to precede the troops before an attack and find out the positions of the enemy guns. He served during almost the whole of the second battle of the Marne until August 1, 1918, when he received a mortal wound. At the time of his enlistment he was the editor of the poetry column in the *Literary Digest.*

Discussion. 1. Do you agree with the poet's conclusion given in the first stanza? 2. What is the most beautiful poem you have read? 3. What fact relating to the tree does the second couplet tell? The third couplet? The fourth? The fifth? 4. What does the last couplet tell you? 5. Point out the riming scheme of the poem.

Library Reading. Poems of Joyce Kilmer, with a portrait (in *The Literary Digest,* August 31, 1918); "How Joyce Kilmer Died" (in *The Literary Digest,* September 7, 1918); "Joyce Kilmer" (in *The Outlook,* September 4, 1918).

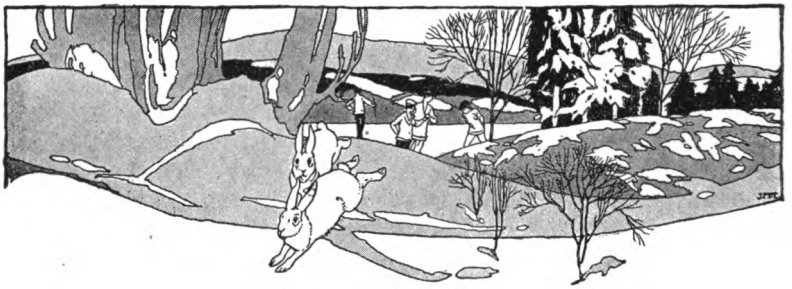
Magazine Reading

Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" appeared in September, 1918, in *The Outlook* and was reprinted in *The Literary Digest.* It is well worth while to read the leading American periodicals, for they have great influence in developing our national literature. Indeed many of the masterpieces of our language were first published in magazines. For example, Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, and Poe were all contributors to the magazines of their time, and new poems by writers of the present day frequently appear in periodicals.

Valuable suggestions for magazine reading will be gained if each member of the class chooses some one magazine, agreeing to examine the numbers as they appear, and to inform the class of the most interesting articles, stories, and poems. Examine the magazines in the library and ask the librarian's advice as to which you will be likely to find most useful and enjoyable. You are probably familiar with some or all of the following: *The Junior Red Cross News, St. Nicholas, The Youth's Companion, The Saturday Evening Post, The National Geographic Magazine, The Scientific American, The Outlook, Good Housekeeping, The World's Work, The Literary Digest.* What others do you sometimes read?

Perhaps you have had the experience of reading a story in some magazine, and later, when you wished to refer to it, of being unable to tell in which number or in which magazine you had read it. *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* will help you locate a story, poem, or article by title, author, or subject. It will also be helpful in showing you what has appeared in current magazines by certain authors or on certain subjects. Ask your teacher or the librarian to show you how to use *The Readers' Guide.*

WINTER



THE GREAT BLIZZARD *

HAMLIN GARLAND

A blizzard on the prairie corresponds to a storm at sea; it never affects the traveler twice alike. Each norther seems to have a manner of attack all its own. One storm may be short, sharp, high-keyed, and malevolent, while another approaches slowly, relentlessly, wearing out the souls of its victims by its inexorable and long-continued cold and gloom. One threatens for hours before it comes, the other leaps like a tiger upon the defenseless settlement, catching the children unhoused, the men unprepared; of this character was the first blizzard Lincoln ever saw.

The day was warm and sunny. The eaves dripped musically, and the icicles dropping from the roof fell occasionally with a pleasant crash. The snow grew slushy, and the bells of wood teams jingled merrily all the forenoon, as the farmers drove to their timber-lands some miles away. The school room was un-

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

comfortably warm at times, and the master opened the outside door. It was the eighth of January. During the afternoon recess, as the boys were playing in their shirt-sleeves, Lincoln called Milton's attention to a great cloud rising in the west and north. A vast, slaty-blue, seamless dome silent, portentous, with edges of silvery, frosty light.

"It's going to storm," said Milton. "It always does when we have a south wind and a cloud like that in the west."

When Lincoln set out for home, the sun was still shining, but the edge of the cloud had crept, or more properly slid, across the sun's disk, and its light was growing cold and pale. In fifteen minutes more the wind from the south ceased—there was a moment of breathless pause and then, borne on the wings of the north wind, the streaming clouds of soft, large flakes of snow drove in a level line over the homeward-bound scholars, sticking to their clothing and faces and melting rapidly. It was not yet cold enough to freeze, though the wind was colder. The growing darkness troubled Lincoln most.

By the time he reached home, the wind was a gale, the snow a vast, blinding cloud, filling the air and hiding the road. Darkness came on instantly, and the wind increased in power, as though with the momentum of the snow. Mr. Stewart came home early, yet the breasts of his horses were already sheathed in snow. Other teamsters passed, breasting the storm, and calling cheerily to their horses. One team, containing a woman and two men, neighbors living seven miles north, gave up the contest, and turned in at the gate for shelter, confident that they would be able to go on in the morning. In the barn, while rubbing the ice from the horses, the men joked and told stories in a jovial spirit, with the feeling generally that all would be well by daylight. The boys made merry also, singing songs, popping corn, playing games, in defiance of the storm.

But when they went to bed, at ten o'clock, Lincoln felt some vague premonition of a dread disturbance of Nature, far beyond any other experience in his short life. The wind howled like

ten thousand tigers, and the cold grew more and more intense. The wind seemed to drive in and through the frail tenement; water and food began to freeze within ten feet of the fire.

Lincoln thought the wind at that hour had attained its utmost fury, but when he awoke in the morning, he saw how mistaken he had been. He crept to the fire, appalled by the steady, solemn, implacable clamor of the storm. It was like the roaring of all the lions of Africa, the hissing of a wilderness of serpents, the lashing of great trees. It benumbed his thinking, it appalled his heart, beyond any other force he had ever known.

The house shook and snapped, the snow beat in muffled, rhythmic pulsations against the walls, or swirled and lashed upon the roof, giving rise to strange, multitudinous sounds; now dim and far, now near and all-surrounding; producing an effect of mystery and infinite reach, as though the cabin were a helpless boat, tossing on an angry, limitless sea.

Looking out, there was nothing to be seen but the lashing of the wind and snow. When the men attempted to face it, to go to the rescue of the cattle, they found the air impenetrably filled with fine, powdery snow mixed with the dirt caught up from the plowed fields by a terrific blast moving ninety miles an hour. It was impossible to see twenty feet, except at long intervals. Lincoln could not see at all when facing the storm. When he stepped into the wind, his face was coated with ice and dirt, as by a dash of mud—a mask which blinded the eyes, and instantly froze to his cheeks. Such was the power of the wind that he could not breathe an instant unprotected. His mouth being once open, it was impossible to draw breath again without turning from the wind.

The day was spent in keeping warm and in feeding the stock at the barn, which Mr. Stewart reached by desperate dashes, during the momentary clearing of the air following some more than usually strong gust. Lincoln attempted to water the horses from the pump, but the wind blew the water out of the pail. So cold had the wind become that a dipperful, thrown into the

air, fell as ice. In the house it became more and more difficult to remain cheerful, notwithstanding the family had fuel and food in abundance.

Oh, that terrible day! Hour after hour they listened to that prodigious, appalling, ferocious uproar. All day Lincoln and Owen moved restlessly to and fro, asking each other, "Won't it ever stop?" To them the storm now seemed too vast, too ungovernable, ever again to be spoken to a calm, even by God Himself. It seemed to Lincoln that no power whatever could control such fury; his imagination was unable to conceive of a force greater than this war of wind or snow.

On the third day the family rose with weariness, and looked into each other's faces with a sort of horrified surprise. Not even the invincible heart of Duncan Stewart, nor the cheery good nature of his wife, could keep a gloomy silence from settling down upon the house. Conversation was scanty; nobody laughed that day, but all listened anxiously to the invisible tearing at the shingles, beating against the door, and shrieking around the eaves. The frost upon the windows, nearly half an inch thick in the morning, kept thickening into ice, and the light was dim at midday. The fire melted the snow on the windowpanes and upon the door, while around the keyhole and along every crack, frost formed. The men's faces began to wear a grim, set look, and the women sat with awed faces and downcast eyes full of unshed tears, their sympathies going out to the poor travelers, lost and freezing.

The men got to the poor dumb animals that day to feed them; to water them was impossible. Mr. Stewart went down through the roof of the shed, the door being completely sealed up with solid banks of snow and dirt. One of the guests had a wife and two children left alone in a small cottage six miles farther on, and physical force was necessary to keep him from setting out in face of the deadly tempest. To him the nights seemed weeks, and the days interminable, as they did to the rest, but it would have been death to venture out.

That night, so disturbed had all become, they lay awake listening, waiting, hoping for a change. About midnight Lincoln noticed that the roar was no longer so steady, so relentless, and so high-keyed as before. It began to lull at times, and though it came back to the attack with all its former ferocity, still there was a perceptible weakening. Its fury was becoming spasmodic. One of the men shouted down to Mr. Stewart, "The storm is over," and when the host called back a ringing word of cheer, Lincoln sank into deep sleep in sheer relief.

Oh, the joy with which the children melted the ice on the windowpanes, and peered out on the familiar landscape, dazzling, peaceful, under the brilliant sun and wide blue sky. Lincoln looked out over the wide plain, ridged with vast drifts; on the far blue line of timber, on the near-by cottages sending up cheerful columns of smoke (as if to tell him the neighbors were alive), and his heart seemed to fill his throat. But the wind was with him still, for so long and continuous had its voice sounded in his ears, that even in the perfect calm his imagination supplied its loss with fainter, fancied roarings.

Out in the barn the horses and cattle, hungry and cold, kicked and bellowed in pain, and when the men dug them out, they ran and raced like mad creatures, to start the blood circulating in their numbed and stiffened limbs. Mr. Stewart was forced to tunnel to the barn door, cutting through the hard snow as if it were clay. The drifts were solid, and the dirt mixed with the snow was disposed on the surface in beautiful wavelets, like the sands at the bottom of a lake. The drifts would bear a horse. The guests were able to go home by noon, climbing above the fences, and rattling across the plowed ground.

And then in the days which followed, came grim tales of suffering and heroism. Tales of the finding of stage-coaches with the driver frozen on his seat and all his passengers within; tales of travelers striving to reach homes and families. Cattle had starved and frozen in their stalls, and sheep lay buried in heaps beside the fences where they had clustered together to keep

warm. These days gave Lincoln a new conception of the prairies. It taught him that however bright and beautiful they might be in summer under skies of June, they could be terrible when the Norther was abroad in his wrath. They seemed now as pitiless and destructive as the polar ocean. It seemed as if nothing could live there unhoused. All was at the mercy of that power, the north wind, whom only the Lord Sun could tame.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Hamlin Garland (1860-) was born in Wisconsin. His father was a farmer-pioneer, who, always eager to be upon the border line of agricultural development, moved from Wisconsin to Minnesota, from Minnesota to Iowa, and from Iowa to Dakota. The hope of cheaper acres, better soil, and bigger crops led him on.

When Hamlin Garland turned his attention to literature he was keen enough to see the literary value of his early experiences. He resolved to interpret truthfully the life of the western farmer and its great hardships and limitations, no less than its hopes, joys, and achievements. In doing this, through a succession of short stories and novels, he won fame and success. In *A Son of the Middle Border,* an autobiography, he has written an intensely interesting and valuable record of typical experiences in the development of the Middle West. "The Great Blizzard" is taken from *Boy Life on the Prairie.* The boy Lincoln was a brother of Hamlin Garland.

Discussion. 1. What distinguishes a blizzard from other violent storms? 2. What are the dangers when it comes without ample warning? 3. What was the manner of attack of this blizzard? 4. What caused the early darkness? 5. What in the storm "appalled" the boy's heart and "benumbed his thinking"? 6. What effect had the blizzard upon other members of the household? 7. What was the velocity of the wind? 8. How long did the blizzard last? 9. What name was given it because of its force, fury, and duration? 10. What results proved the violence of the storm? 11. What new idea of the prairie did the storm give the boy Lincoln? 12. On page 19 you read that adventures may come to one who is snow-bound; what unusual happenings and tasks came to Lincoln as a result of the blizzard? Did they seem like adventures to him? 13. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: malevolent; inexorable; portentous; momentum; appalled; multitudinous; impenetrably; prodigious; invincible; interminable; relentless; spasmodic; conception. 14. *Pronounce:* recess; infinite; calm; ferocity; heroism.

Phrases for Study

seamless dome, **83**, 5
vague premonition of, **83**, 34
dread disturbance, **83**, 34
frail tenement, **84**, 2
implacable clamor, **84**, 7
rhythmic pulsations, **84**, 12
invisible tearing, **85**, 17
perceptible weakening, **86**, 6

Class Reading. The height of the storm, page 84, line 4, to page 85, line 11.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. (a) The approach of the storm; (b) Neighbors stop for shelter; (c) The full fury of the storm on the second day; (d) Attempts to take care of the stock; (e) The third day; (f) Signs of the end of the storm; (g) Activities after the storm; (h) Tales of suffering.

Suggestions for Theme Topics

The reading period calls forth many interesting subjects that you will wish to learn more about and discuss with your classmates. You will find it well worth while occasionally to make a report to the class on some particular subject connected with your reading lesson that you have become interested in and to which you have given some thought and study. Most of these reports you will doubtless like to give orally, but some of them you may wish to present in written form. Whether your report is oral or written, always make sure that it has a good beginning, tells interesting facts, and ends well. You will add interest to your report if you appeal to the eyes as well as the ears of your audience by the use of pictures, maps, and blackboard sketches.

After reading this thrilling story of a blizzard on the frontier plains, you may wish to read other tales of great storms, comparing them with "The Great Blizzard." Here are some suggestions for further reading, and reporting to the class: 1. A review of "Lost in a Norther" in *Boy Life on the Prairie*. 2. A report of winter hunting on the western plains by Theodore Roosevelt (in *The Wilderness Hunter*, Chapter V, pages 87 to 97). 3. A review of the story "Matches," Paradise (in *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1920). 4. A thrilling experience I had in a winter storm. 5. The most exciting tale I ever heard about a snowstorm.

THE FROST SPIRIT

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—from the frozen Labrador—
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er—
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—on the rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of . Hekla glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—and the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's heel;

And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) was born near the little town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, about twenty miles from Salem, the birthplace of Hawthorne. The old farmhouse in which Whittier was born was built by the poet's great-great-grandfather, and it still stands to mark the site of the old home. His family were Quakers, sturdy of character as of stature. Whittier's boyhood was in complete contrast to that of Lowell and Longfellow. He led the life of a typical New England farm boy, used to hard work, no luxuries, and few pleasures. His library consisted practically of one book, the family Bible, which was later supplemented by a copy of Burns's *Poems*, loaned him by the district schoolmaster. Whittier is often compared with Burns in the simple homeliness of his style, his patriotism, his fiery indignation at wrong, and his sympathy with the humble and the oppressed.

Discussion. 1. Why does the poet personify "The Frost Spirit"? 2. Why is "Fiend" personified? 3. How can one "trace his footsteps" on woods and fields? 4. Locate on a map Labrador, the pine region of Norway, and the volcano of Hekla. 5. What is the "icy bridge of the northern seas"? 6. Why does the poet say, "In the sunless cold of the lingering night"? 7. What does the poet mean by the "shriek of the baffled Fiend"? 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: blasted; smitten.

Phrases for Study

luckless forms, **89, 7**
unscorched wing, **89, 11**
torpid touch, **89, 14**
glazing breath, **89, 14**

Library Reading. "Kathleen," a ballad, Whittier.

THE SNOW STORM

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.
The steed and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Mauger the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was born in Boston, not far from Franklin's birthplace. He was the oldest among that brilliant group of New England scholars and writers that developed under the influence of Harvard College. Emerson was a quiet boy, but that he had high ambitions and sturdy determination is shown by the fact that he worked his way through college. He is best known for his essays, full of noble ideas and wise philosophy, but he also wrote poetry. As a poet he was careless of his meter, making his lines often purposely rugged, but they are always charged with thoughts that thrill like electric batteries. His poems of Nature are as clear-cut and vivid as snapshots. In 1836 Emerson wrote the "Concord Hymn," containing the famous lines:

"Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world!"

Discussion. 1. Picture the scene described in the first five lines. 2. Read the first stanza in a way to bring out the contrast between the wild storm and the scene within the "farmhouse at the garden's end." 3. What is the "tile" with which the poet imagines the "unseen quarry" is furnished? 4. What is meant by "fierce artificer"? 5. Of what are the "white bastions" made? 6. Does the use of the word "windward" add to the picture, and does such detail increase the beauty of the poem or detract from it? 7. Who is described as "myriad-handed"? 8. What is the mockery in hanging "Parian wreaths" on a coop or kennel? 9. What picture do lines 17, 18, and 19 give you? 10. What does the "mad wind's night-work" do for Art? 11. Has this poem the musical charm about which you read on page 20? 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: radiant; projected; proportion; invest; mauger; Art.

Phrases for Study

courier's feet delayed, **91**, 6
tumultuous privacy, **91**, 9
north wind's masonry, **91**, 10
hours are numbered, **91**, 23
as he were not, **91**, 24
mimic in slow structures, **91**, 26
built in an age, **91**, 27
frolic architecture, **91**, 28

SNOWFLAKES

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Out of the bosom of the Air,
  Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
  Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
    Silent, and soft, and slow,
    Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
  Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
  In the white countenance confession,
    The troubled sky reveals
    The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
  Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
  Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
    Now whispered and revealed
    To wood and field.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 343.

Discussion. 1. What picture does the first stanza give you? 2. Compare this picture with that found in the first nine lines of "The Snow Storm," page 91. 3. To what does "her" refer in the second line? 4. Explain how "the troubled heart" makes "confession in the countenance." 5. How does the poet fancy the "troubled sky" reveals its grief? 6. What is the "poem of the air"? 7. What is "whispered and revealed"? 8. This is a lyrical poem; can you tell why? 9. Read again what is said on page 20 about the poets who awaken your powers of imagination and fancy; show that Longfellow does this in "Snowflakes."

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was a famous English poet, and ranks as the greatest dramatist the world has produced. He wrote for all times and all peoples. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, where fifty-two years later he died. At the age of twenty-two he removed to London, where for over twenty years he wrote poems and plays, was an actor, and later a shareholder in the theater. The last years of his life he spent quietly at Stratford.

This song is from the comedy *As You Like It*, a story of the adventures of a group of courtiers and rustics in the forest of Arden. A charming

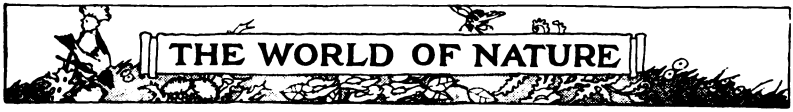
element in Shakespeare's comedies is the introduction of song-poems, or lyrics. All the writers of those days wrote songs; England was "a nest of singing birds." They were real songs, too, filled with joy and musical language, and the people sang them to the accompaniment of the quaint musical instruments of the time. And the people took part in games and pageants "in Merrie England," and listened to the strange tales of seafarers, and went to the playhouse to see Shakespeare's *As You Like It.*

Discussion. 1. Why is the thought of green holly appropriate in connection with the winter wind? 2. What feeling does ingratitude arouse? 3. Why does the poet say the "tooth" of the wind is not so keen as man's ingratitude? 4. What change of feeling do you notice after line 6? 5. What do you think caused the change? 6. In the second stanza read lines that show the poet did not really think that "life is most jolly." 7. Which lines explain the poet's distrust of friendship? 8. Which word in the first stanza is explained by line 3 of the second stanza? 9. Find a word in the first stanza that gives the same thought as the second line of the second stanza. 10. What other lyrics do you find in this group of poems about winter scenes? 11. For music by Whiting for "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," see the *Laurel Octavo.*

Phrases for Study

bite so nigh, **94**, 12
benefits forgot, **94**, 13
waters warp, **94**, 14
friendship is feigning, **94**, 18

Library Reading. The group of wind and frost poems in "This Wonderful World" (in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks,* Stevenson).



A Review

This book is so planned as to help you to find the three joys of reading, about which you were told on pages 11-16; what are these three joys? Which of these joys have the selections in Part I brought to you? Which selections in this Part did you enjoy most? Quote the lines by Bryant on page 17; why is this an apt quotation for the selections of Part I? Why is the picture on page 18 a suitable illustration for this group?

In the Introduction on page 19, you read that "men in all ages have felt the influence of Nature"; what three causes for this influence are mentioned? Name a selection in Part I in which the poet speaks of a bird as "a mystery." What other poem suggests a like influence? What kinship between the life of man and that of the daisy did Burns express? Quote the lines in which Celia Thaxter expresses a feeling of kinship with the little sandpiper. Mention other selections that suggest "your kinship to the animal-world." Mention selections which show that the writer was "thrilled by the beauty" of the object about which he was writing. Quote lines from Wordsworth, Keats, and Kilmer that make you think these poets were "thrilled by the beauty" of the world about them.

You read also on page 19 that Nature brings to us adventures of two kinds; what are these two kinds of adventure? Mention several selections in Part I that deal with each of these kinds of adventure. Which kind do you like the better?

Then, too, on page 19, you read that "the great writers who deal with the outdoor world reveal to you two quite different kinds of secrets"; what are the two kinds of secrets? Mention several selections in Part I that reveal secrets of the first kind; of the second kind.

In what fanciful way does Henry van Dyke explain the mys-

tery and charm of the Maryland Yellow-Throat? As Wordsworth thinks of the cuckoo, he fancies earth to be a "fairy place"; can you tell why? In thinking of a flower, Bryant and Lowell each see a lesson of life; what are these lessons? Read the stanzas of the two poems that contain them. What truth did Wordsworth learn from seeing the "crowd of golden daffodils"? What may you learn from this poem? Quote lines from Keats that give a fanciful picture of sweet peas.

What new idea of a blizzard on the prairie did you gain from Hamlin Garland's description? Emerson and Longfellow describe a snowstorm; which description is so realistic that you seem to be right in the midst of the storm? Which description is the more fanciful? Which brings with it a sense of cheeriness? Which description, in the music of its lines, makes you feel the gentle falling of the snow?

What progress have you made in getting acquainted with your library? Make a list of the selections—titles and authors—suggested under *Library Reading* in Part I, that you have read. Place a star in front of those that you would recommend to other boys and girls. Keep a list of the titles of books and stories that have been reviewed in class; which review was so interesting that it influenced you to read the book or story? What progress has your class made with its scrapbook for newspaper clippings? Which section of your local newspaper are you most interested in? Which section do most members of your class read first? Do you think the practice of reporting on current numbers of the magazines stimulates wider reading of library magazines by the boys and girls in your class? What was your class median for the silent reading of "Hunting the Grizzly Bear"? How does your standing compare with the class median? Read again the Note on page 64 about lyrics, and then make a list of the poems in Part I that you think are lyrical.

In the Notes and Questions throughout this book are a number of suggested problems. The working out of these problems and reporting on them to the class will greatly increase your in-

terest in reading and will bring you the added pleasure that coöperation with others in a common project always brings. In many schools the class in English organizes in the form of a club, to give the pupils an opportunity to coöperate freely in working out suggestions and in planning and conducting assembly meetings. If your class forms such a club, with regular recitation periods set aside each month for meetings, you can carry out many interesting projects, using the club as a "clearing house" for the various ideas suggested by the individual reading of the club members.

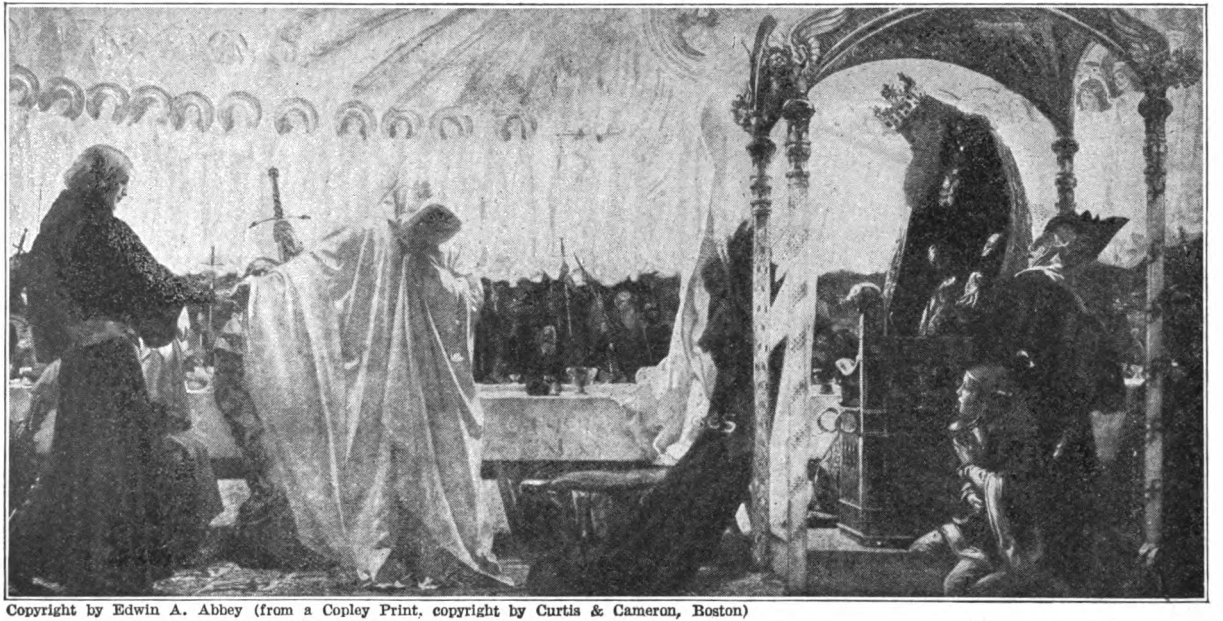
Some of these suggested problems are: (a) Silent Reading, page 40; (b) Library Reading, including Book Reviews, page 52; (c) Magazine Reading, page 80; (d) Newspaper Reading, page 56; (e) Contemporary Writers—Reading from their works, comparing their writings in theme and treatment with those of earlier writers, reporting any interesting newspaper or magazine references to them, and preparing a program for Contemporary Writers' Day in your school; (f) Collections—Making a collection of pictures, cartoons, newspaper and magazine references, humorous sayings, songs, and phonograph records that illustrate particular selections; (g) Dramatization—Planning and presenting scenes from "The Courtship of Miles Standish," from "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and from other selections; (h) Public Readings—Readings for entertainment, lyrics, ballads, and passages from short stories, using the club as an audience; (i) Good Citizenship—Making a list of suggestions you find in this book that help you to be a good citizen, and preparing a program for Good Citizenship Day in your school; (j) Conservation and Thrift—Making a list of measures taken to conserve public health, to protect wild birds and animals, to preserve forests, and to encourage thrift; (k) Excursions—Taking a trip through a library under the guidance of the teacher or librarian, locating various departments, or visiting homes, statues, and monuments of writers located in your town.

PART II

THE WORLD OF ADVENTURE

"Some say that the age of chivalry is past. The age of chivalry is never past, so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or woman left to say, 'I will redress that wrong or spend my life in the attempt'."

—Charles Kingsley.



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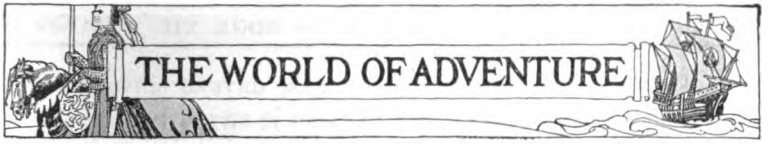
THE ROUND TABLE OF KING ARTHUR

(Galahad is taking his place next to Sir Lancelot, while King Arthur rises to receive the new knight)



An Introduction

Along with our interest in the world of Nature, we are curious to know about people. A great deal of our conversation is about what others say or do. And when we say of a man, "He *does* things," we pay him the highest possible compliment.

Ever since man came on the earth he has been "doing things." Centuries ago, a man found out how to make fire by striking pieces of flint together. Then other men discovered strange things that might be done by means of the mysterious flame that sprang up. Another man ventured over the hill or mountain out into the unknown world beyond, or far across the blue water that seemed to reach to the end of the world. And when the traveler returned, men listened eagerly to his stories. So from earliest days men who ventured beyond the beaten track and did things their fellows were not able to do have been interesting to those who stayed at home. Some men sought strange places beyond the seas. In this way commerce sprang up, for these adventurers brought back new foods and new objects, and knowledge of men who lived in strange places. In this way islands and continents were discovered and settled, men fought for the possession of rich lands, and life for all men became more varied and interesting through the adventures of the daring ones. For life holds zest and interest only in proportion as the spirit of adventure enters into it.

The men in former times who stood out above their fellows because of their deeds were the subjects of song and story. Minstrels and poets in all times have put into words the wonder and admiration of the people for the doer of great deeds. Some stories of this kind you will read in the pages that follow—just a few of the thousands of stories of adventure that men have told in song and narrative. Some of these stories introduce

King Arthur and his Round Table, in the days of chivalry, when knighthood was in flower. One of them is an old ballad—one of the tales made by the people or by some of their number, and sung by the people or by minstrels, or by mothers to their children, and so handed down from one generation to another.

This spirit of adventure that makes men willing to face danger, and even death, to get some new experience or to render some service, the spirit that makes some men explore strange places, or seek for the South Pole, or fight in great battles—this spirit of adventure never dies. Sometimes the story is of a knight clad in armor, and sometimes it is about a man in khaki who died the other day that his fellows might live—the spirit is the same. Men no longer dress like Lancelot, or like George Washington, but they do the same sorts of things. And people like to read of these things or hear the stories told just as much now as they did when the first traveler returned to the little village in Greece, or when Sir Gareth and Sir Gawain won their victories, or when General Putnam or Mad Anthony Wayne, in our Revolutionary War, performed some brave act for the American cause. And now, all over the world, groups gather about the soldier who has returned from Flanders Fields with his stories of valor. Always the spirit of adventure lives; always we like to hear what it brings back to us of news about life. If we have had no chance yet to win men's praise, we get a larger view of life, a better sense of what life really means, from reading such stories. And we mean to do brave things ourselves, some day, so the stories thrill us with the sense of what life holds for us.

These things we must remember, then, as we read. Through these stories we become partners in all the brave deeds of the past. And, again, the spirit of adventure is ever-living and is as keen today as in the past. And, finally, by such stories our own knowledge of the fine qualities of human nature is increased and our own experience enlarged, so that we become braver and better because we see what wonderful things life can bring.

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

THE COMING OF ARTHUR*

OF THE BIRTH OF ARTHUR AND HOW HE BECAME KING

Long years ago, there ruled over Britain a King called Uther Pendragon. A mighty prince was he, and feared by all men; yet, when he sought the love of the fair Igraine of Cornwall, she would have naught to do with him, so that, from grief and disappointment, Uther fell sick, and at last seemed like to die.

Now in those days, there lived a famous magician named Merlin, so powerful that he could change his form at will, or even make himself invisible; nor was there any place so remote but that he could reach it at once, merely by wishing himself there. One day, suddenly he stood at Uther's bedside, and said:

"Sir King, I know thy grief, and am ready to help thee. Only promise to give me, at his birth, the son that shall be born to thee, and thou shalt have thy heart's desire."

To this the King agreed joyfully, and Merlin kept his word; for he gave Uther the form of one whom Igraine had loved dearly, and so she took him willingly for her husband.

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

When the time had come that a child should be born to the King and Queen, Merlin appeared before Uther to remind him of his promise; and Uther swore it should be as he had said. Three days later, a prince was born and, with pomp and ceremony, was christened by the name of Arthur; but immediately thereafter the King commanded that the child should be carried to the postern-gate, there to be given to the old man who would be found waiting without.

Not long after, Uther fell sick, and he knew that his end was come; so, by Merlin's advice, he called together his knights and barons and said to them:

"My death draws near. I charge you, therefore, that ye obey my son even as ye have obeyed me; and my curse upon him if he claim not the crown when he is a man grown."

Then the King turned his face to the wall and died.

Scarcely was Uther laid in his grave before disputes arose. Few of the nobles had seen Arthur or even heard of him, and not one of them would have been willing to be ruled by a child; rather, each thought himself fitted to be king, and, strengthening his own castle, made war on his neighbors until confusion alone was supreme, and the poor groaned because there was none to help them.

Now when Merlin carried away Arthur—for Merlin was the old man who had stood at the postern-gate—he had known all that would happen, and had taken the child to keep him safe from the fierce barons until he should be of age to rule wisely and well, and perform all the wonders prophesied of him. He gave the child to the care of the good knight Sir Ector to bring up with his son Kay, but revealed not to him that it was the son of Uther Pendragon that was given into his charge.

At last, when years had passed and Arthur was grown a tall youth well skilled in knightly exercises, Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury and advised him that he should call together at Christmas-time all the chief men of the realm to the great cathedral in London.

"For," said Merlin, "there shall be seen a great marvel by which it shall be made clear to all men who is the lawful King of this land." The Archbishop did as Merlin counseled. Under pain of a fearful curse, he bade barons and knights come to London to keep the feast, and to pray heaven to send peace to the realm.

The people hastened to obey the Archbishop's commands and, from all sides, barons and knights came riding in to keep the birth-feast of our Lord. And when they had prayed, and were coming forth from the cathedral, they saw a strange sight. There, in the open space before the church, stood, on a great stone, an anvil thrust through with a sword; and on the stone were written these words:

"Whoso can draw forth this sword is rightful King of Britain born."

At once there were fierce quarrels, each man clamoring to be the first to try his fortune, none doubting his own success. Then the Archbishop decreed that each should make the venture in turn, from the greatest baron to the least knight; and each in turn, having put forth his utmost strength, failed to move the sword one inch, and drew back ashamed. So the Archbishop dismissed the company, and having appointed guards to watch over the stone, sent messengers through all the land to give word of great justs to be held in London at Easter, when each knight could give proof of his skill and courage, and try whether the adventure of the sword was for him.

Among those who rode to London at Easter was the good Sir Ector, and with him his son, Sir Kay, newly made a knight, and the young Arthur. When the morning came that the justs should begin, Sir Kay and Arthur mounted their horses and set out for the lists; but before they reached the field, Kay looked and saw that he had left his sword behind. Immediately Arthur turned back to fetch it for him, only to find the house fast shut, for all were gone to view the tournament. Sore vexed was Arthur, fearing lest his brother Kay should lose his chance of gaining

glory, till, of a sudden, he bethought him of the sword in the great anvil before the cathedral. Thither he rode with all speed, and the guards having deserted their posts to view the tournament, there was none to forbid him the adventure. He leaped from his horse, seized the hilt, and instantly drew forth the sword as easily as from a scabbard; then, mounting his horse and thinking no marvel of what he had done, he rode after his brother and handed him the weapon.

When Kay looked at it, he saw at once that it was the wondrous sword from the stone. In great joy he sought his father, and showing it to him, said:

"Then must I be King of Britain."

But Sir Ector bade him say how he came by the sword, and when Sir Kay told how Arthur had brought it to him, Sir Ector bent his knee to the boy and said:

"Sir, I perceive that ye are my King, and here I tender you my homage"; and Kay did as his father. Then the three sought the Archbishop, to whom they related all that had happened; and he, much marveling, called the people together to the great stone, and bade Arthur thrust back the sword and draw it forth again in the presence of all, which he did with ease. But an angry murmur arose from the barons, who cried that what a boy could do, a man could do; so, at the Archbishop's word, the sword was put back, and each man, whether baron or knight, tried in his turn to draw it forth, and failed. Then, for the third time, Arthur drew forth the sword. And all the people shouted:

"Arthur is King! Arthur is King! We will have no King but Arthur"; and the great barons fell on their knees before him while the Archbishop placed the crown upon his head, and they swore to obey him faithfully as their lord and sovereign.

Thus Arthur was made King; and to all he did justice, righting wrongs and giving to all their dues. Nor was he forgetful of those that had been his friends; for Kay, whom he loved as a brother, he made chief of his household, and to Sir Ector, his foster father, he gave broad lands.

HOW KING ARTHUR TOOK A WIFE, AND OF THE TABLE ROUND

Thus Arthur was made King, but he had to fight for his own; for eleven great kings drew together and refused to acknowledge him as their lord, and chief amongst the rebels was King Lot of Orkney, who had married Arthur's sister, Bellicent.

By Merlin's advice Arthur sent for help overseas, to Ban and Bors, the two great Kings who ruled in Gaul. With their aid, he overthrew his foes in a fierce battle near the river Trent; and then he passed with them into their own lands and helped them drive out their enemies. So there was ever great friendship between Arthur and the Kings Ban and Bors, and all their kindred; and afterwards some of the most famous Knights of the Round Table were of that kin.

Then King Arthur set himself to restore order throughout his kingdom. To all who would submit and amend their evil ways, he showed kindness; but those who persisted in oppression and wrong he removed, putting in their places others who would deal justly with the people. And because the land had become overrun with forest during the days of misrule, he cut roads through the thickets, that no longer wild beasts and men, fiercer than the beasts, should lurk in their gloom, to the harm of the weak and defenseless. Thus it came to pass that soon the peasant plowed his fields in safety, and where had been wastes, men dwelt again in peace and prosperity.

Amongst the lesser kings whom Arthur helped to rebuild their towns and restore order was King Leodogran, of Cameliard. Now Leodogran had one fair child, his daughter Guinevere; and from the time that first he saw her, Arthur gave her all his love. So he sought counsel of Merlin, his chief adviser. Merlin heard the King sorrowfully, and said:

"Sir King, when a man's heart is set, he may not change. Yet had it been well if ye had loved another."

So the King sent his knights to Leodogran to ask of him his daughter; and Leodogran consented, rejoicing to wed her to so good and knightly a King. With great pomp, the princess was conducted to Canterbury, and there the King met her, and they two were wed by the Archbishop in the great cathedral, amid the rejoicings of the people.

On that same day did Arthur found his Order of the Round Table, the fame of which was to spread throughout Christendom and endure through all time. Now the Round Table had been made for King Uther Pendragon by Merlin, who had meant thereby to set forth plainly to all men the roundness of the earth. After Uther died, King Leodogran had possessed it; but when Arthur was wed he sent it to him as a gift, and great was the King's joy at receiving it. One hundred fifty knights might take their places about it, and for them Merlin made sieges, or seats. One hundred twenty-eight did Arthur knight at that great feast; thereafter, if any sieges were empty, at the high festival of Pentecost new knights were ordained to fill them, and by magic was the name of each knight found inscribed, in letters of gold, on his proper siege. One seat only long remained unoccupied, and that was the Siege Perilous. No knight might occupy it until the coming of Sir Galahad; for, without danger to his life, none might sit there who was not free from all stain of sin.

With pomp and ceremony did each knight take upon him the vows of true knighthood: *to obey the King; to show mercy to all who asked it; to defend the weak; and for no worldly gain to fight in a wrongful cause;* and all the knights rejoiced together, doing honor to Arthur and to his Queen. And all men said it was merry to be under such a chieftain, that would seek adventure as other poor knights did. Then they rode forth to right wrong and help the oppressed, and by their aid, the King held his realm in peace, doing justice to all.

OF THE FINDING OF EXCALIBUR

Now when Arthur was first made King, as young knights will, he courted peril for its own sake, and often would he ride unattended by lonely forest ways, seeking the adventure that chance might send him. All unmindful was he of the ruin to his realm if mischief befell him; and even his trusty counselors, though they grieved that he should thus imperil him, yet could not but love him the more for his hardihood.

So, on a day, he rode through the Forest Perilous where dwelt the Lady Annoure, a sorceress of great might. And as she looked from a turret window, she beheld King Arthur come riding down a forest glade, and the sunbeams falling upon him made one glory of his armor and of his yellow hair. Then, as Annoure gazed upon the King, she resolved that, come what might, she would have him for her own, to dwell with her always. And so she bade her men to lower the drawbridge and raise the portcullis, and sallying forth accompanied by her maidens, she gave King Arthur courteous salutation, and prayed him that he would rest within her castle that day, for that she had a petition to make to him; and Arthur, doubting nothing of her good faith, suffered himself to be led within.

Then was a great feast spread, and Annoure caused the King to be seated in a chair of state at her right hand, while squires and pages served him on bended knee. So when they had feasted, the King turned to the Lady Annoure and said courteously:

"Lady, something ye said of a request that ye would make. If there be aught in which I may give pleasure to you, I pray you let me know it forthwith, and I will serve you as knightly as I may."

"In truth," said the lady, "there is that which I would fain entreat of you, most noble knight; yet suffer, I beseech you, that first I may show you somewhat of my castle and my estate, and then will I crave a boon of your chivalry."

Then the sorceress led King Arthur from room to room of her castle, and ever each displayed greater store of beauty than the last. In some the walls were hung with rich tapestries, in others they gleamed with precious stones; and the King marveled what might be the petition of one that was mistress of such wealth. Lastly, Annoure brought the King out upon the battlements, and as he gazed around him, he saw that since he had entered the castle there had sprung up about it triple walls of defense that shut out wholly the forest from view. Then turned he to Annoure, and gravely said:

"Lady, greatly I marvel in what a simple knight may give pleasure to one that is mistress of so wondrous a castle as ye have shown me here; yet if there be aught in which I may render you knightly service, right gladly would I hear it now, for I must go forth upon my way to render service to those whose knight I am sworn."

"Nay, now, King Arthur," answered the sorceress mockingly, "ye may not deceive me, for well I know you, and that all Britain bows to your behest."

"The more reason then that I should ride forth to right wrong and succor them that, of their loyalty, render true obedience to their lord"

"Ye speak as a fool," said the sorceress; "why should one that may command be at the beck and call of every slave within his realm? Nay, rest thee here with me, and I will make thee ruler of a richer land than Britain, and satisfy thy every desire."

"Lady," said the King sternly, "I will hear and judge of your petition here and now, and then will I go forth upon my way."

"Nay," said Annoure, "there needs not this harshness. I did but speak for thine advantage. Only vow thee to my service, and there is naught that thou canst desire that thou shalt not possess. Thou shalt be lord of this fair castle and of the mighty powers that obey me. Why waste thy youth in hardship and in the service of such as shall render thee little enough again?"

Thereupon, without ever a word, the King turned him about and made for the turret stair by which he had ascended, but nowhere could he find it. Then said the sorceress, mocking him:

"Fair sir, how think ye to escape without my goodwill? See ye not the walls that guard my stronghold? And think ye that I have not servants enough to do my bidding?"

She clapped her hands, and forthwith there appeared a company of squires who, at her command, seized the King and bore him away to a strong chamber, where they locked him in.

And so the King abode that night, the prisoner of that evil sorceress, with little hope that day, when it dawned, should bring him better cheer. Yet lost he not courage, but kept watch and vigil the night through, lest the powers of evil should assail him unawares. And with the early morning light, Annoure came to visit him. More stately she seemed than the night before, more tall and more terrible; and her dress was one blaze of flashing gems so that scarce could the eye look upon her. As a queen might address a vassal, so greeted she the King, and as condescending to one of low estate, asked how he had fared that night. And the King made answer:

"I have kept vigil as behooves a knight who, knowing himself to be in the midst of danger, would bear himself meetly in any peril that should offer."

And the Lady Annoure, admiring his knightly courage, desired more earnestly even than before to win him to her will, and she said:

"Sir Arthur, I know well your courage and knightly fame, and greatly do I desire to keep you with me. Stay with me and I promise that ye shall bear sway over a wider realm than any that ye ever heard of, and I, even I, its mistress, will be at your command. And what lose ye if ye accept my offer? Little enough; for never think that ye shall win the world from evil, and men to loyalty and truth."

Then answered the King in anger: "Full well I see that thou art in league with evil and that thou but seekest to turn me

from my purpose. I defy thee, foul sorceress. Do thy worst; though thou slay me, thou shalt never sway me to thy will"; and therewith, the King raised his cross-hilted sword before her. Then the lady quailed at that sight. Her heart was filled with hate, but she said:

"Go your way, proud King of a petty realm. Rule well your race of miserable mortals, since it pleases you more than to bear sway over the powers of the air. I keep you not against your will."

With these words she passed from the chamber, and the King heard her give command to her squires to set him without her gates, give him his horse, and suffer him to go on his way.

And so it came to pass that the King found himself once more at large, and marveled to have won so lightly his liberty. Yet knew he not the depths of treachery in the heart of Annoure; for when she found she might not prevail with the King, she bethought her how, by mortal means, she might bring him to dishonor and death. And so, by her magic art, she caused the King to follow a path that brought him to a fountain whereby a knight had his tent, and, for the love of adventure, held the way against all comers. Now this knight was Sir Pellinore, and at that time he had not his equal for strength and knightly skill, nor had any been found that might stand against him. So, as the King drew nigh, Pellinore cried:

"Stay, knight, for no one passes this way except he just with me."

"That is not a good custom," said the King; "and it were well that ye followed it no more."

"It is my custom, and I will follow it still," answered Pellinore; "if ye like it not, amend it, if ye can."

"I will do my endeavor," said Arthur, "but, as ye see, I have no spear."

"Nay, I seek not to have you at disadvantage," replied Pellinore, and bade his squire give Arthur a spear. Then they dressed their shields, laid their lances in rest, and rushed upon each other.

Now the King was wearied by his night's vigil, and the strength of Pellinore was as the strength of three men; so, at the first encounter, Arthur was unhorsed. Then said he:

"I have lost the honor on horseback, but now will I encounter thee with my sword and on foot."

"I, too, will alight," said Pellinore; "small honor to me were it if I slew thee on foot, I being horsed the while." So they encountered each other on foot, and so fiercely they fought that they hewed off great pieces of each other's armor, and the ground was dyed with their blood. But at the last, Arthur's sword broke off short at the hilt, and so he stood all defenseless before his foe.

"I have thee now," cried Pellinore; "yield thee as recreant or I will slay thee."

"That will I never," said the King; "slay me if thou canst."

Then he sprang on Pellinore, caught him by the middle, and flung him to the ground, himself falling with him. And Sir Pellinore marveled, for never before had he encountered so bold and resolute a foe; but exerting his great strength, he rolled himself over, and so brought Arthur beneath him. Then Arthur would have perished, but at that moment Merlin stood beside him, and when Sir Pellinore would have struck off the King's head, stayed his blow, crying:

"Pellinore, if thou slayest this knight, thou puttest the whole realm in peril; for this is none other than King Arthur himself."

Then was Pellinore filled with dread, and cried:

"Better make an end of him at once; for if I suffer him to live, what hope of his pardon have I that have dealt with him so sorely?"

But before Pellinore could strike, Merlin caused a deep sleep to come upon him; and raising King Arthur from the ground, he stanched his wounds and recovered him of his swoon.

But when the King came to himself, he saw his foe lie, still as in death, on the ground beside him; and he was grieved, and said:

"Merlin, what have ye done to this brave knight? Nay, if ye

have slain him, I shall grieve my life long; for a good knight he is, bold and a fair fighter, though something wanting in knightly courtesy."

"He is in better case than ye are, Sir King, who so lightly imperil your person, and thereby your kingdom's welfare; and, as ye say, Pellinore is a stout knight, and hereafter shall he serve you well. Have no fear. He shall wake again in three hours and have suffered naught by the encounter. But for you, it were well that ye came where ye might be tended for your wounds."

"Nay," replied the King, smiling, "I may not return to my court thus weaponless; first will I find means to possess me of a sword."

"That is easily done," answered Merlin; "follow me, and I will bring you where ye shall get you a sword, the wonder of the world."

So, though his wounds pained him sore, the King followed Merlin by many a forest path and glade until they came upon a mere, bosomed deep in the forest; and as he looked thereon, the King beheld an arm, clothed in white samite, above the surface of the lake, and in the hand was a fair sword that gleamed in the level rays of the setting sun.

"This is a great marvel," said the King; "what may it mean?"

And Merlin made answer: "Deep is this mere, so deep indeed that no man may fathom it; but in its depths, and built upon the roots of the mountains, is the palace of the Lady of the Lake. Powerful is she with a power that works ever for good, and she shall help thee in thine hour of need."

Anon the damsel herself came unto Arthur and said: "Sir Arthur, King, yonder sword is mine and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it of you, ye shall have it."

"By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give you what ye will ask."

Then was Arthur aware of a little skiff, half hidden among the bulrushes that fringed the lake; and leaping into the boat, without aid of oar he was wafted out into the middle of the lake, to the place where, out of the water, rose the arm and sword.

And leaning from the skiff, he took the sword from the hand, which forthwith vanished, and immediately thereafter the skiff bore him back to land.

Arthur drew from its scabbard the mighty sword, wondering at the marvel of its workmanship, for the hilt shone with the elfin light of twinkling gems—diamond and topaz and emerald, and many another whose name none knows. And as he looked on the blade, Arthur was aware of mystic writings on the one side and the other; these he bade Merlin interpret for him.

"Sir," said Merlin, "on the one side is written 'Keep me,' and on the other 'Throw me away.'"

"Then," said the King, "which does it behoove me to do?"

"Keep it," answered Merlin; "the time to cast it away is not yet come. This is the good brand Excalibur, or Cut Steel, and well shall it serve you. But what think ye of the scabbard?"

"A fair cover for so good a sword," answered Arthur.

"Nay, it is more than that," said Merlin, "for so long as ye keep it, though ye be sore wounded, yet ye shall not bleed to death." When he heard that, the King marveled the more. Then they journeyed back to Caerleon, where the knights made great joy of the return of their lord. And presently, thither came Sir Pellinore, craving pardon of the King, who made but jest of his own misadventure. And afterwards Sir Pellinore became a knight of the Round Table, vowed not only to deeds of hardihood, but also to gentleness and courtesy; and faithfully he served the King, fighting ever to maintain justice and put down wrong, and to defend the weak from the oppressor.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Historical Note. The ancient Britons looked out from their little island home with its protecting seas, and pictured the great unknown world beyond as a fairyland filled with enchanted cities and wonderful forests, and peopled by friendly fairies and magicians. About the beginning of the Christian era the Romans came among them for a time, teaching them obedience to law. Later, barbarian hordes came over the North Sea, to

conquer them. But the Britons resisted the invaders, and among the strong British chieftains the name of Arthur stands preëminent. Historians generally agree that a ruler of this name actually lived about the close of the fifth century or the beginning of the sixth. Arthur became not only the great national hero, but also the champion of Christianity against heathen invaders. He is said to have united the scattered British clans and to have defeated the invaders in twelve great battles.

In their days of distress many of the Britons fled across the Channel and settled among their kindred, the Bretons of northern France. From here British bards with their harps wandered throughout all Christendom, singing of Arthur's heroic deeds. As time went on, these tales of Arthur became blended with the fairy stories of the old happy dream-life of early Britain. When chivalry was at its height, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, the strolling minstrels took up the numerous legends that had grown up around the name of Arthur, adapting them to the ideals of the times and to the tastes of their audiences in court and castle and market place.

In these songs and legends, Arthur appeared as a great king surrounded at his "Table Round" by valiant knights who, under vows of purity and holiness, went forth in daily quest of noble deeds. Early in the twelfth century the legends were carried back to England. A Welsh priest, Geoffrey of Monmouth, gave a form to these tales which became widely popular; later, from this version and others, Sir Thomas Malory wrote his story, "Le Morte d'Arthur" (The Death of Arthur). In 1485, William Caxton, the first English printer, published Malory's story, which became the chief source of modern poets who have written on this theme. Among these, the English poet, Tennyson, in his beautiful "Idylls of the King," has best told the story of Arthur and his knights.

Discussion. 1. Is there a historical basis for the stories of Arthur? 2. How did they become interwoven with myth and legend? 3. When Arthur became king, what was the condition of the people of Britain? 4. Why did the barons oppose Arthur? 5. What reforms did Arthur introduce? 6. Find lines which show that Arthur thought of the poor as well as of the rich and great. 7. What was the Round Table? 8. Find the lines that tell of the vows made by the knights. 9. What did the knights promise first? 10. Why do you think Arthur put this first? 11. What reason did Arthur give the sorceress for not wishing to remain longer in her castle? 12. Find a word in this speech that explains Arthur's life. 13. Find lines that show Arthur's generosity toward a foe. 14. What ideals of conduct did these stories uphold in times when might was greater than right? 15. The stories of King Arthur and his knights found in this book are modified from the version of Sir Thomas Malory; make a list of quaint expres-

sions which show that the use of the English language has changed since the time of Malory. 16. What fine qualities of human nature, about which you read on page 102, have you noted in this story? 17. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: postern-gate; realm; counseled; clamoring; decreed; scabbard (pp. 104-106); oppression; lurk; peasant; Christendom; Pentecost (pp. 107-108); sorceress; turret; portcullis; salutation; petition; squire; page; fain; estate; battlement; succor; vigil; vassal; behoove; mere; samite; fathom; anon; wafted; mystic (pp. 109-115). 18. *Pronounce:* bade; tournament; sovereign (pp. 105-106); courteous (p. 109); stanch (p. 113).

Phrases for Study

confusion was supreme, **104**, 20
knightly exercises, **104**, 32
under pain of a fearful curse, **105**, 3
sore vexed, **105**, 34
thinking no marvel, **106**, 6
tender you my homage, **106**, 16
courted peril, **109**, 2
chair of state, **109**, 22
crave a boon, **109**, 32
bear himself meetly, **111**, 22
bear sway, **111**, 29
in league with evil, **111**, 35
by mortal means, **112**, 17
do my endeavor, **112**, 31
dressed their shields, **112**, 34
yield thee as recreant **113**, 13
good brand Excalibur, **115**, 14
made but jest, **115**, 22

Class Reading. Arthur's adventure with the sorceress, page **109**, line 8, to page 112, line 12; the finding of Excalibur, page 114, line 10, to page 115, line 19; bring to class and read the song of Arthur's knighthood in "The Coming of Arthur," Tennyson.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. (a) The birth of Arthur; (b) How he became King; (c) How King Arthur took a wife; (d) The Order of the Round Table; (e) The vows of true knighthood; (f) The finding of the sword Excalibur.

Library Reading. *The Boy's King Arthur,* Lanier, illustrated by Wyeth; *The Romance of King Arthur,* illustrated by Rackham; *The Story of King Arthur and His Knights,* Pyle.

THE STORY OF GARETH*

HOW BEAUMAINS CAME TO KING ARTHUR'S COURT

King Arthur had a custom that at the feast of Pentecost he would not go to meat until he had heard or seen a great marvel. And because of that custom all manner of strange adventures came before him at that feast.

So Sir Gawain, a little before noon of the day of Pentecost, saw from a window three men on horseback and a dwarf on foot, and one of the men was higher than the other two, by a foot and a half. Then Sir Gawain went unto the King and said, "Sir, go to your meat, for here at hand come strange adventures."

Right so came into the hall two men and upon their shoulders there leaned the goodliest young man and the fairest that ever they all saw, and he was tall and large and broad in the shoulders and the fairest and largest-handed that ever man saw.

This young man said, "King Arthur, God bless you and all your fair fellowship. For this cause I am come hither, to pray you to give me three gifts and they shall not be unreasonably asked, but you may honorably grant them me. The first gift I will ask now and the other two I will ask this day twelvemonth."

"Now ask," said Arthur, "and ye shall have your asking."

"Sir," said the young man, "this is my petition, that ye will give me meat and drink for this twelvemonth, and at that day I will ask mine other two gifts."

"My fair son," said Arthur, "ask better, I counsel thee, for this is but simple asking; for my heart tells me that thou shalt prove a man of right great honor."

"Sir," said the young man, "be that as it may, I have asked that which I will ask."

"Well," said the King, "ye shall have meat and drink enough; I never refused that to friend or foe. But what is thy name?"

"I cannot tell you," said the young man.

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

"That is strange," said the King, "that thou knowest not thy name, and thou art the goodliest young man that ever I saw."

Then the King charged Sir Kay, the steward, that he should give the young man meat and drink of the best as though he were a lord's son.

"There is no need of that," said Sir Kay, "for I am sure he is of lowly birth. If he had come of gentlemen he would have asked of you horse and armor, but such as he is, so he asketh. And as he hath no name I shall name him Beaumains, that is, Fair-hands, and into the kitchen I shall take him."

Then was Sir Gawain wroth, and Sir Lancelot bade Sir Kay cease his mocking of the young man. But Sir Kay bade the young man sit down to meat with the boys of the kitchen, and there he ate sadly. And then Sir Lancelot bade him come to his chamber and there he should have meat and drink enough. And this Sir Lancelot did of his great gentleness and courtesy. And Sir Gawain proffered him meat and drink, but he refused them both and thus he was put into the kitchen.

So he endured all that twelvemonth and never displeased man nor child, but always he was meek and kindly. But ever when there was any justing of knights, that would he see if he might.

So it passed on till the feast of Pentecost. On that day there came a damsel into the hall and saluted the King and prayed for succor for her lady who was besieged in her castle.

"Who is your lady, and who besiegeth her?" asked the King.

"Sir King," she said, "my lady's name shall ye not know from me at this time, but the tyrant that besiegeth her and destroyeth her lands is called the Red Knight of the Red Lands."

"I know him not," said the King.

"Sir," said Sir Gawain, "I know him well; men say that he hath seven men's strength, and from him I escaped once barely with my life."

"Fair damsel," said the King, "there be knights here who would gladly seek to rescue your lady, but because you will not tell her name, none of my knights shall go with you."

Then Beaumains came before the King and said, "Sir King, I have been this twelvemonth in your kitchen and now I will ask my two gifts."

"Ask," said the King, "and right gladly will I grant them."

"Sir, these shall be my two gifts, first that ye will grant me to have this adventure."

"Thou shalt have it," said the King.

"Then, sir, this is the other gift, that ye shall bid Sir Lancelot to make me knight. And I pray you let him ride after me and make me knight when I ask him."

"All this shall be done," said the King.

"Fie on thee," said the damsel; "shall I have none but one that is your kitchen boy?"

Then was she wroth and took her horse and departed.

And with that there came one to Beaumains and told him his horse and armor were come, and there was a dwarf ready with all things that he needed in the richest manner. So when he was armed there were few so goodly men as he was.

Then Sir Kay said all open in the hall, "I will ride after my boy of the kitchen, to see whether he will know me for his better."

And as Beaumains overtook the damsel, right so came Sir Kay and said, "Beaumains, what, sir, know ye not me?"

"Yea," said Beaumains, "I know you for an ungentle knight of the court, and therefore beware of me."

Therewith Sir Kay put his spear in the rest and ran straight upon him, and Beaumains came as fast upon him with his sword and thrust him through the side, so that Sir Kay fell down as if he were dead, and Beaumains took Sir Kay's shield and spear and rode on his way.

When Sir Lancelot overtook him, he proffered Sir Lancelot to just and they came together fiercely and fought for an hour, and Lancelot marveled at Beaumains's strength, for he fought more like a giant than a knight. So Sir Lancelot said, "Beaumains, fight not so sore; your quarrel and mine is not so great but we may leave off."

"That is truth," said Beaumains, "but it doth me good to feel your might. Hope ye that I may any while stand a proved knight?"

"Yea," said Lancelot, "do as ye have done, and I shall be your warrant."

"Then I pray you," said Beaumains, "give me the order of knighthood."

"Then must ye tell me your name," said Lancelot.

"Sir," he said, "my name is Gareth, and I am brother unto Sir Gawain."

"Ah, sir," said Lancelot, "I am more glad of you than I was, for ever methought ye should be of great blood and that ye came not to the court for meat or drink."

Then Sir Lancelot gave him the order of knighthood and departed from him and came to Sir Kay and made him to be borne home upon his shield, and he was healed of his wound.

But when Beaumains had overtaken the damsel, she said, "What dost thou here? Thou smellest of the kitchen; thy clothes be soiled with the grease and tallow that thou gainest in King Arthur's kitchen. Therefore, turn again, dirty kitchen boy; I know thee well, for Sir Kay named thee Beaumains."

"Damsel," said Beaumains, "say to me what ye will; I will not go from you, whatever ye say, for I have undertaken to King Arthur to achieve your adventure, and so shall I finish it to the end or I shall die therefor."

So thus as they rode in the wood, there came a man flying all that ever he might. "Whither wilt thou?" said Beaumains.

"O sir," he said, "help me, for six thieves have taken my lord and bound him, so I am afraid lest they will slay him."

"Bring me thither," said Beaumains.

And so they rode together until they came where the knight was bound and then he rode unto the thieves and slew them all and unbound the knight. And the knight thanked him and prayed him to ride with him to his castle and he should reward him for his good deeds.

"Sir," said Beaumains, "I will no reward have; I was this day made knight of noble Sir Lancelot and therefore I will no reward have but God reward me. Also I must follow this damsel."

And when he came nigh her, she bade him ride from her. "For thou smellest of the kitchen," she said. Then the same knight which was rescued rode after the damsel and prayed them to lodge with him that night, and so that night they had good cheer and rest.

And on the morrow the damsel and Beaumains rode on their way until they came to a great forest. And there was a river and but one passage, and there were two knights to prevent their crossing. "What sayest thou," said the damsel; "wilt thou match yonder knights or turn again?"

"Nay," said Sir Beaumains, "I will not turn again if they were six more." And therewith he rushed into the water, and they drew their swords and smote at each other, and Sir Beaumains slew both the knights.

"Alas," said the damsel, "that a kitchen boy should have the fortune to destroy two such brave knights."

"Damsel," said Beaumains, "I care not what ye say, so that I may rescue your lady."

"If you follow me," said the damsel, "thou art but slain, for I see all that ever thou dost is but by chance and not by might of thy hands."

"Well, damsel, ye may say what ye will, but wheresoever ye go, I will follow you."

So Beaumains rode with that lady till evening, and ever she chid him and would not stop. And they came to a black plain and there was a black hawthorne and thereon hung a black shield and by it stood a black spear, great and long, and a great black horse covered with silk.

HOW BEAUMAINS FOUGHT WITH THE FOUR KNIGHTS

There sat a knight all armed in black armor and his name was the Knight of the Black Lands. And when the damsel came nigh he said, "Damsel, have ye brought this knight of King Arthur to be your champion?" "Nay, fair knight," said she, "this is but a kitchen boy that was fed in King Arthur's kitchen for alms."

"Why cometh he," said the knight, "in such array? It is shame that he beareth you company."

"Sir, I cannot be freed from him; through mishap I saw him slay two knights at the passage of the water, and other deeds he did before right marvelous and by chance."

"I marvel," said the Black Knight, "that any man that is of honor will fight with him."

"They know him not," said the damsel.

"That may be," said the knight, "but this much I shall grant you; I shall put him down upon foot, and his horse and his armor he shall leave with me, for it were shame to me to do him any more harm."

When Sir Beaumains heard him say thus, he said, "Sir Knight, thou art full liberal of my horse and armor. I let thee know it cost thee nought, and horse nor armor gettest thou none of mine unless thou win them with thy hands."

Then in great wrath they came together as it had been thunder. When they had fought for an hour and a half the Black Knight fell down off his horse in a swoon and there he died. And Beaumains armed him in his armor and took his horse and rode after the damsel.

When she saw him come nigh, she said, "Away, kitchen boy, for the smell of thy clothes grieveth me. Alas, that a kitchen boy should by mishap slay so good a knight as thou hast done."

"I warn you, fair damsel," said Beaumains, "that I will not flee away nor leave your company for all that ye can say; ride on your way, for follow you I will, whatsoever happen."

Thus as they rode together they saw a knight come driving by them all in green, both his horse and his armor, and when he came nigh the damsel, he asked her, "Is that my brother, the Black Knight, that ye have brought with you?"

"Nay, nay," she said, "this kitchen boy hath slain your brother."

"Ah! traitor," said the Green Knight, "thou shalt die for slaying of my brother."

"I defy thee," said Beaumains, "for I slew him knightly and not shamefully."

And then they ran together with all their might and fought a long while, and at last Beaumains gave the Green Knight such a buffet upon the helmet that he fell upon his knees. And then the Green Knight cried for mercy and prayed Sir Beaumains to slay him not.

"Fair Knight," said the Green Knight, "save my life and I will forgive thee the death of my brother and forever be thy man, and thirty knights that follow me shall forever do you service."

"Sir Knight," said Beaumains, "all this availeth thee not unless this damsel speak with me for thy life." And therewith he made a motion as if to slay him.

"Let be," said the damsel, "slay him not, for if thou do thou shalt repent it."

Then Beaumains said, "Sir Knight, I release thee at this damsel's request."

And then the Green Knight kneeled down and did him homage with his sword, and he said, "Ye shall lodge with me this night, and tomorrow I shall help you through this forest." So they took their horses and rode to his manor.

And ever the damsel rebuked Beaumains and would not allow him to sit at her table. "I marvel," said the Green Knight, "why ye rebuke this noble knight as ye do, for I warn you, damsel, he is a full noble knight and I know no knight is able to match him; therefore you do great wrong to rebuke him."

And on the morrow they took their horses and rode on their

way, and the Green Knight said, "My lord Beaumains, I and these thirty knights shall be always at your summons both early and late."

"It is well said," said Beaumains; "when I call upon you ye must yield you unto King Arthur and all your knights."

"If ye so command us, we shall be ready at all times," said the Green Knight. So then departed the Green Knight.

So within a while they saw a town as white as any snow, and the lord of the tower was in his castle and looked out at a window and saw a damsel and a knight. So he armed him hastily. And when he was on horseback, it was all red, both his horse and his armor. And when he came nigh he thought it was his brother, the Black Knight, and he cried aloud, "Brother, what do ye here?"

"Nay, nay," said the damsel, "it is not he. This is but a kitchen boy. He hath killed thy brother, the Black Knight. Also I saw thy brother, the Green Knight, overcome by him. Now may ye be revenged on him."

With this the knights came together with all their might and fought furiously for two hours, so that it was wonder to see that strong battle. Yet at the last, Sir Beaumains struck the Red Knight to the earth. And the Red Knight cried mercy, saying, "Noble knight, slay me not, and I shall yield me to thee with sixty knights that be at my command. And I forgive thee all thou hast done to me, and the death of my brother, the Black Knight."

"All this availeth not," said Beaumains, "unless the damsel pray me to save thy life." And therewith he made a motion as if to slay him.

"Let be," said the damsel; "slay him not, for he is a noble knight."

Then Beaumains bade the Red Knight stand up, and the Red Knight prayed them to see his castle and rest there that night. And upon the morn he came before Beaumains with his three score knights and offered him his homage and service.

"I thank you," said Beaumains, "but this ye shall grant me: to come before my lord King Arthur and yield you unto him to be his knight, when I call upon you."

"Sir," said the Red Knight, "I will be ready at your summons."

So Sir Beaumains departed and the damsel, and ever she rode chiding him.

"Damsel," said Beaumains, "ye are uncourteous to rebuke me as ye do, for I have done you good service."

"Well," said she, "right soon ye shall meet a knight who shall pay thee all thy wages, for he is the greatest of the world, except King Arthur."

And soon there was before them a city rich and fair, and between them and the city there was a fair meadow and therein were many pavilions fair to behold.

"Lo," said the damsel, "yonder is a lord that owneth yonder city and his custom is, when the weather is fair, to just in this meadow. And ever there be about him five hundred knights and gentlemen of arms."

"That goodly lord," said Beaumains, "would I fain behold."

"Thou shalt see him time enough," said the damsel, and so as she rode near she saw the pavilion where he was. "Lo," said she, "seest thou yonder pavilion that is all blue of color, and the lord's name is Sir Persant, the lordliest knight that ever thou lookedst on?"

"It may well be," said Beaumains, "but be he never so stout a knight, in this field I shall abide until I see him."

"Sir," she said, "I marvel what thou art; boldly thou speakest and boldly thou hast done, that have I seen; therefore I pray thee save thyself, for thou and thy horse are weary, and here I dread me sore lest ye catch some hurt. But I must tell you that Sir Persant is nothing in might unto the knight that laid the siege about my lady."

"As for that," said Sir Beaumains, "since I have come so nigh this knight, I will prove his might before I depart from him."

"Oh," said the damsel, "I marvel what manner of man ye be, for so shamefully did never woman treat knight as I have done you, and ever courteously ye have borne it. Alas, Sir Beaumains, forgive me all that I have said or done against thee."

"With all my heart," said he, "I forgive you, and now I think there is no knight living but I am able enough for him."

When Sir Persant saw them in the field, he sent to them to know whether Beaumains came in war or in peace.

"Say to thy lord," said Beaumains, "that shall be as he pleases."

And so Sir Persant rode against him, and his armor and trappings were blue, and Beaumains saw him and made him ready, and their horses rushed together and they fought two hours and more. And at the last Beaumains smote Sir Persant that he fell to the earth. Then Sir Persant yielded him and asked mercy. With that came the damsel and prayed to save his life.

"I will gladly," said Beaumains, "for it were pity this noble knight should die."

"Now this shall I do to please you," said Sir Persant, "ye shall have homage of me and an hundred knights to be always at your command."

And so they went to Sir Persant's pavilion to rest that night.

And on the morn the damsel and Sir Beaumains took their leave.

"Fair damsel," said Sir Persant, "whither are ye leading this knight?"

"Sir," she said, "this knight is seeking to rescue my sister, Dame Liones, who is besieged in the Castle Perilous."

"Ah," said Sir Persant, "she is besieged by the Red Knight of the Red Lands, a man that is without mercy, and men say that he hath seven men's strength. He hath been well nigh two years at this siege and he prolongeth the time, hoping to have Sir Lancelot to do battle with him, or Sir Tristam, or Sir Lamorak, or Sir Gawain."

"My lord, Sir Persant," said the damsel, "I require that ye

make this gentleman a knight before he fight the Red Knight."

"I will with all my heart," said Sir Persant, "if it please him to take the order of knighthood from so simple a man as I am."

"Sir," said Beaumains, "I thank you for your goodwill, but the noble knight Sir Lancelot made me knight."

"Ah," said Sir Persant, "of a more renowned knight might ye not be made knight, for of all knights he may be called chief of knighthood; and so all the world saith that amongst three knights is knighthood divided, Sir Lancelot, Sir Tristam, and Sir Lamorak. Therefore, God speed ye well, for if ye conquer the Red Knight, ye shall be called the fourth of the world."

"Sir," said Beaumains, "I would fain be of good fame and knighthood and I will tell you both who I am. Truly then, my name is Gareth of Orkney, and King Lot was my father, and my mother is King Arthur's sister, and Sir Gawain is my brother and Sir Agravaine and Sir Gaheris, and I am youngest of them all. And yet know not King Arthur nor Sir Gawain who I am."

HOW BEAUMAINS CONQUERED THE RED KNIGHT OF THE RED LANDS

The lady that was besieged had word of her sister's coming by the dwarf, and also how the knight who was coming to her rescue had passed all the perilous passages.

"Dwarf," said the lady, "I am glad of these things. Go thou unto my sister and greet her well and commend me unto that gentle knight and pray him to eat and to drink and make him strong, and say ye that I thank him for his courtesy and goodness."

So the dwarf departed and told Sir Beaumains all as ye have heard and returned to the castle again. And there met him the Red Knight of the Red Lands who asked him where he had been.

"Sir," said the dwarf, "I have been with my lady's sister of this castle, and she hath been at King Arthur's court and brought a knight with her."

"Then I count her labor but lost, for though she had brought with her Sir Lancelot, Sir Tristam, Sir Lamorak, or Sir Gawain, I would think myself good enough for them all."

"It may well be," said the dwarf, "but this knight hath passed all the perilous passages and slain the Black Knight and won the Green Knight, the Red Knight, and the Blue Knight."

"Then is he one of the four that I have named."

"He is none of those," said the dwarf.

"What is his name?" asked the Red Knight.

"That will I not tell you," said the dwarf.

"I care not," said the Red Knight, "what knight soever he be, he shall have a shameful death as many others have had."

And then Beaumains and the damsel came to a plain and saw many tents and a fair castle, and as they came near they saw hanging upon great trees nigh forty goodly armed knights.

"Fair sir," said the damsel, "all these knights came to this siege to rescue my sister, and when the Red Knight of the Red Lands had overcome them, he put them to this shameful death without mercy or pity."

"Truly," said Beaumains, "he useth shameful customs and it is marvel that none of the noble knights of my lord Arthur have dealt with him."

And there was near by a sycamore tree and there hung a horn, and this Red Knight had hanged it up there, that if there came any errant knight he must blow that horn and then he would make him ready and come to him to do battle.

"Sir, I pray you," said the damsel, "blow ye not the horn till it be later in the day, for his strength increaseth until noon, and at this time men say he hath seven men's strength."

"Ah, for shame, fair damsel, say ye so nevermore to me, for I will win honorably, or die knightly in the field."

Therewith he blew the horn so eagerly that the castle rang with the sound.

Then the Red Knight armed him hastily, and all was blood red, his armor, spear, and shield.

"Sir," said the damsel, "yonder is your deadly enemy and at yonder window is my sister."

With that the Red Knight of the Red Lands called to Sir Beaumains, "Sir Knight, I warn thee that for this lady I have done many strong battles."

"If thou hast so done," said Beaumains, "it was but waste labor, and know, thou Red Knight of the Red Lands, I will rescue her or die."

Then Sir Beaumains bade the damsel go from him, and then they put their spears in their rests and came together with all their might.

Then they fought till it was past noon and when they had rested a while they returned to the battle till evening, but at last Sir Beaumains smote the sword out of the Red Knight's hand and smote him on the helmet, so that he fell to the earth.

Then the Red Knight said in a loud voice, "O noble knight, I yield me to thy mercy."

But Sir Beaumains said, "I may not with honor save thy life, for the shameful deaths thou hast caused many good knights to die."

"Sir," said the Red Knight, "hold your hand and ye shall know the causes why I put them to so shameful a death."

"Say on," said Sir Beaumains.

"Sir, a lady prayed me that I would make her a promise by the faith of my knighthood that I would labor daily in arms, until I met Sir Lancelot or Sir Gawain, who, she said, had slain her brother, and this is the cause that I have put all these knights to death. And now I will tell thee that every day my strength increaseth till noon and all this time have I seven men's strength."

Then there came many earls and barons and noble knights and prayed Sir Beaumains to save his life.

"Sir," they said, "it were fairer to take homage and let him hold his lands of you than to slay him; by his death ye shall have no advantage, and his misdeeds that be done may not be

undone, and therefore he shall make amends to all parties and we all will become your men and do you homage."

"Fair lords," said Beaumains, "I am loath to slay this knight; nevertheless he hath done shamefully, but insomuch as all that he did was at a lady's request, I will release him upon this condition, that he go within the castle and yield him to the lady, and if she will forgive him, I will; and also when that is done that he go unto the court of King Arthur and there ask Sir Lancelot mercy and Sir Gawain, for the evil will he hath had against them."

"Sir," said the Red Knight, "all this will I do even as ye command."

And so within a while the Red Knight went into the castle and promised to make amends for all that had been done against the lady. And then he departed unto the court of King Arthur and told openly how he was overcome and by whom.

Then said King Arthur and Sir Gawain, "We marvel much of what blood he is come, for he is a noble knight."

"He is come of full noble blood," said Sir Lancelot, "and as for his might and hardiness, there be but few now living so mighty as he is."

HOW AT THE FEAST OF PENTECOST ALL THE KNIGHTS THAT SIR GARETH HAD OVERCOME CAME AND YIELDED THEM TO KING ARTHUR

So leave we Sir Beaumains and turn we unto King Arthur, that at the next feast of Pentecost held his feast, and there came the Green Knight with thirty knights and yielded them all unto King Arthur. And so there came the Red Knight, his brother, and yielded him unto King Arthur and threescore knights with him. Also there came the Blue Knight, brother to them, with an hundred knights and yielded them unto King Arthur.

These three brethren told King Arthur how they were overcome by a knight that a damsel had with her and called Beaumains.

"I wonder," said the King, "what knight he is and of what lineage he is come."

So, right as the King stood talking with these three brothers, there came Sir Lancelot and told the King that there was come a goodly lord and six hundred knights with him.

Then this lord saluted the King.

"Sir," he said, "my name is the Red Knight of the Red Lands, and here I am sent by a knight that is called Beaumains, for he won me in battle hand for hand."

"Ye are welcome," said the King, "for ye have long been a great foe to me and my court, and now I trust to God I shall so treat you that ye shall be my friends."

"Sir, both I and these knights shall always be at your summons to do you service."

"Then I shall make thee a knight of the Table Round, but thou must be no more a murderer."

"Sir, as to that, I have promised Sir Beaumains nevermore to use such customs and I must go unto Sir Lancelot and to Sir Gawain and ask them forgiveness of the evil will I had unto them."

"They be here now," said the King, "before thee; now may ye say to them what ye will."

And then he kneeled down unto Sir Lancelot and Sir Gawain and prayed for forgiveness for the enmity that he had against them.

HOW THE QUEEN OF ORKNEY CAME TO THE FEAST

So then they went to meat, and as they sat at the meat there came in the Queen of Orkney with ladies and knights, a great number. And then Sir Gawain, Sir Agravaine, and Sir Gaheris arose and went to her and saluted her upon their knees and asked her blessing, for in fifteen years they had not seen her.

Then she spake to her brother, King Arthur, "Where is my young son, Sir Gareth? He was here a twelvemonth, and ye

made a kitchen boy of him, which is shame to you all. Alas, where is my dear son that was my joy and my bliss?"

"O dear mother," said Sir Gawain, "I knew him not." "Nor I," said the King, "but thank God he is proved an honorable knight as any now living of his years, and I shall never be glad until I find him."

"Ah, brother," said the Queen, "ye did yourself great shame when you kept my son in the kitchen."

"Fair sister," said the King, "I knew him not, nor did Sir Gawain. Also, sister, ye might have told me of his coming and then, if I had not done well to him, ye might have blamed me. For when he came to my court, he asked me three gifts and one he asked the same day; that was, that I would give him meat enough for that twelvemonth, and the other two gifts he asked that day a twelvemonth, and that was that he might have the adventure for the damsel, and the third was that Sir Lancelot should make him knight when he desired him. And so I granted him all his desire."

"Sir," said the Queen, "I sent him to you well armed and horsed, and with gold and silver plenty to spend."

"It may be," said the King, "but thereof saw we none, save the day he departed from us, when knights told me there came a dwarf hither suddenly and brought him armor and a good horse, and thereat we all had marvel from whence those riches came."

"Brother," said the Queen, "all that ye say I believe, but I marvel that Sir Kay did mock and scorn him and gave him that name Beaumains."

"By the grace of God," said Arthur, "he shall be found, so let all this pass and be merry, for he is proved to be a man of honor, and that is my joy."

Then said Sir Gawain and his brethren to Arthur, "Sir, if ye will give us leave, we will go and seek our brother."

"Nay," said Sir Lancelot, "that shall ye not need, for by my advice the King shall send unto Dame Liones a messenger and

pray that she will come to the court in all haste, and then she may give you best counsel where to find him."

"That is well said of you," said the King.

So the messenger was sent forth, and night and day he went until he came to the Castle Perilous. And the lady was there with her brother and Sir Gareth. When she understood the message she went and told them how King Arthur had sent for her.

"That is because of me," said Sir Gareth. "I pray you do not let them know where I am. I know my mother is there and all my brethren and they will take upon them to seek me."

So the lady departed and came to King Arthur, where she was nobly received, and there she was questioned by the King. And she answered that she could not tell where Sir Gareth was. But she said to Arthur, "Sir, I will have a tournament proclaimed to take place before my castle and the proclamation shall be this: that you, my lord Arthur, shall be there and your knights; and I will provide that my knights shall be against yours, and then I am sure ye shall hear of Sir Gareth."

"That is well advised," said King Arthur, and so she departed.

When the Lady Liones returned to her home, she told what she had done and the promise she had made to King Arthur. Then Sir Gareth sent unto Sir Persant, the Blue Knight, and summoned him and his knights. Then he sent unto the Red Knight and charged him that he be ready with all his knights.

Then the Red Knight answered and said, "Sir Gareth, ye shall understand that I have been at the court of King Arthur, and Sir Persant and his brethren, and there we have done our homage as ye commanded us. Also, I have taken upon me with Sir Persant and his brethren to hold part against my lord, Sir Lancelot, and the knights of that court. And this have I done for the love of you, my lord Sir Gareth."

"Ye have well done," said Sir Gareth, "but you must know you shall be matched with the most noble knights of the world; therefore we must provide us with good knights, wherever we may get them."

So the proclamation was made in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and in Brittany, that men should come to the Castle Perilous and all the knights should have the choice whether to be on the one party with the knights of the castle or on the other party with King Arthur. And so there came many good knights and chose to be on the side of the castle and against King Arthur and his knights.

HOW KING ARTHUR WENT TO THE TOURNAMENT

And there came with King Arthur many kings, princes, earls, barons, and other noble knights. Then Sir Gareth prayed Dame Liones and the Red Knight and Sir Persant that none should tell his name and that they should make no more of him than of the least knight that was there.

Upon the day of the tournament the heralds sounded the trumpets to call the knights to the field. After many noble knights had encountered, Sir Gareth came upon the field. All the knights that encountered him were overthrown.

"That knight is a good knight," said King Arthur.

Wherefore the King called unto him Sir Lancelot and prayed him to encounter with that knight.

"Sir," said Lancelot, "when a good knight doth so well upon some day, it is no good knight's part to prevent him from receiving honor, and therefore, as for me, this day he shall have the honor; though it lay in my power to hinder him, I would not."

Then betwixt many knights there was strong battle, and marvelous deeds of arms were done. And two knights, who were brothers, assailed Sir Lancelot at once, and he, as the noblest knight of the world, fought with them both, so that all men wondered at the nobility of Sir Lancelot. And then came in Sir Gareth and knew that it was Sir Lancelot that fought with the two strong knights. So Sir Gareth came with his good horse and hurled them apart, and no stroke would he smite Sir Lancelot.

Sir Lancelot saw this and thought it must be the good knight Sir Gareth, and Sir Gareth rode here and there and smote on the

right hand and on the left hand, so that all men said he best did his duty.

"Now go," said King Arthur unto the heralds, "and ride about him and see what manner of knight he is, for I have inquired of many knights this day that be of his party, and all say they know him not."

And so a herald rode as near Sir Gareth as he could and there he saw written upon his helmet in gold, "Sir Gareth of Orkney." Then the herald cried and many heralds with him, "This is Sir Gareth of Orkney." Then all the Kings and knights pressed to behold him, and ever the heralds cried, "This is Sir Gareth of Orkney, King Lot's son."

When Sir Gareth saw that he was known, then he doubled his strokes and with great difficulty made his way out of the crowd, and rode into the forest. And then fell there a thunder and rain as though heaven and earth should go together.

Sir Gareth was not a little weary, for all that day he had but little rest, neither his horse nor he, and he rode in the forest until night came. And ever it lightened and thundered but at last by fortune he came to a castle.

HOW SIR GARETH CAME TO A CASTLE WHERE HE WAS WELL LODGED

Then Sir Gareth rode into the courtyard of the castle and prayed the porter to let him in. The porter answered, "Thou gettest no lodging here."

"Fair sir, say not so, for I am a knight of King Arthur's, and pray the lord or the lady of this castle to give me lodging for the love of King Arthur."

Then the porter went unto the lady and told her there was a knight of King Arthur's would have lodging.

"Let him enter," said the lady, "for King Arthur's sake."

Then she went up into a tower over the gate with a great torch-light. When Sir Gareth saw the light he cried aloud, "Whether thou be lord or lady, giant or champion, I care not, so that I

may have lodging this night; and if it so be that I must fight, spare me not tomorrow when I have rested, for both I and mine horse be weary."

"Sir knight," said the lady, "thou speakest knightly and boldly, but the lord of this castle loveth not King Arthur nor his court, and hath been against him for many years; therefore thou were better not to come within this castle, for if thou come in this night, then wherever thou meet my lord, thou must yield thee to him as prisoner."

"Madam," said Sir Gareth, "what is your lord's name?"

"Sir, my lord's name is the Duke de la Rowse."

"Well, madam," said Sir Gareth, "I promise you that in whatever place I meet your lord, I shall yield me unto him and to his good grace, if I understand he will do me no harm; and if I understand that he will, I will release myself if I can, with my spear and my sword."

"Ye say well," said the lady, and then she let the drawbridge down and he rode into the hall and there he alit, and his horse was led into a stable. And in the hall he unarmed him and said, "Madam, I will not go out of this hall this night, and when it is daylight, whoever will fight me shall find me ready."

Then was he set unto supper and had many good dishes, and so when he had supped, he rested him all night. And on the morn he took his leave and thanked the lady for her lodging and good cheer, and then she asked him his name.

"Madam," he said, "truly my name is Gareth of Orkney and some men call me Beaumains."

So Sir Gareth departed and by fortune he came to a mountain and there he found a goodly knight, who said, "Abide, sir knight, and just with me."

"What are ye called?" said Sir Gareth.

"My name is the Duke de la Rowse."

"Ah, sir, I lodged in your castle and there I made promise unto your lady that I should yield me unto you."

"Ah," said the duke, "art thou that proud knight that offerest

to fight with my knights? Make thee ready, for I will fight with you."

So they did battle together more than an hour, and at last Sir Gareth smote the duke to earth and the duke yielded to him.

"Then must ye go," said Sir Gareth, "unto King Arthur, my lord, at the next feast and say that I, Sir Gareth of Orkney, sent you unto him."

"It shall be done," said the duke, "and I will do homage to you, and a hundred knights with me, and all the days of my life do you service wherever you command me."

HOW SIR GARETH AND SIR GAWAIN FOUGHT EACH AGAINST OTHER

So the duke departed and Sir Gareth stood there alone and then he saw an armed knight coming toward him. Then Sir Gareth mounted upon his horse and they ran together as it had been thunder. And so they fought two hours. At last came the damsel who rode with Sir Gareth so long, and she cried, "Sir Gawain, Sir Gawain, leave thy fighting with thy brother Sir Gareth."

And when he heard her say so, he threw away his shield and his sword and ran to Sir Gareth and took him in his arms and then kneeled down and asked for mercy.

"Who are ye," said Sir Gareth, "that right now were so strong and so mighty and now so suddenly yield you to me?"

"O Gareth, I am your brother, Gawain, that for your sake have had great sorrow and labor."

Then Sir Gareth unlaced his helmet and kneeled down to him and asked for mercy. Then they rose and embraced each other and wept a great while and either of them gave the other the prize of the battle. And there were many kind words between them.

"Alas, my fair brother," said Sir Gawain, "I ought of right to honor you, if ye were not my brother, for ye have honored King Arthur and all his court, for ye have sent him more honorable

knights this twelvemonth than six of the best of the Round Table have done except Sir Lancelot."

Then the damsel went to King Arthur, who was but two miles thence. And when she told him of Sir Gawain and Sir Gareth, the King mounted a horse and bade the lords and ladies come after, who that would, and there was saddling and bridling of queens' horses and princes' horses, and well was it for him that was soonest ready.

And when the King came nigh Sir Gareth, he made great joy and ever he wept as if he were a child. With that came Gareth's mother and when she saw Gareth she might not weep, but suddenly fell down in a swoon and lay there a great while, as if she were dead. And then Sir Gareth comforted his mother in such wise that she recovered and made good cheer.

Then made Sir Lancelot great cheer of Sir Gareth, and he of him, for there was never knight that Sir Gareth loved so well as he did Sir Lancelot, and ever for the most part he would be in Sir Lancelot's company.

And this Sir Gareth was a noble knight and a well-ruled and fair-languaged.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. What classes of people are mentioned in this story? 2. Were the people of one class on terms of equality with those of another class? Under such a system do all have equal opportunities? 3. Upon what ideal was our government founded? 4. What reason can you give for Gareth's wish to keep his name and rank secret? 5. One who wished to become a knight must first prove himself worthy of the honor; would it be easy for a kitchen boy to give this proof? 6. If, under such circumstances, he won the honor, could he feel sure that he had rightfully earned it? 7. By what test should the conduct of a person be judged? 8. What knights at Arthur's court made rank their test? 9. Which one of these acknowledged his mistake? 10. How did Arthur, Lancelot, and Gawain judge Gareth? 11. Point out lines that help to portray the character of Gareth by showing: (a) that he wished to win knighthood through ability, not through influence of his rank and wealth; (b) that he would take

no reward for helping the distressed; (c) that he was not afraid when outnumbered; (d) that he could not be turned from his purpose by ridicule or injustice; (e) that he granted mercy to those who asked it; (f) that he would not take an unfair advantage of an opponent; (g) that he was always courteous; (h) that he was ready to forgive wrongs done to him; (i) that he desired to help in righting wrongs in Arthur's kingdom. 12. What reasons had Arthur for founding such an order as the Knights of the Round Table? 13. Is it necessary now to become a member of such an order if one wishes to help right wrongs? 14. Point out ways in which the laws of the Boy Scouts express in a practical way the ideals set forth in the oath of the Knights of the Round Table; the third law of the Boy Scouts reads: "A Scout is helpful. He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and to share home duties. He must do at least one good turn to somebody every day." 15. What other organizations do you know that are based upon a similar purpose? 16. Find the lines that tell of Gareth's love for Sir Lancelot. 17. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: wroth; proffered; chid (pp. 119-122); manor; rebuke; pavilion (pp. 124-126); amends (p. 131). 18. *Pronounce:* alms; homage (pp. 123-124); lineage (p. 132).

Phrases for Study

ungentle knight, **120**, 23
fight not so sore, **120**, 34
your warrant, **121**, 4
achieve your adventure, **121**, 24
to be your champion, **123**, 4
slew him knightly, **124**, 9
be thy man, **124**, 17
uncourteous to rebuke, **126**, 8
errant knight, **129**, 25
well-ruled and fair-languaged, **139**, 19

Class Reading. The encounter with the Red Knight of the Red Lands, page 129, line 23, to page 131, line 12; the tournament, page 135, line 13, to page 136, line 16.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. (a) How Beaumains came to King Arthur's court; (b) His request for three gifts; (c) How Beaumains fought with the knights, the Black Knight, the Green Knight, the Blue Knight, the two Red Knights; (d) How Beaumains made himself known to the damsel and Sir Persant; (e) How the lady that was besieged had word from her sister; (f) The feast of Pentecost and how the knights whom Gareth had overcome celebrated it; (g) The Queen of Orkney at the feast; (h) The proclamation of the tournament; (i) King Arthur at the tournament; (j) Sir Gareth; (k) The Duke de la Rowse; (l) Sir Gareth and Sir Gawain in battle against each other; (m) Gareth honored by the King, his mother, and Sir Lancelot.

Library Reading. *Tommy Remington's Battle,* Burton E. Stevenson.

THE PEERLESS KNIGHT LANCELOT*

THE TOURNAMENT AT WINCHESTER

King Arthur proclaimed a great just and a tournament that should be held at Camelot, that is, Winchester; and the King said that he and the King of Scots would just against all that would come against them. And when this proclamation was made, thither came many knights.

So King Arthur made him ready to depart to these justs, but Sir Lancelot would not ride with the King, for he said he was suffering from a grievous wound. And so the King departed toward Winchester with his fellowship, and by the way he lodged in a town called Astolat.

And upon the morn early Sir Lancelot departed and rode until he came to Astolat, and there it happened in the evening he came to the castle of an old baron, who was called Sir Bernard of Astolat. As Sir Lancelot entered into his lodging, King Arthur saw him and knew him full well.

"It is well," said King Arthur unto the knights that were with him. "I have now seen one knight that will play his play at the justs to which we are going. I undertake he will do great marvels."

"Who is that, we pray you tell us?" said many knights that were there at that time.

"Ye shall not know from me," said the King, "at this time." And so the King smiled and went to his lodging.

When Sir Lancelot was in his lodging and had unarmed him in his chamber, the old baron came to him and welcomed him in the best manner, but the old knight knew not Sir Lancelot.

"Fair sir," said Sir Lancelot to his host, "I would pray you to lend me a shield that were not openly known, for mine is well known."

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

"Sir," said his host, "ye shall have your desire, for meseemeth ye be one of the likeliest knights of the world and therefore I shall show you friendship. Sir, I have two sons that were but late made knights, and the elder is called Sir Torre and he was hurt that same day he was made knight, that he may not ride, and his shield ye shall have, for that is not known, I dare say, but here, and in no place else. And my younger son is called Lavaine and if it please you, he shall ride with you unto the justs and he is of age and strong and brave; for much my heart giveth unto you that ye be a noble knight. Therefore, I pray you tell me your name," said Sir Bernard.

"As for that," said Sir Lancelot, "ye must hold me excused at this time, and if God give me grace to speed well at the justs, I shall come again and tell you. But, I pray you, in any wise, let me have your son, Sir Lavaine, with me, and let me have his brother's shield."

"All this shall be done," said Sir Bernard.

This old baron had a daughter that was called at that time the fair maiden of Astolat, and her name was Elaine. So this maiden besought Sir Lancelot to wear upon him at the justs a token of hers.

"Fair damsel," said Sir Lancelot, "if I grant you that, I will do more for you than ever I did for lady."

Then he remembered him he would go to the justs disguised. And because he had never before that time borne the token of any lady, then he bethought him that he would wear one of hers, that none of his blood thereby might know him. And then he said, "Fair maiden, I will grant you to wear a token of yours upon mine helmet and therefore what it is, show it me."

"Sir," she said, "it is a sleeve of mine, of scarlet, well embroidered with great pearls."

And so she brought it him. So Sir Lancelot received it and gave the maiden his shield in keeping, and he prayed her to keep that until he came again.

So upon a day, on the morn, King Arthur and all his knights

departed, for the King had tarried three days to abide his noble knights. And so when the King had gone, Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine made them ready to ride and either of them had white shields, and the red sleeve Sir Lancelot carried with him. So they took their leave of Sir Bernard, the old baron, and of his daughter, the fair maiden of Astolat.

And then they rode till they came to Camelot, and there was a great press of Kings, dukes, earls, and barons and many noble knights. But there Sir Lancelot was lodged by means of Sir Lavaine with a rich burgess so that no man in that town knew who they were. And so they reposed them there till the day of the tournament.

So the trumpets blew unto the field, and King Arthur was set on a high place to behold who did best. Then some of the Kings were that time turned upon the side of King Arthur. And then on the other party were the King of Northgalis and the King with the Hundred Knights and the King of Northumberland and Sir Galahad, the noble knight. But these three Kings and this knight were passing weak to hold against King Arthur's party, for with him were the noblest knights of the world.

So then they withdrew them, either party from other, and every man made him ready in his best manner to do what he might. Then Sir Lancelot made him ready and put the red sleeve upon his head and fastened it fast; and so Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine departed out of Winchester and rode into a little leaved wood behind the party that held against King Arthur's party, and there they held them still till the parties smote together.

And then came in the King of Scots and the King of Ireland on Arthur's party and against them came the King of Northumberland, and the King with the Hundred Knights smote down the King of Ireland. So there began a strong assail upon both parties. And there came in together many knights of the Table Round and beat back the King of Northumberland and the King of Northgalis.

When Sir Lancelot saw this, he said unto Sir Lavaine, "See,

yonder is a company of good knights and they hold them together as boars that were chased with dogs."

"That is truth," said Sir Lavaine.

"Now," said Sir Lancelot, "if ye will help me a little, ye shall see yonder fellowship that chaseth now these men on our side, that they shall go as fast backward as they went forward."

"Sir, spare not," said Sir Lavaine, "for I shall do what I may."

Then Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine came in at the thickest of the press and there Sir Lancelot smote down five knights and all this he did with one spear; and Sir Lavaine smote down two knights. And then Sir Lancelot got another spear and there he smote down four knights, and Sir Lavaine smote one.

And then Sir Lancelot drew his sword and there he smote on the right hand and on the left hand and by great force he unhorsed three knights; and then the knights of the Table Round withdrew them back, after they had gotten their horses as well as they might.

"Oh," said Sir Gawain, "what knight is yonder that doth such marvelous deeds of arms in that field?"

"I know well who he is," said King Arthur, "but at this time I will not name him."

"Sir," said Sir Gawain, "I would say it were Sir Lancelot by his riding and the blows I see him deal, but ever meseemeth it should not be he, for that he beareth the red sleeve upon his head, for I know he never wore token of lady at a just."

"Let him be," said King Arthur; "he will be better known and do more before he depart."

Then the party that was against King Arthur was well comforted and then they held them together that beforehand were sore pressed. So nine knights of Lancelot's kin thrust in mightily, for they were all noble knights; and they, of great hate that they had unto him, thought to rebuke that noble knight, Sir Lancelot, and Sir Lavaine, for they knew them not. And so they came charging together and smote down many knights of Northgalis and Northumberland.

And when Sir Lancelot saw them fare so, he took a spear in his hand and there encountered with him all at once, Sir Bors, Sir Ector, and Sir Lionel, and all they three smote him at once with their spears.

And with force of themselves they smote Sir Lancelot's horse to the earth, and by misfortune Sir Bors smote Sir Lancelot through the shield into the side, and the spear broke and the head was left in his side.

When Sir Lavaine saw his master lie on the ground, he ran to the King of Scots and smote him to the earth; and by great force he took his horse and brought it to Sir Lancelot, and in spite of them all he made him to mount upon that horse. And then Sir Lancelot took a spear in his hand and there he smote Sir Bors, horse and man, to the earth. In the same wise he served Sir Ector and Sir Lionel.

And then Sir Lancelot drew his sword, for he felt himself so sore and hurt that he thought there to have had his death. And he smote down three knights more, but by this was Sir Bors horsed and then he came with Sir Ector and Sir Lionel and all they three smote with swords upon Sir Lancelot's helmet. And when he felt their buffets and his wound, which was so grievous, then he thought to do what he might, while he might endure.

And then he gave Sir Bors such a buffet that he made him bow his head passing low; and therewith he smote off his helmet and might have slain him; and so pulled him down, and in the same wise he served Sir Ector and Sir Lionel. For he might have slain them, but when he saw their faces his heart might not serve him thereto, and he left them there.

And so afterward he hurled into the thickest press of them all and did there the most marvelous deeds of arms that ever man saw or heard speak of, and ever Sir Lavaine, the good knight, with him. And there Sir Lancelot with his sword smote down and pulled down more than thirty knights, and the most part were of the Table Round; and Sir Lavaine did full well that day, for he smote down ten knights of the Table Round.

"I marvel," said Sir Gawain, "what knight that is with the red sleeve."

"Sir," said King Arthur, "he will be known before he depart."

And then the trumpets blew and the prize was given by heralds unto the knight with the white shield that bore the red sleeve. Then came the King with the Hundred Knights and the King of Northgalis and the King of Northumberland and Sir Galahad, the noble prince, and said unto Sir Lancelot, "Fair knight, God thee bless, for much have you done this day for us; therefore, we pray you that ye will come with us, that ye may receive the honor and the prize, as ye have honorably deserved it."

"My fair lords," said Sir Lancelot, "if I have deserved thanks, I have sore bought them; and that me repenteth, for I am like never to escape with my life; therefore, fair lords, I pray you that ye will suffer me to depart where me liketh, for I am sore hurt. I care for no honor, for I would more gladly repose me than to be lord of all the world."

And therewithal he groaned piteously and rode away from them until he came to a wood. And when he saw that he was from the field nigh a mile, that he was sure he might not be seen, then he said, "O gentle knight, Sir Lavaine, help me that this spear were out of my side, for it slayeth me."

"O mine own lord," said Sir Lavaine, "I would fain do that might please you, but I dread me sore, if I pull out the spear, that ye shall be in peril of death."

"I charge you," said Sir Lancelot, "as ye love me, draw it out."

And therewithal he descended from his horse and right so did Sir Lavaine; and forthwith Sir Lavaine drew the spear out of his side and he gave a great shriek and so swooned, pale and deadly.

"Alas," said Sir Lavaine, "what shall I do?"

And so at the last Sir Lancelot cast up his eyes and said, "O Lavaine, help me that I were on my horse, for here is fast by within this two miles a gentle hermit, that sometime was a full noble knight and a lord of great possessions. But for great goodness he hath taken him to poverty and his name is Sir Baudwin

of Brittany and he is a full noble surgeon. Now help me up that I may go there, for ever my heart telleth me that I shall never die of my cousin's hands."

And then with great pain Sir Lavaine helped him upon his horse. And then they rode together and so by fortune they came to that hermitage, the which was in a wood and a great cliff on the other side and fair water running under it. And Sir Lavaine beat on the gate, and there came a fair child to them and asked them what they would.

"Fair son," said Sir Lavaine, "go and pray thy lord, the hermit, to let in here a knight that is full sore wounded; and this day, tell thy lord, I saw him do more deeds of arms than ever I heard say that any man did."

So the child went in lightly and then he brought the hermit, the which was a passing good man. When Sir Lavaine saw him, he prayed him for succor.

"What knight is he?" said the hermit. "Is he of the house of Arthur or not?"

"I know not," said Sir Lavaine, "what is he or what is his name, but well I know I saw him do marvelously this day, as of deeds of arms."

"Of whose party was he?" said the hermit.

"Sir," said Lavaine, "he was this day against King Arthur and there he won the prize from all the knights of the Round Table."

"I have seen the day," said the hermit, "I would have loved him the worse because he was against my lord, King Arthur, for sometime I was one of the fellowship of the Round Table, but I thank God, now I am otherwise disposed. But where is he? Let me see him."

And when the hermit beheld him, he thought that he should know him, but he could not bring him to knowledge because he was so pale.

"What knight are ye?" said the hermit.

"My fair lord," said Lancelot, "I am a stranger and a knight

adventurous, that laboreth throughout many realms for to win honor."

Then the hermit saw by a wound on his cheek that he was Sir Lancelot.

"Alas," said the hermit, "mine own lord, why conceal you your name from me? Forsooth, I ought to know you of right, for ye are the noblest knight of the world, for well I know you for Sir Lancelot."

"Sir," said he, "since ye know me, help me if ye can, for I would be out of this pain at once, either to death or to life."

"Have ye no doubt," said the hermit, "ye shall live and fare right well."

And so the hermit called to him two of his servants and they bore him into the hermitage and lightly unarmed him and laid him in his bed. And then anon the hermit stanched his blood and soon Sir Lancelot was well refreshed and knew himself.

Now turn we unto King Arthur and leave we Sir Lancelot in the hermitage. So when the Kings were come together on both parties and the great feast should be held, King Arthur asked the King of Northgalis and their fellowship where was that knight that bore the red sleeve.

"Bring him before me, that he may have his praise and honor and the prize as it is right."

Then spake Sir Galahad, the noble prince, "We suppose that knight is injured and that he is never like to see you nor any of us all, and that is the greatest pity that ever we knew of any knight."

"Alas," said Arthur, "how may this be? Is he so hurt? What is his name?"

"Truly," said they all, "we know not his name, nor from whence he came nor whither he went."

"Alas," said the King, "this be to me the worst tidings that came to me this seven year, for I would not for all the lands I possess know that that noble knight were slain."

"Know ye him?" said they all.

"As for that," said Arthur, "whether I know him or not, ye shall not know from me what man he is, but God send me good tidings of him."

"If it so be that the good knight be so sore hurt," said Sir Gawain, "it is great damage and pity to all this land, for he is one of the noblest knights that ever I saw in a field handle a spear or a sword; and if he may be found, I shall find him, for I am sure he is not far from this town."

Right so Sir Gawain took a squire with him and rode all about Camelot within six or seven miles, but so he came again and could hear no word of him. Then within two days King Arthur and all the fellowship returned unto London again.

And so as they rode by the way, it happened that Sir Gawain lodged with Sir Bernard where Sir Lancelot had lodged. And Sir Bernard and his daughter, Elaine, came to him to cheer him and to ask him who did best at that tournament.

"There were two knights," said Sir Gawain, "that bore two white shields, but one of them bore a red sleeve upon his head and certainly he was one of the best knights that ever I saw just in field. For, I dare say, that one knight with the red sleeve smote down forty knights of the Table Round and his fellow did right well and honorably."

"Now I thank God," said Elaine, "that that knight sped so well."

"Know ye his name?" said Sir Gawain.

"Nay, truly," said the maiden, "I know not his name, nor whence he cometh."

"Tell me, then, how had ye knowledge of him first?" said Sir Gawain.

Then she told him as ye have heard before, and how her father intrusted her brother to serve him, and lent him her brother's shield, "And here with me he left his shield," she said.

"For what cause did he so?" said Sir Gawain.

"For this cause," said the damsel, "for his shield was too well known among many noble knights."

"Ah, fair damsel," said Sir Gawain, "please it you let me have a sight of that shield."

So when the shield was brought, Sir Gawain knew it was Sir Lancelot's shield.

"Ah," said Sir Gawain, "now is my heart heavier than ever it was before."

"Why?" said Elaine.

"I have great cause," said Sir Gawain; "the knight that owneth this shield is the most honorable knight of the world."

"So I thought ever," said Elaine.

"But I dread me," said Sir Gawain, "that ye shall never see him in this world, and that is the greatest pity that ever was of earthly knight."

"Alas," said she, "how may this be? Is he slain?"

"I say not so," said Sir Gawain, "but he is grievously wounded and more likely to be dead than to be alive and he is the noble knight, Sir Lancelot, for by this shield I know him."

"Alas," said Elaine, "how may this be and what was his hurt?"

"Truly," said Sir Gawain, "the man in the world that loved him best, hurt him so, and I dare say, if that knight that hurt him knew that he had hurt Sir Lancelot, it would be the most sorrow that ever came to his heart."

"Now, fair father," said Elaine, "I require you give me leave to ride and to seek him and my brother, Sir Lavaine."

"Do as it liketh you," said her father, "for the hurt of that noble knight sore grieveth me."

Then on the morn Sir Gawain came to King Arthur and told him how he had found Sir Lancelot's shield in the keeping of the fair maiden of Astolat.

"All that I knew beforehand," said King Arthur, "for I saw him when he came to his lodging full late in the evening."

So the King and all came to London, and there Sir Gawain openly disclosed to all the Court that it was Sir Lancelot that justed best.

And when Sir Bors heard that, he was a sorrowful man and so were all his kinsmen. And Sir Bors said, "I will haste me to seek him and find him wheresoever he be, and God send me good tidings of him."

SIR LANCELOT AT THE HERMITAGE

And so we will leave Sir Bors and speak of Sir Lancelot that lay in great peril. So as Elaine came to Winchester she sought there all about, and by fortune, Sir Lavaine rode forth to exercise his horse. And anon as Elaine saw him she knew him, and she called to him. When he heard her, he came to her and ther she asked her brother how did his lord, Sir Lancelot.

"Who told you, sister, that my lord's name was Sir Lancelot?"

Then she told how Sir Gawain by his shield knew him. So they rode together until they came to the hermitage. So Sir Lavaine brought her in to Sir Lancelot and when she saw him so sick and pale she said, "My lord Sir Lancelot, alas, why be ye in this plight?"

But Sir Lancelot said, "Fair maiden, if ye be come to comfort me, ye be right welcome; and of this little hurt that I have, I shall be right hastily whole by the grace of God. But I marvel who told you my name."

Then the fair maiden told him all, how Sir Gawain was lodged with her father, "And there by your shield he discovered you."

So Elaine watched Sir Lancelot and cared for his wound and did such attendance to him that the story saith that never man had a kindlier nurse. Then Sir Lancelot prayed Sir Lavaine to make inquiries in Winchester for Sir Bors and told him by what token he should know him, by a wound in his forehead.

"For well I am sure that Sir Bors will seek me," said Sir Lancelot, "for he is the same good knight that hurt me."

Now turn we to Sir Bors that came unto Winchester to seek after his cousin Sir Lancelot. And so when he came to Winchester, anon there were men that Sir Lavaine had made to watch for such a man, and anon Sir Lavaine had warning; and then Sir

Lavaine came to Winchester and found Sir Bors and there he told him who he was and with whom he was and what was his name.

"Now, fair knight," said Sir Bors, "I require you that ye will bring me to my lord, Sir Lancelot."

"Sir," said Sir Lavaine, "take your horse and within this hour ye shall see him."

And so they departed and came to the hermitage. And when Sir Bors saw Sir Lancelot lie in his bed, pale and discolored, anon Sir Bors lost his countenance and for kindness and pity he might not speak but wept tenderly for a great while.

And then, when he might speak, he said thus, "O my lord, Sir Lancelot, God you bless and send you hasty recovery; and full heavy am I of my misfortune and mine unhappiness, for now I may call myself unhappy. And I dread me that God is greatly displeased with me, that He would suffer me to have such a shame for to hurt you that are our leader and our honor, and therefore I call myself unhappy. Alas, that ever such a miserable knight as I am should have power by unhappiness to hurt the noblest knight of the world! Where I so shamefully set upon you and overcharged you, and where ye might have slain me, ye saved me; and so did not I, for I and your kindred did to you our uttermost. I marvel that my heart would serve me, wherefore, my lord Sir Lancelot, I ask your mercy."

"Fair cousin," said Sir Lancelot, "ye be right welcome; and much ye say which pleaseth me not, for I have the same I sought; for I would with pride have overcome you all, and there in my pride, I was near slain and that was my own fault, for I might have given you warning of my being there. And then would I have had no hurt; for it is an old saying, there is hard battle when kin and friends do battle, either against other, for there may be no mercy, but mortal war. Therefore, fair cousin, all shall be welcome that God sendeth; and let us leave off this matter and speak of some rejoicing, for this that is done may not be undone; and let us find a remedy how I may be whole."

Then Sir Bors leaned upon his bed and told him how Sir Gawain knew him by the shield he left with the fair maiden of Astolat and so they talked of many more things. And so within three or four days Sir Lancelot was well and strong again.

Then Sir Bors told Sir Lancelot how there was a great tournament and just agreed upon between King Arthur and the King of Northgalis.

"Is that the truth?" said Sir Lancelot. "Then shall ye abide with me still a little while, until that I be whole, for I feel myself right well and strong."

Then were they together nigh a month and ever this maiden Elaine did her diligent labor for Sir Lancelot, so that there never was a child or wife meeker to her father or husband than was that fair maiden of Astolat; wherefore Sir Bors was greatly pleased with her.

So upon a day, Sir Lancelot thought to try his armor and his spear. And so when he was upon his horse, he stirred him fiercely, and the horse was passing strong and fresh, because he had not been labored for a month. And then Sir Lancelot couched his spear in the rest. That courser leaped mightily when he felt the spurs, and he that was upon him strained him mightily and kept still the spear in the rest and therewith Sir Lancelot strained himself with so great force to get the horse forward that his wound opened, and he felt himself so feeble that he might not sit upon his horse.

And then Sir Lancelot cried unto Sir Bors, "Ah, Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine, help me, for I am come to my end." And therewith he fell down to the earth as if he were dead.

And then Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine came to him with sorrow. Then came the holy hermit, Sir Baudwin of Brittany, and when he found Sir Lancelot in that plight, he said but little, but know ye well that he was wroth; and then he bade them, "Let us have him in."

And so they all bare him into the hermitage and unarmed him and laid him in his bed and evermore his wound bled piteously,

but he stirred no limb. Then the knight hermit put a little water into his mouth, and Sir Lancelot waked of his swoon, and then the hermit stanched his bleeding.

And when he might speak he asked Sir Lancelot why he put his life in jeopardy.

"Sir," said Sir Lancelot, "because I thought I had been strong and also Sir Bors told me that there should be great justs betwixt King Arthur and the King of Northgalis and therefore I thought to try it myself, whether I might be there or not."

"Ah, Sir Lancelot," said the hermit, "your heart and your courage will never be done until your last day, but ye shall do now by my counsel. Let Sir Bors depart from you and let him do at that tournament what he may. And by the grace of God, by the time that the tournament be done, and ye come hither again, Sir Lancelot shall be as whole as ye, if so be that he will be governed by me."

Then Sir Bors made him ready to depart from Sir Lancelot; and then Sir Lancelot said, "Fair cousin, Sir Bors, recommend me unto all them unto whom I ought to recommend me. And I pray you, exert yourself at the justs that ye may be best, for my love; and here shall I abide you at the mercy of God till ye come again."

And so Sir Bors departed and came to the court of King Arthur and told them in what place he had left Sir Lancelot.

"That grieveth me," said the King, "but since he shall have his life we all may thank God."

And then every knight of the Round Table, that was there at that time present, made him ready to be at the justs and thither drew many knights of many countries. And as the time drew near, thither came the King of Northgalis, and the King with the Hundred Knights, and Sir Galahad, the noble prince, and thither came the King of Ireland and the King of Scots. So these three kings came on King Arthur's party.

And that day Sir Gawain did great deeds of arms and began first. And the heralds numbered that Sir Gawain smote down

twenty knights. Then Sir Bors came in the same time, and it was numbered that he smote down twenty knights and therefore the prize was given betwixt them both, for they began first and longest endured.

Also Sir Gareth did that day great deeds of arms, for he smote down and pulled down thirty knights. But when he had done these deeds he tarried not, but so departed, and therefore he lost his prize. And Sir Palomides did great deeds of arms that day for he smote down twenty knights, but he departed suddenly, and men thought Sir Gareth and he rode together to some adventures.

So when this tournament was done, Sir Bors departed, and rode till he came to Sir Lancelot, his cousin; and then he found him on his feet and there either made great joy of other; and so Sir Bors told Sir Lancelot of all the justs, like as ye have heard.

"I marvel," said Sir Lancelot, "at Sir Gareth when he had done such deeds of arms, that he would not tarry."

"Thereof we marvel all," said Sir Bors, "for except you, or Sir Tristam, or Sir Lamorak, I saw never knight bear down so many in so little a while as did Sir Gareth, and anon he was gone, we knew not where."

"By my head," said Sir Lancelot, "he is a noble knight and a mighty man full of honor; and if he were well tried, I would think he were good enough for any knight that beareth the life; and he is a gentle knight, courteous, true, bounteous, meek, and mild, and in him is no manner of evil, but he is plain, faithful, and true."

So then they made them ready to depart from the hermit. And so upon a morn, they took their horses, and Elaine with them, and when they came to Astolat, they were well lodged and had great cheer of Sir Bernard, the old baron, and of Sir Torre, his son. And upon the morrow, Sir Lancelot took his leave and came unto Winchester.

And when King Arthur knew that Sir Lancelot was come whole and sound the King made great joy of him, and so did Sir Gawain and all the knights except Sir Agravaine and Sir Modred.

THE DEATH OF ELAINE

Now speak we of the fair maiden of Astolat, that made such sorrow day and night that she never slept, ate, or drank because she grieved so for Sir Lancelot. So when she had thus endured ten days, she became so feeble that she knew she must die.

And then she called her father, Sir Bernard, and her brother, Sir Torre, and heartily she prayed her father that her brother might write a letter as she did tell him, and so her father granted her. And when the letter was written, word by word as she said, then she prayed her father, saying, "When I am dead, let this letter be put in my right hand and my hand bound fast with the letter, and let me be put in a fair bed with all the richest clothes that I have about me, and so let my bed be laid with me in a chariot and carried unto the Thames. And there let me be put within a barge and but one man with me, such as ye trust to steer me thither. And let my barge be covered with black samite over and over; thus, father, I beseech you let it be done."

So her father granted it her faithfully, all things should be done as she asked. Then her father and her brother made great sorrow, for they knew she was dying. And so when she was dead her body was placed in a barge and a man steered the barge unto Westminster, and there he rowed a great while to and fro before any saw him.

So by fortune, King Arthur and Queen Guinevere were speaking together at a window and as they looked out on the Thames, they saw this black barge and marveled what it meant. Then the King called Sir Kay and showed it to him.

"Go thither," said the King to Sir Kay, "and take with you Sir Brandiles and Sir Agravaine and bring word what is there."

Then these knights departed and came to the barge and went in; and there they found the fair maiden lying in a rich bed, and a poor man sitting in the barge's end and no word would he speak. So these knights returned unto the King again and told him what they had found.

And then the King took the Queen by the hand and went thither. Then the King made the barge to be held fast and then the King and Queen entered with certain knights with them, and there they saw the fairest maiden in a rich bed, covered with many rich clothes and all was cloth of gold, and she lay as though she smiled.

Then the Queen saw a letter in her right hand and told the King. Then the King took it and said, "Now I am sure this letter will tell what she was and why she is come hither."

So then the King and the Queen went out of the barge, and so when the King was come within his chamber, he called many knights about him, and said he would know openly what was written within that letter. Then the King opened it and made a clerk read it, and this was the letter:

"Most noble knight, Sir Lancelot, I was called the Fair Maiden of Astolat. Pray for my soul and give me burial at least. This is my last request. Pray for my soul, Sir Lancelot, as thou art a peerless knight."

This was all the substance of the letter. And when it was read, the King, the Queen, and all the knights wept for pity. Then was Sir Lancelot sent for; and when he was come King Arthur made the letter to be read to him.

And when Sir Lancelot heard it word by word, he said, "My lord, King Arthur, I am right sorrowful because of the death of this fair damsel. She was both fair and good, and much was I indebted to her for her care. I offered her, for her kindness that she showed me, a thousand pounds yearly, whensoever she would wed some good knight, and always while I live to be her own knight."

Then said the King unto Sir Lancelot, "It will be to your honor that ye see that she be buried honorably."

"Sir," said Sir Lancelot, "that shall be done as I can best do it."

And so upon the morn she was buried richly, and all the knights of the Round Table were there with Sir Lancelot. And then the poor man went again with the barge.

THE TOURNAMENT AT WESTMINISTER

So time passed on till Christmas and then every day there were justs made for a diamond, who that justed best should have a diamond. But Sir Lancelot would not just, but if it were at a great just. But Sir Lavaine justed there passing well and best was praised, for there were but few that did so well. Wherefore, all manner of knights thought that Sir Lavaine should be made Knight of the Round Table at the next feast of Pentecost.

So after Christmas, King Arthur called unto him many knights and there they advised together to make a great tournament. And the King of Northgalis said to Arthur that he would have on his party the King of Ireland and the King with the Hundred Knights and the King of Northumberland and Sir Galahad, the noble prince. And so then four kings and the noble knight Sir Galahad took part against King Arthur and the other Knights of the Table Round.

And the proclamation was made that the justs should be at Westminster, and so the knights made them ready to be at the justs in the freshest manner. Then Queen Guinevere sent for Sir Lancelot and said thus, "I forbid you that ye ride in justs or tournaments, unless your kinsmen know you. And at these justs that be, ye shall have of me a sleeve of gold, and I charge you that ye warn your kinsmen that ye will bear that day the sleeve of gold upon your helmet."

"Madam," said Sir Lancelot, "it shall be done."

When the time came nigh, Sir Lancelot told Sir Bors that he would depart, and have no one with him but Sir Lavaine, unto the good hermit that dwelt in the forest of Windsor, and there he thought to repose him and take all the rest that he might, so that he would be fresh at that day of justs.

So Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine departed, that no creature knew where he was gone but the noble men of his blood. And when he was come to the hermitage he had good cheer. And so daily Sir Lancelot would go to a well, fast by the hermitage, and

there he would lie down and see the well spring and bubble, and sometimes he slept there.

So when the day was come Sir Lancelot planned that he should be arrayed, and Sir Lavaine and their horses, as though they were Saracens, and so they departed and came nigh to the field.

The King of Northgalis brought with him a hundred knights, and the King of Northumberland brought with him a hundred good knights, and the King of Ireland brought with him a hundred good knights ready to just, and Sir Galahad brought with him a hundred good knights, and the King with the Hundred Knights brought with him as many, and all these were proved good knights.

Then came in King Arthur's party, and there came in the King of Scots with a hundred knights, and King Uriens brought with him a hundred knights, and King Howel of Brittany brought with him a hundred knights, and King Arthur himself came into the field with two hundred knights and the most part were knights of the Table Round, that were proved noble knights, and there were old knights set in a high place, to judge with the Queen who did best.

Then the heralds blew the call to the field, and then the King of Northgalis encountered with the King of Scots and then the King of Scots had a fall; and the King of Ireland smote down King Uriens, and the King of Northumberland smote down King Howel of Brittany. And then King Arthur was wroth and ran to the King with the Hundred Knights, and there King Arthur smote him down; and after, with that same spear, King Arthur smote down three other knights. And when his spear was broken, King Arthur did exceedingly well; and so therewith came in Sir Gawain and Sir Gaheris, Sir Agravaine and Sir Modred, and there each of them smote down a knight, and Sir Gawain smote down four knights.

Then began a strong battle, for there came in the knights of Sir Lancelot's kindred and Sir Gareth and Sir Palomides with them, and many knights of the Table Round, and they began to

press the four kings and the mighty duke so hard that they were discomfited; but this Sir Galahad was a noble knight, and by his mighty prowess he held back the knights of the Table Round.

All this saw Sir Lancelot and then he came into the field with Sir Lavaine as if it had been thunder. And then anon Sir Bors and the knights of his kindred saw Sir Lancelot, and Sir Bors said to them all, "I warn you beware of him with the sleeve of gold upon his head, for he is Sir Lancelot himself."

And for great goodness Sir Bors warned Sir Gareth. "I am well satisfied," said Sir Gareth, "that I may know him." "But who is he," said they all, "that rideth with him in the same array?"

"That is the good and gentle knight, Sir Lavaine," said Sir Bors.

So Sir Lancelot encountered with Sir Gawain and there by force Sir Lancelot smote down Sir Gawain and his horse to the earth, and so he smote down Sir Agravaine and Sir Gaheris and also he smote down Sir Modred, and all this was with one spear. Then Sir Lavaine met with Sir Palomides and either met other so hard and so fiercely that both their horses fell to the earth. And then they were horsed again, and then met Sir Lancelot with Sir Palomides and there Sir Palomides had a fall; and so Sir Lancelot, without stopping, as fast as he might get spears, smote down thirty knights and the most part of them were knights of the Table Round; and ever the knights of his kindred withdrew and fought in other places where Sir Lancelot came not.

Then King Arthur was wroth when he saw Sir Lancelot do such deeds, for he knew not that it was Sir Lancelot; and then the King called unto him nine knights and so the King with these knights made ready to set upon Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine.

All this saw Sir Bors and Sir Gareth.

"Now I dread me sore," said Sir Bors, "that my lord Sir Lancelot will be hard matched."

"By my head," said Sir Gareth, "I will ride unto my lord Sir Lancelot, to help him; for he it is that made me knight."

"Ye shall not do so by mine counsel," said Sir Bors, "unless that ye were disguised."

"Ye shall see me disguised," said Sir Gareth.

Therewithal he saw a Welsh knight who was sore hurt by Sir Gawain, and to him Gareth rode and prayed him of his knighthood to lend him his green shield in exchange for his own.

"I will gladly," said the Welsh knight.

Then Sir Gareth came driving to Sir Lancelot all he might and said, "Knight, defend thyself, for yonder cometh King Arthur with nine knights with him to overcome you, and so I am come to bear you fellowship for old love ye have showed me."

"I thank you greatly," said Sir Lancelot.

"Sir," said Gareth, "encounter ye with Sir Gawain and I will encounter with Sir Palomides and let Sir Lavaine match with the noble King Arthur."

Then came King Arthur with his nine knights with him, and Sir Lancelot encountered with Sir Gawain and gave him such a buffet that Sir Gawain fell to the earth. Then Sir Gareth encountered with the good knight Sir Palomides, and he gave him such a buffet that both he and his horse fell to the earth. Then encountered King Arthur with Sir Lavaine and there either of them smote the other to the earth, horse and all, so that they lay a great while.

Then Sir Lancelot smote down Sir Agravaine, Sir Gaheris, and Sir Modred, and Sir Gareth smote down Sir Kay, Sir Safere, and Sir Griflet. And then Sir Lavaine was horsed again and he smote down Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere, and then there began a great press of good knights. Then Sir Lancelot dashed here and there and smote off and pulled off helmets, so that none might strike him a blow with spear or with sword; and Sir Gareth did such deeds of arms that all men marveled what knight he was with the green shield, for he smote down that day and pulled down more than thirty knights.

And Sir Lancelot marveled, when he beheld Sir Gareth do

such deeds, what knight he might be. And Sir Lavaine pulled down and smote down twenty knights. Also Sir Lancelot knew not Sir Gareth, for if Sir Tristam or Sir Lamorak had been alive, Sir Lancelot would have thought he had been one of the two.

So this tournament continued till it was near night, for the Knights of the Round Table rallied ever unto King Arthur, for the King was wroth that he and his knights might not prevail that day. Then Sir Gawain said to the King, "I marvel where all this day Sir Bors and his fellowship of Sir Lancelot's kindred have been. I marvel all this day they be not about you. It is for some cause," said Sir Gawain.

"By my head," said Sir Kay, "Sir Bors is yonder all this day upon the right hand of this field and there he and his kindred have won more honor than we have."

"It may well be," said Sir Gawain, "but I believe this knight with the sleeve of gold is Sir Lancelot himself. I know it by his riding and by his great strokes. And the other knight in the same colors is the good young knight, Sir Lavaine. Also, that knight with the green shield is my brother, Sir Gareth, and he has disguised himself, for no man shall ever make him be against Sir Lancelot, because he made him knight."

"Nephew, I believe you," said King Arthur; "therefore tell me now what is your best counsel."

"Sir," said Gawain, "ye shall have my counsel. Let the heralds blow the close of the tournament, for if it be Sir Lancelot and my brother, Sir Gareth, with him, with the help of that good young knight, Sir Lavaine, trust me, it will be no use to strive with them, unless we should fall ten or twelve upon one knight, and that were no glory, but shame."

"Ye say truth," said the King; "it were shame to us, so many as we be, to set upon them any more; for they be three good knights and, best of all, that knight with the sleeve of gold."

So the trumpets blew and forthwith King Arthur sent to the four Kings and the noble Sir Galahad, praying them that the knight with the sleeve of gold depart not from them, but that

the King might speak with him. Then King Arthur unarmed him and rode after Sir Lancelot. And so he found him with the four kings and Sir Galahad, and the King prayed them all unto supper and they said they would, with good will.

And when they were unarmed, then King Arthur knew Sir Lancelot, Sir Lavaine, and Sir Gareth.

"Ah, Sir Lancelot," said the King, "this day ye have heated me and my knights."

And so they went unto King Arthur's lodging all together, and there was a great feast and the prize was given unto Sir Lancelot; and the heralds announced that he had smitten down fifty knights, and Sir Gareth, five and thirty, and Sir Lavaine, four and twenty knights.

Then King Arthur blamed Sir Gareth, because he left his fellowship and held with Sir Lancelot.

"My lord," said Sir Gareth, "he made me a knight and when I saw him so hard pressed, methought it was my duty to help him, for I saw him do so much and so many noble knights against him; and when I understood that he was Sir Lancelot, I was ashamed to see so many knights against him alone."

"Truly," said King Arthur unto Sir Gareth, "ye say well, and manfully have you done and won for yourself great honor, and all the days of my life I shall love you and trust you more and more. For ever it is an honorable knight's deed to help another honorable knight when he seeth him in great danger."

So then there were great feasts and games and play, and all manner of noble deeds were done; and he that was courteous, true, and faithful to his friend was that time honored.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. What was Arthur's purpose in founding the Order of the Round Table? 2. What just was proclaimed by King Arthur? 3. Why was a training in strength and bravery in battle necessary to these knights? 4. What way of supplying this training is described in this story? 5. Tell what you know of this custom. 6. Have we any contests of skill that bear any resemblance to this in method or purpose? 7. Give a brief

account of the tournament at Winchester. 8. What plan had Lancelot for disguising himself? 9. What reasons had he for such a plan? 10. How was Lancelot's personality shown in the impression he made on the baron? 11. What custom of the just is indicated by Elaine's request? 12. Picture the scene as the tournament opened; where was the King? Where were the opposing knights? 13. What knightly qualities did Lancelot show in this contest? 14. Why did Lancelot call his injury "a little hurt" when speaking to Elaine? 15. What quality of Lancelot do you admire most? 16. Read again the last paragraph on page 102, and then tell how our appreciation of the fine qualities of Lancelot makes us braver and better. 17. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: token; burgess; buffet; hermit (pp. 142-147); discomfited (p. 160). 18. *Pronounce:* grievous (p. 141); jeopardy (p. 154); Thames (p. 156).

Phrases for Study

with his fellowship, **141**, 9
undertake he will do marvels, **141**, 18
likeliest knights, **142**, *2*
my heart giveth unto you, **142**, 9
a strong assail, **143**, *31*
might not serve him thereto, **145**, *27*
suffer me, **146**, 15
a full noble surgeon, **147**, 1
prayed him for succor, **147**, 16
bring him to knowledge, **147**, *32*
lost his countenance, **152**, 10
mighty prowess, **160**, *3*

Class Reading. The tournament at Winchester, page 143, line 13, to page 146, line 5; the death of Elaine, page 156, line 1, to page 157, line 35; the tournament at Westminster, page 159, line 33, to page 163, line 6; bring to class and read "The Lady of Shalott," Tennyson.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. (a) The tournament at Winchester; (b) Lancelot's disguise; (c) The result of the encounter; (d) The hermitage; (e) Sir Gawain recognizes Sir Lancelot's shield; (f) Sir Bors learns who his opponent was; (g) Elaine meets her brother; (h) Sir Bors finds Sir Lancelot; (i) Sir Lancelot tries his armor; (j) Sir Gawain, Sir Bors, and Sir Gareth at the tournament; (k) Sir Lancelot leaves Elaine and goes to Winchester; (l) Elaine; (m) Sir Lancelot and Sir Lavaine at the tournament; (n) Sir Gawain's counsel to the King; (o) Sir Lancelot wins the prize; (p) King Arthur praises Sir Gareth.

Library Reading. *The Story of Sir Lancelot,* Pyle.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. Comparison of a "full noble surgeon" of King Arthur's time with a present-day surgeon. 2. The qualities most admired in the days of chivalry compared with the qualities most admired today. 3. Present-day adventures of firemen, policemen, coast-guards, railway-engineers, nurses, etc., compared with the kind of adventures sought by King Arthur's knights.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR*

HOW SIR MODRED PLOTTED AGAINST SIR LANCELOT AND OF THE DEATH OF SIR AGRAVAINE AND TWELVE KNIGHTS

Before Merlin passed from the world of men, he uttered many marvelous prophecies and one that boded ill for King Arthur. He foretold that a son of Arthur's sister should stir up bitter war against the King and that a great battle should be fought in the West, when many brave men should find their doom.

Among the nephews of King Arthur was one most dishonorable; his name was Modred. No knightly deed had he ever done and he hated even to hear the good report of others. Of all who sat at the Round Table there was none that Modred hated more than Sir Lancelot du Lac, whom all true knights held in most honor. In his jealous rage he spoke evil of the Queen and Sir Lancelot. Now Modred's brothers, Sir Gawain and Sir Gareth, refused to listen to these slanders, holding that Sir Lancelot, in his knightly service to the Queen, did honor to King Arthur also.

When these evil tales reached King Arthur, he rebuked the talebearers and declared his faith in Sir Lancelot and his lady, the Queen. But Modred, enraged by the rebuke, determined to find cause against them, and not long after, it seemed that the occasion had come. For when King Arthur had ridden forth to hunt far from Carlisle, where he then held court, the Queen sent for Lancelot to speak with her in her bower. Modred and his brother Sir Agravaine got together twelve knights, persuading them that they were doing the King service. They waited until they saw Lancelot enter all unarmed and then called to him to come forth. The whole court echoed with their cries of "Traitor." Lancelot, arming himself in haste, rushed out upon them and soon the entire company lay cold in death upon the earth. Only Modred escaped, for he fled, but even so he was sore wounded.

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

THE TRIAL OF THE QUEEN

When Modred escaped from Sir Lancelot he got to horse, all wounded as he was, and never drew rein until he had found King Arthur, to whom he told all that had happened.

Then great was the King's grief. Despite all that Modred could say, he was slow to doubt Sir Lancelot, whom he loved, but his mind was filled with forebodings; for many a knight had been slain, and well he knew that their kin would seek vengeance on Sir Lancelot, and the noble fellowship of the Round Table be utterly destroyed by their feuds.

All too soon it proved even as the King had feared. Many were found to hold with Sir Modred; some because they were kin to the knights that had been slain, some from envy of the honor and worship of the noble Sir Lancelot; and among them even were those who dared to raise their voice against the Queen herself, calling for judgment upon her as leagued with a traitor against the King, and as having caused the death of so many good knights. Now in those days the law was that if anyone were accused of treason by witnesses, or taken in the act, that one should die the death by burning, be it man or woman, knight or churl. So then the murmurs grew to a loud clamor that the law should have its course, and that King Arthur should pass sentence on the Queen. Then, indeed, was the King's woe doubled.

"For," said he, "I sit as King to be a rightful judge and keep all the law; wherefore I may not do battle for my own Queen, and now there is none other to help her."

So a decree was issued that Queen Guinevere should be burned at the stake outside the walls of Carlisle.

Forthwith, King Arthur sent for his nephew, Sir Gawain, and said to him:

"Fair nephew, I give it in charge to you to see that all is done as has been decreed."

But Sir Gawain answered boldly: "Sir King, never will I be present to see my lady the Queen die. It is of ill counsel that ye have consented to her death."

Then the King bade Gawain send his two young brothers, Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris, to receive his commands, and these he desired to attend the Queen to the place of execution. So Gareth made answer for both:

"My lord the King, we owe you obedience in all things, but know that it is sore against our wills that we obey you in this; nor will we appear in arms in the place where that noble lady shall die"; then sorrowfully they mounted their horses and rode to Carlisle.

When the day appointed had come, the Queen was led forth to a place without the walls of Carlisle, and there she was bound to the stake to be burned to death. Loud were her ladies' lamentations, and many a lord was found to weep at that grievous sight of a Queen brought so low; yet was there none who dared come forward as her champion, lest he should be suspected of treason. As for Gareth and Gaheris, they could not bear the sight, and stood with their faces covered in their mantles. Then, just as the torch was to be applied to the fagots, there was a sound as of many horses galloping, and the next instant a band of knights rushed upon the astonished throng, their leader cutting down all who crossed his path until he had reached the Queen, whom he lifted to his saddle and bore from the press. Then all men knew that it was Sir Lancelot, come knightly to rescue the Queen, and in their hearts they rejoiced. So with little hindrance they rode away, Sir Lancelot and all his kin with the Queen in their midst, till they came to the castle of the Joyous Garde, where they held the Queen in safety and all reverence.

But of that day came a kingdom's ruin; for among the slain were Gawain's brothers Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris. Now Sir Lancelot loved Sir Gareth as if he had been his own younger brother, and himself had knighted him; but, in the press, he struck at him and killed him, not seeing that he was unarmed

and weaponless; and in like wise, Sir Gaheris met his death. So when word was brought to King Arthur of what had passed, Sir Gawain asked straightway how his brothers had fared.

"Both are slain," said the messenger.

"Alas! my dear brothers!" cried Sir Gawain; "how came they by their death?"

"They were both slain by Sir Lancelot," said the messenger.

"That will I never believe," cried Sir Gawain; "for my brother, Sir Gareth, had such love for Sir Lancelot that there was naught Sir Lancelot could ask him that he would not do."

But the man said again, "He is slain, and by Sir Lancelot."

Then, from sheer grief, Sir Gawain fell swooning to the ground. When he was recovered, he said:

"My lord and uncle, is it even as this man says, that Sir Lancelot has slain my brother Sir Gareth?"

"Alas!" said the King. "Lancelot rode upon him in the press and slew him, not seeing who he was or that he was unarmed."

"Then," cried Gawain fiercely, "here I make my vow. Never, while my life lasts, will I leave Sir Lancelot in peace until he has rendered me account for the slaying of my brothers."

From that day forth, Sir Gawain would not suffer the King to rest until he had gathered all his host and marched against the Joyous Garde. Thus began the war which broke up the fellowship of the Round Table.

HOW SIR GAWAIN DEFIED SIR LANCELOT

Now it came to the ears of the Pope in Rome that King Arthur was besieging Sir Lancelot in the castle of the Joyous Garde, and it grieved him that there should be strife between two such goodly knights, the like of whom was not to be found in Christendom. So he called to him the Bishop of Rochester and bade him carry word to Britain, both to Arthur and to Sir Lancelot, that they should be reconciled, the one to the other, and that King Arthur should receive again Queen Guinevere.

Forthwith Sir Lancelot desired of King Arthur assurance of liberty and reverence for the Queen, as also safe conduct for himself and his knights, that he might bring Queen Guinevere with due honor to the King at Carlisle; and thereto the King pledged his word.

So Lancelot set forth with the Queen, and behind them rode a hundred knights arrayed in green velvet, the housings of the horses of the same, all studded with precious stones; thus they passed through the city of Carlisle openly, in the sight of all, and there were many who rejoiced that the Queen was come again and Sir Lancelot with her, though they of Gawain's party scowled upon him.

When they were come into the great hall where Arthur sat with Sir Gawain and other great lords about him, Sir Lancelot led Guinevere to the throne and both knelt before the King; then rising, Sir Lancelot lifted the Queen to her feet and thus he spoke to King Arthur, boldly and well, before the whole court:

"My lord, Sir Arthur, I bring you here your Queen, than whom no truer nor nobler lady ever lived; and here stand I, Sir Lancelot du Lac, ready to do battle with any that dare gainsay it"; and with these words Sir Lancelot turned and looked upon the lords and knights present in their places, but none would challenge him in that cause, not even Sir Gawain, for he had ever affirmed that Queen Guinevere was a true and honorable lady.

Then Sir Lancelot spoke again: "Now, my lord Arthur, in my own defense it behooves me to say that never in aught have I been false to you. That I slew certain knights is true, but I hold me guiltless, seeing that they brought death upon themselves. For no sooner had I gone to the Queen's bower, as she had commanded me, than they beset the door with shameful outcry, calling me traitor and felon knight."

"And rightly they called you," cried Sir Gawain fiercely.

"My lord, Sir Gawain," answered Sir Lancelot, "in their quarrel they proved not themselves right, else had not I, alone, encountered fourteen knights and come forth unscathed."

Then said King Arthur: "Sir Lancelot, I have ever loved you above all other knights, and trusted you to the uttermost; but ill have ye done by me and mine."

"My lord," said Lancelot, "that I slew Sir Gareth I shall mourn as long as life lasts. As soon would I have slain my own nephew, Sir Bors, as have harmed Sir Gareth wittingly; for I myself made him knight, and loved him as a brother."

"Liar and traitor," cried Sir Gawain, "ye slew him defenseless and unarmed."

"It is full plain, Sir Gawain," said Lancelot, "that never again shall I have your love; and yet there has been old kindness between us, and once ye thanked me that I saved your life."

"It shall not avail you now," said Sir Gawain; "traitor ye are, both to the King and to me. Know that while life lasts, never will I rest until I have avenged my brother Sir Gareth's death upon you."

"Fair nephew," said the King, "cease your brawling. Sir Lancelot has come under surety of my word that none shall do him harm. Elsewhere, and at another time, fasten a quarrel upon him, if quarrel ye must."

"I care not," cried Sir Gawain fiercely. "The proud traitor trusts so in his own strength that he thinks none dare meet him. But here I defy him and swear that, be it in open combat or by stealth, I shall have his life. And know, mine uncle and King, if I shall not have your aid, I and mine will leave you forever and, if need be, fight even against you."

"Peace," said the King, and to Sir Lancelot: "We give you fifteen days in which to leave this kingdom."

Then Sir Lancelot sighed heavily and said, "Full well I see that no sorrow of mine for what is past availeth me."

Then he went to the Queen where she sat, and said: "Madam, the time is come when I must leave this fair realm that I have loved. Think well of me, I pray you, and send for me if ever there be aught in which a true knight may serve a lady." Therewith he turned him about and, without greeting to any, passed

through the hall, and with his faithful knights rode to the Joyous Garde, though ever thereafter, in memory of that sad day, he called it the Dolorous Garde.

There he called about him his friends and kinsmen, saying, "Fair knights, I must now pass into my own lands." Then they all, with one voice, cried that they would go with him. So he thanked them, promising them all fair estates and great honor when they were come to his kingdom; for all France belonged to Sir Lancelot. Yet was he loath to leave the land where he had followed so many glorious adventures, and sore he mourned to part in anger from King Arthur.

"My mind misgives me," said Sir Lancelot, "but that trouble shall come of Sir Modred, for he is envious and a mischief-maker, and it grieves me that nevermore I may serve King Arthur and his realm."

So Sir Lancelot sorrowed; but his kinsmen, wroth for the dishonor done him, made haste to depart and, by the fifteenth day, they were all embarked to sail overseas to France.

HOW KING ARTHUR AND SIR GAWAIN WENT TO FRANCE

From the day when Sir Lancelot brought the Queen to Carlisle, never would Gawain suffer the King to be at rest; but always he desired him to call his army together that they might go to attack Sir Lancelot in his own land.

Now King Arthur was loath to war against Sir Lancelot, and seeing this, Sir Gawain upbraided him bitterly.

"I see well it is naught to you that my brother, Sir Gareth, died fulfilling your behest. Little ye care if all your knights be slain, if only the traitor Lancelot escape. Since, then, ye will not do me justice nor avenge your own nephew, I and my fellows will take the traitor when and how we may. He trusts in his own might that none can encounter with him; let us see if we may not entrap him."

Thus urged, King Arthur called his army together and ordered that a great fleet be collected; for rather would he fight openly

with Sir Lancelot than that Sir Gawain should bring such dishonor upon himself as to slay a noble knight treacherously. So with a great host the King passed overseas to France, leaving Sir Modred to rule Britain in his stead.

When Lancelot heard that King Arthur and Sir Gawain were coming against him, he withdrew into the strong castle of Benwick; for unwilling, indeed, was he to fight with the King, or to do an injury to Sir Gareth's brother. The army passed through the land, laying it waste, and presently encamped about the castle, besieging it closely; but so thick were the walls and so watchful the garrison that in no way could they prevail against it.

One day there came to Sir Lancelot seven brethren, brave knights of Wales, who had joined their fortunes to his, and said to him:

"Sir Lancelot, bid us sally forth against this host which has invaded and laid waste your lands, and we will scatter it; for we are not wont to cower behind walls."

"Fair lords," answered Lancelot, "it is grief to me to war on good Christian knights and especially upon my lord, King Arthur. Have but patience, and I will send to him and see if, even now, there may not be a treaty of peace between us, for better far is peace than war."

So Sir Lancelot sought out a damsel and, mounting her upon a palfrey, bade her ride to King Arthur's camp and require of the King to cease warring on his lands, proffering fair terms of peace. When the damsel came to the camp, there met her Sir Lucan the Butler.

"Fair damsel," said Sir Lucan, "do ye come from Sir Lancelot?"

"Yea, in good truth," said the damsel; "and, I pray you, lead me to King Arthur."

"Now may ye prosper in your errand," said Sir Lucan. "Our King loves Sir Lancelot dearly and wishes him well; but Sir Gawain will not suffer him to be reconciled to him."

So when the damsel had come before the King, she told him

all her tale, and much she said of Sir Lancelot's love and goodwill to his lord the King, so that the tears stood in Arthur's eyes. But Sir Gawain broke in roughly:

"My lord and uncle, shall it be said of us that we came hither with such a host to hie us home again, nothing done, to be the scoff of all men?"

"Nephew," said the King, "methinks Sir Lancelot offers fair and generously. It were well if ye would accept his proffer. Nevertheless, as the quarrel is yours, so shall the answer be."

"Then, damsel," said Sir Gawain, "say unto Sir Lancelot that the time for peace is past. And tell him that I, Sir Gawain, swear by the faith I owe to knighthood that never will I forego my revenge."

So the damsel returned to Sir Lancelot and told him all. Sir Lancelot's heart was filled with grief nigh unto breaking; but his knights were enraged and clamored that he had endured too much of insult and wrong, and that he should lead them forth to battle. Sir Lancelot armed him sorrowfully and presently the gates were set open and he rode forth, he and all his company. But to all his knights he had given commandment that none should seek King Arthur; "for never," said he, "will I see the noble King who made me knight, either killed or shamed."

Fierce was the battle between those two hosts. On Lancelot's side, Sir Bors and Sir Lavaine and many another did right well; while on the other side, King Arthur bore him as the noble knight he was, and Sir Gawain raged through the battle, seeking to come at Sir Lancelot. Presently, Sir Bors encountered King Arthur and unhorsed him. This Sir Lancelot saw and, coming to the King's side, he alighted and raising him from the ground, mounted him upon his own horse. Then King Arthur, looking upon Lancelot, cried, "Ah! Lancelot, Lancelot! That ever there should be war between us two!" and tears stood in the King's eyes.

"Ah! my lord Arthur," cried Sir Lancelot, "I pray you stop this war."

As they spoke thus, Sir Gawain came upon them and, calling

Sir Lancelot traitor and coward, had almost ridden upon him before Lancelot could find another horse. Then the two hosts drew back, each on its own side, to see the battle between Sir Lancelot and Sir Gawain; for they wheeled their horses, and, departing far asunder, rushed again upon each other with the noise of thunder, and each bore the other from his horse. They put their shields before them and set on each other with their swords; but while ever Sir Gawain smote fiercely, Sir Lancelot was content only to ward off blows, because he would not, for Sir Gareth's sake, do any harm to Sir Gawain. But the more Sir Lancelot forbore him, the more furiously Sir Gawain struck, so that Sir Lancelot had much ado to defend himself and at the last smote Gawain on the helm so mightily that he bore him to the ground. Then Sir Lancelot stood back from Sir Gawain. But Gawain cried:

"Why do ye draw back, traitor knight? Slay ye while ye may, for never will I cease to be your enemy while my life lasts."

"Sir," said Lancelot, "I shall withstand you as I may; but never will I smite a fallen knight."

Then he spoke to King Arthur: "My lord, I pray you, if only for this day, draw off your men. And think upon our former love if ye may; but, be ye friend or foe, God keep you."

Thereupon Sir Lancelot drew off his men into his castle and King Arthur and his company to their tents. As for Sir Gawain, his squires bore him to his tent where his wounds were dressed.

MODRED THE TRAITOR

So Sir Gawain lay healing of the grim wound which Sir Lancelot had given him, and there was peace between the two armies, when there came messengers from Britain, bearing letters for King Arthur; and more evil news than they brought might not well be, for they told how Sir Modred had usurped his uncle's realm. First, he had caused it to be noised abroad that King Arthur was slain in battle with Sir Lancelot and, since there be many ever ready to believe any idle rumor and eager for any

change, it had been no hard task for Sir Modred to call the lords to a Parliament and persuade them to make him King. But the Queen could not be brought to believe that her lord was dead, so she took refuge in the Tower of London from Sir Modred's violence, nor was she to be induced to leave her strong refuge for aught that Modred could promise or threaten.

This was the news that came to Arthur as he lay encamped about Sir Lancelot's castle of Benwick. Forthwith, he bade his host make ready to move, and when they had reached the coast, they embarked and made sail to reach Britain with all possible speed.

Sir Modred, on his part, had heard of their sailing and hasted to get together a great army. It was grievous to see how many a stout knight held by Modred, ay, even many whom Arthur himself had raised to honor and fortune; for it is the nature of men to be fickle. Thus it was that, when Arthur drew near to Dover, he found Modred with a mighty host waiting to oppose his landing. Then there was a great sea-fight, those of Modred's party going out in boats, great and small, to board King Arthur's ships and slay him and his men before they should come to land. Right valiantly did King Arthur bear him, as was his wont, and boldly his followers fought in his cause, so that at last they drove off their enemies and landed at Dover in spite of Modred and his array. For that time Modred fled, and King Arthur bade those of his party bury the slain and tend the wounded.

So as they passed from ship to ship, salving and binding the hurts of the men, they came at last upon Sir Gawain, where he lay at the bottom of a boat, wounded to the death, for he had received a great blow on the wound that Sir Lancelot had given him. They bore him to his tent, and his uncle, the King, came to him, sorrowing beyond measure.

"Methinks," said the King, "my joy on earth is done; for never have I loved any men as I have loved you, my nephew, and Sir Lancelot. Sir Lancelot I have lost, and now I see you on your deathbed."

"My King," said Sir Gawain, "my hour is come and I have got my death at Sir Lancelot's hand; for I am smitten on the wound he gave me. And rightly am I served, for of my willfulness and stubbornness came this unhappy war. I pray you, my uncle, raise me in your arms and let me write to Sir Lancelot before I die."

Thus, then, Sir Gawain wrote: "To Sir Lancelot, the noblest of all knights, I, Gawain, send greeting before I die. For I am smitten on the wound ye gave me before your castle of Benwick in France, and I bid all men bear witness that I sought my own death and that ye are innocent of it. I pray you, by our friendship of old, come again into Britain and, when ye look upon my tomb, pray for Gawain of Orkney. Farewell."

So Sir Gawain died and was buried in the Chapel at Dover.

THE BATTLE IN THE WEST

The day after the battle at Dover, King Arthur and his host pursued Sir Modred to Barham Down, where again there was a great battle fought, with much slaughter on both sides; but, in the end, Arthur was victorious, and Modred fled to Canterbury.

Now by this time, many that Modred had cheated by his lying reports had drawn unto King Arthur, to whom at heart they had ever been loyal, knowing him for a true and noble King and hating themselves for having been deceived by such a false usurper as Sir Modred. Then when he found that he was being deserted, Sir Modred withdrew to the far West, for there men knew less of what had happened, and so he might still find some to believe in him and support him; and being without conscience, he even called to his aid the heathen hosts that his uncle, King Arthur, had driven from the land in the good years when Lancelot was of the Round Table.

King Arthur followed ever after, for in his heart was bitter anger against the false nephew who had brought woe upon him and all his realm. At the last, when Modred could flee no far-

ther, the two hosts were drawn up near the shore of the great western sea; and it was the Feast of the Holy Trinity.

That night, as King Arthur slept, he thought that Sir Gawain stood before him, looking just as he did in life, and said to him: "My uncle and my King, God in His great love has suffered me to come unto you, to warn you that in no wise ye fight on the morrow; for if ye do, ye shall be slain and with you the most part of the people on both sides. Make ye, therefore, treaty for a month and within that time, Sir Lancelot shall come to you with all his knights and ye shall overthrow the traitor and all that hold with him."

Therewith Sir Gawain vanished. Immediately the King awoke and called to him the best and wisest of his knights, the two brethren, Sir Lucan the Butler and Sir Bedivere, and others, to whom he told his dream. Then all were agreed that, on any terms whatsoever, a treaty should be made with Sir Modred, even as Sir Gawain had said; and with the dawn, messengers went to the camp of the enemy, to call Sir Modred to a conference. So it was determined that the meeting should take place in the sight of both armies, in an open space between the two camps, and that King Arthur and Modred should each be accompanied by fourteen knights. Little enough faith had either in the other, so when they set forth to the meeting, they bade their hosts join battle if ever they saw a sword drawn. Thus they went to the conference.

Now as they talked, it happened that an adder, coming out of a bush hard by, stung a knight in the foot; and he, seeing the snake, drew his sword to kill it and thought no harm thereby. But on the instant that the sword flashed, the trumpets blared on both sides, and the two hosts rushed to battle. Never was there fought a fight of such bitter enmity, for brother fought with brother, and comrade with comrade, and fiercely they cut and thrust, with many a bitter word between; while King Arthur himself, his heart hot within him, rode through and through the battle, seeking the traitor Modred. So they fought all day till

at last the evening fell. Then Arthur, looking around him, saw of his valiant knights but two left, Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere, and these sore wounded; and there, over against him, by a great heap of the dead, stood Sir Modred, the cause of all this ruin. Thereupon the King, his heart nigh broken with grief for the loss of his true knights, cried with a loud voice, "Traitor! now is thy doom upon thee!" and with his spear gripped in both hands, he rushed upon Sir Modred and smote him so that the weapon stood out a fathom behind. And Sir Modred knew that he had his death-wound. With all the might that he had, he thrust him up the spear to the haft and, with his sword, struck King Arthur upon the head so that the steel pierced the helmet and bit into the head; then Sir Modred fell back, stark and dead.

Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere went to the King where he lay, swooning from the blow, and bore him to a little chapel on the seashore. As they laid him on the ground, Sir Lucan fell dead beside the King, and Arthur, coming to himself, found but Sir Bedivere alive beside him.

THE DEATH OF ARTHUR

So King Arthur lay wounded to the death, grieving, not that his end was come, but for the desolation of his kingdom and the loss of his good knights. And looking upon the body of Sir Lucan, he sighed and said:

"Alas! true knight, dead for my sake! If I lived, I should ever grieve for thy death, but now mine own end draws nigh."

Then turning to Sir Bedivere, who stood sorrowing beside him, he said: "Leave weeping now, for the time is short, and much to do. Hereafter shalt thou weep if thou wilt. But take now my sword Excalibur, hasten to the waterside, and fling it into the deep. Then watch what happens and bring me word."

"My lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your command shall be obeyed"; and taking the sword, he departed. But as he went on his way he looked on the sword, how wondrously it was formed, and the hilt all studded with precious stones; and, as he looked,

he called to mind the marvel by which it had come into the King's keeping. For on a certain day, as Arthur walked on the shore of a great lake, there had appeared above the surface of the water a hand brandishing a sword. On the instant, the King had leaped into a boat, floated out upon the lake, got the sword, and brought it back to land. Then he had seen how, on one side of the blade, was written, "Keep me," but on the other, "Throw me away," and sore perplexed, he had shown it to Merlin, the great wizard, who said: "Keep it now. The time for casting away has not yet come."

Thinking on this, it seemed to Bedivere that no good, but harm, must come of obeying the King's word; so hiding the sword under a tree, he hastened back to the little chapel.

Then said the King: "What saw'st thou?"

"Sir," answered Bedivere, "I saw naught but the waves, heard naught but the wind."

"That is untrue," said King Arthur; "I charge thee, as thou art true knight, go again and spare not to throw away the sword."

Sir Bedivere departed a second time, and his mind was to obey his lord; but when he took the sword in his hand, he thought:

"Sin it is and shameful to throw away so glorious a sword."

Then hiding it again, he hastened back to the King.

"What saw'st thou?" said King Arthur.

"Sir, I saw the water lap on the crags."

Then spoke the King in great wrath: "Traitor and unkind! Twice hast thou betrayed me! Art dazzled by the splendor of the jewels, thou that, till now, hast ever been dear and true to me? Go yet again, but if thou fail me this time, I will arise and, with mine own hands, slay thee."

Then Sir Bedivere left the King and, that time, he took the sword quickly from the place where he had hidden it and, forbearing even to look upon it, he twisted the belt about it and flung it with all his force into the water. A wondrous sight he saw, for a hand rose from out the deep, caught the sword, brandished it thrice, and drew it beneath the surface.

So Bedivere hastened back to the King and told him what he had seen.

"It is well," said Arthur; "now, bear me to the water's edge and hasten, I pray thee, for I have tarried overlong and my wound has taken cold."

So Sir Bedivere raised the King on his back and bore him tenderly to the lonely shore, where on the lapping waves floated many an empty helmet, and the fitful moonlight fell on the upturned faces of the dead. Scarce had they reached the shore when there hove in sight a barge, and on its deck stood three tall women, robed all in black and wearing gold crowns on their heads.

"Place me in the barge," said Arthur, and softly Sir Bedivere lifted the King into it. And these three queens wept sore over Arthur, and one took his head in her lap and chafed his hands, crying:

"Alas! my brother, thou hast been overlong in coming, and I fear me thy wound has taken cold."

Then the barge began to move slowly forth from the land. When Sir Bedivere saw this, he lifted up his voice and cried with a bitter cry:

"Ah! my Lord Arthur, thou art taken from me! And I, whither shall I go?"

"Comfort thyself," said the King, "for in me is no comfort more. I pass to the Valley of Avalon, to heal me of my grievous wound. If thou seest me never again, pray for me."

So the barge floated away out of sight, and Sir Bedivere stood straining his eyes after it till it had vanished utterly. Then he turned him about and journeyed through the forest until, at daybreak, he reached a hermitage. Entering it, he prayed the holy hermit that he might abide with him, and there he spent the rest of his life in prayer and goodly works.

But of King Arthur is no more known. Some men, indeed, say that he is not dead, but abides in the happy Valley of Avalon until such time as his country's need is sorest, when he shall

come again and deliver. Others say that, of a truth, he is dead and that, in the far West, his tomb may be seen and written on it these words:

"HERE LIES ARTHUR, ONCE KING,
AND KING TO BE."

HOW QUEEN GUINEVERE BECAME A NUN AT ALMESBURY AND OF THE DEATH OF SIR LANCELOT

When news reached Sir Lancelot in his own land of the treason of Modred, he gathered his lords and knights together, and rested not till he had come to Britain to aid King Arthur. He landed at Dover, and there the evil tidings were told him, how the King had met his death at the hands of his traitor nephew. Then was Sir Lancelot's heart nigh broken for grief.

"Alas!" he cried, "that I should live to know my King overthrown by such a felon! What have I done that I should have caused the deaths of the good knights, Sir Gareth, Sir Gaheris, and Sir Gawain, and yet that such a villain should escape my sword!"

Then he desired to be led to Sir Gawain's tomb, where he remained long in prayer and in great lamentation; after which, he called to him his kinsmen and friends and spoke these words to them:

"My fair lords, I thank you all most heartily that, of your courtesy, ye came with me to this land. That we be come too late is a misfortune that might not be avoided, though I shall mourn it my life long. And now I will ride forth alone to find my lady the Queen in the West, whither men say she has fled. Wait for me, I pray you, for fifteen days and then, if ye hear naught of me, return to your own lands."

So Sir Lancelot rode forth alone, nor would he suffer any to follow him despite their prayers and entreaties.

Thus he rode some seven or eight days until, at the last, he came to a nunnery where he saw in the cloister many nuns wait-

ing on a fair lady, none other, indeed, than Queen Guinevere herself. And she, looking up, saw Sir Lancelot and, at the sight, grew so pale that her ladies feared for her; but she recovered and bade them go and bring Sir Lancelot to her presence. When he was come, she said to him:

"Sir Lancelot, glad am I to see thee once again that I may bid thee farewell; for in this world shall we never meet again."

"Sweet madam," answered Sir Lancelot, "I was minded, with your leave, to bear you to my own country, where I doubt not but I should guard you well and safely from your enemies."

"Nay, Lancelot," said the Queen, "that may not be; I am resolved never to look upon the world again, but here to pass my life in prayer and in such good works as I may. But thou, do thou get back to thine own land and take a fair wife, and ye both shall ever have my prayers."

"Madam," replied Sir Lancelot, "ye know well that shall never be. And since ye are resolved to lead a life of prayer, I, too, will forsake the world if I can find hermit to share his cell with me; for ever your will has been mine."

Long and earnestly he looked upon her as though he might never gaze enough; then, getting to horse, he rode slowly away.

Nor did they ever meet again in life. For Queen Guinevere abode in the great nunnery of Almesbury where Sir Lancelot had found her and presently, for the holiness of her life, was made Abbess. But Sir Lancelot, after he had left her, rode on his way till he came to the cell where Sir Bedivere dwelt with the holy hermit; and when Sir Bedivere had told him all that had befallen, of the great battle in the West, and of the passing away of Arthur, Sir Lancelot flung down his arms and implored the holy hermit to let him remain there as the servant of God. So Sir Lancelot donned the serge gown and abode in the hermitage as the priest of God.

Presently, there came riding that way the good Sir Bors, Lancelot's nephew; for, when Sir Lancelot returned not to Dover, Sir Bors and many another knight went forth in search of him.

There, then, Sir Bors remained, and, within a half year, there joined themselves to these three many who in former days had been fellows of the Round Table; and the fame of their piety spread far and wide.

So six years passed, and then one night Lancelot had a vision. It seemed to him that one said to him:

"Lancelot, arise and go in haste to Almesbury. There shalt thou find Queen Guinevere dead, and it shall be for thee to bury her."

Sir Lancelot arose at once and, calling his fellows to him, told them his dream. Immediately, with all haste, they set forth toward Almesbury and, arriving there the second day, found the Queen dead, as had been foretold in the vision. So with the state and ceremony befitting a great Queen, they buried her in the Abbey of Glastonbury, in that same church where, some say, King Arthur's tomb is to be found. Lancelot it was who performed the funeral rites and chanted the requiem; but when all was done, he pined away, growing weaker daily. So at the end of six weeks, he called to him his fellows and, bidding them all farewell, desired that his dead body should be conveyed to the Joyous Garde, there to be buried, for that in the church at Glastonbury he was not worthy to lie. And that same night he died, and was buried, as he had desired, in his own castle. So passed from the world the bold Sir Lancelot du Lac, bravest, most courteous, and most gentle of knights, whose peer the world has never seen nor ever shall see.

After Sir Lancelot's death, Sir Bors and the pious knights, his companions, took their way to the Holy Land, and there they died in battle against the Turk.

So ends this story of King Arthur and his noble fellowship of the Round Table.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Were Arthur and his knights successful in restoring order in the kingdom? 2. Why were they so successful? 3. What value have union and loyalty in any cause? 4. When did this union of King Arthur and his knights begin to weaken? 5. Whose unfaithfulness and treachery began its destruction? 6. What was the great fault in Modred that prevented him from being loyal? 7. How did "true knights" regard Sir Lancelot? 8. Find lines which show that Arthur did not think himself greater than the law. 9. Can good government exist without respect for law? 10. Trace the progress of disunion from its beginning in Modred's jealousy as follows: jealousy; plot; combat; deaths; vengeance; false accusation; decree of death by burning; rescue; deaths; vow of vengeance; war. 11. What proof did Sir Lancelot give of his love for the King, even while at war with him? 12. Was King Arthur at fault when he allowed himself to be persuaded by Sir Gawain to make war on Sir Lancelot? 13. Find lines that show the King loved Lancelot, in spite of all that had come between them. 14. Find lines that show how Sir Gawain's love and generosity triumphed over his desire for vengeance. 15. Over what did King Arthur grieve when he lay wounded after the "battle in the West"? 16. How does the fact that these old stories have lived for centuries show that we like "to become partners in all the brave deeds of the past," as told you in the Introduction on page 102? 17. What have the fine ideals of these legends—union for defense of the weak, mercy to all, and wrongful gain to none—had to do with making the legends live? 18. The last sentence on page 102 tells of the benefit we gain from reading stories of adventure. What is this benefit? In what way do you feel that your reading of the King Arthur stories has benefited you? 19. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: leagued; churl (p. 166); reconciled; gainsay; unscathed; Dolorous (pp. 168-171); cower (p. 172); adder; haft (pp. 177-178); requiem; peer (p. 183).

Phrases for Study

boded ill, 165, *2*
of ill counsel, 167, *2*
from the press, 167, *25*
rendered me account, 168, *20*
safe conduct, 169, *2*
housings of the horses, 169, *7*
felon knight, 169, *31*
proved not themselves right, 169, *34*
under surety of my word, 170, *18*
fasten a quarrel upon him, 170, *19*
fulfilling your behest, 171, *26*
scoff of all men, 173, *6*

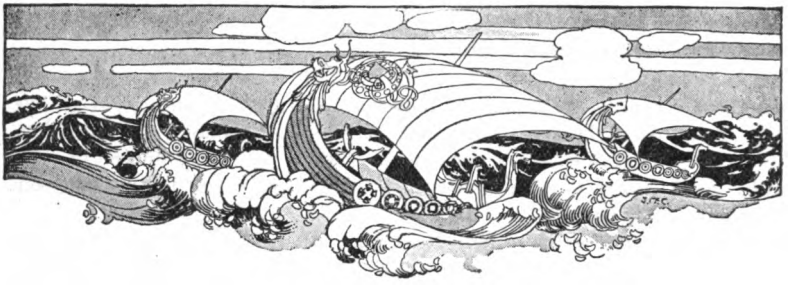
faith I owe to knighthood, **173**, 12
noised abroad, **174**, 31
as was his wont, **175**, 21
Modred and his array, **175**, 23
sorrowing beyond measure, **175**, 31
heathen hosts, **176**, 27
I charge thee, **179**, 17
chafed his hands, **180**, 15
donned the serge gown, **182**, 31

Class Reading. The quarrel between Gawain and Lancelot, page **169**, line 13, to page 171, line 3; the casting away of Excalibur, page **178**, line 25, to page 180, line 2; the passing of Arthur, page **180**, line 6, to page 181, line 5; bring to class and read "The Passing of Arthur," Tennyson, beginning with line 330.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. (a) Sir Modred's jealousy; (b) His plot; (c) The combat; (d) Feuds; (e) The law in respect to treason; (f) The King's decree; (g) Plans for the execution; (h) The rescue; (i) The deaths of Sir Gareth and Sir Gaheris; (j) Sir Gawain's vow; (k) Arthur's siege of the Joyous Garde; (1) The return of the Queen; (m) The banishment of Lancelot; (n) King Arthur and Gawain in France; (o) The fight between Lancelot and Gawain; (p) Modred, the traitor, in Britain; (q) Gawain's letter; (r) The battle in the West; (s) King Arthur's dream; (t) The adder; (u) The death of Modred; (v) Sir Bedivere and the sword Excalibur; (w) Guinevere in the nunnery; (x) The death of Lancelot.

Library Reading. *The Story of the Grail* and *The Passing of Arthur,* Pyle.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. The method used by the knights of Arthur's court to right wrong. 2. Some methods used in our day to right wrong. 3. The work that knights might do now in relieving suffering and in protecting the weak. 4. The story of some brave act of which you know. 5. A man you know of today who would have made a good knight in the days of King Arthur. 6. Training given to boys today to fit them for service to others. 7. Compare the brave deeds of our soldiers in the World War with those of King Arthur and his knights.



SIR PATRICK SPENS

FOLK BALLAD

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,[1]
Sat at the king's richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid[2] letter,
And signed it wi his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he;
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

[1] *knicht*, knight

[2] *braid*, long

"O wha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me,
To send me out this time o' the yeir,
To sail upon the se!

"Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne."
"O say na sae[1], my master deir,
For I fear a deadlie storme.

"Late, late yestreen[2] I saw the new moone
Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith[3]
To weet[4] their cork-heild schoone[5];
Bot lang owre[6] a' the play wer playd,
Thair hats they swam aboone.[7]

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
Wi thair fans into their hand,
Or eir[8] they se Sir Patrick Spens
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi thair gold kems[9] in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

Haf owre[10], haf owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom[11] deip,
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi the Scots lords at his feit.[12]

[1] *na sae*, not co
[2] *yestreen*, yesterday evening
[3] *laith*, loath
[4] *weet*, wet
[5] *schoone*, shoes
[6] *owre*, before
[7] *aboone*, above
[8] *or eir*, before
[9] *kems*, combs
[10] *owre*, over
[11] *fadom*, fathoms
[12] *feit*, feet

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Historical Note. The old folk-ballads, of which this one is an excellent example, have all come down to us from the far-off past. Such ballads are not the work of any one author, but, like the stories of King Arthur, were preserved mainly in the memories of men. Some of them were sung or recited to the music of the harp or lute by minstrels who wandered from village to village, and from castle to castle, entertaining their hearers in return for food and lodging; or by the bards and minstrels who were maintained by kings and nobles to entertain them and to celebrate their deeds and honors. Often these ballads were made by the people, not by professional singers, and were expressions of the folk love of adventure. Indeed, the best definition of a popular, or folk, ballad is "a tale telling itself in song." This means that it always tells a story; that it has no known author, being composed by several people or by a community and then handed down orally, without ever being put into writing, from generation to generation; and finally, that it is sung, not recited. In this way such folk-ballads as "Sir Patrick Spens" were transmitted for generations, in different versions, before they were written down and became a part of what we call *literature*. When the invention of the printing press made it possible to put these old ballads into permanent form, they were collected from the recitations of old men and women who knew them, and printed. Thus they have become a precious literary possession, telling us something of the life, the history, and the standards, superstitions, and beliefs of distant times, and thrilling us with their stirring stories. The beauty of these old ballads lies in the stories they tell, and in their directness and simplicity. They are almost wholly without literary ornament; their language is the language of the people, not of the king's court.

Many modern poets have written stories in verse which are also called ballads. Some of these imitate the old ballads not only in form and simple, unadorned language, but also in the use of old-fashioned words and expressions. Other modern ballads are simple narratives in verse—short stories dealing with stirring subjects, with battle, adventure, etc. But while the true old ballad directs the attention to the story only, the modern ballads often introduce descriptions of the characters.

Discussion. 1. Why did the king choose Sir Patrick Spens? 2. What did Sir Patrick say when he had read the king's letter? 3. What signs of a storm had been noticed? 4. Point out all the ways in which the ballad tells that the ship was wrecked. 5. How have the old ballads come down

to us? 6. Have you read any other old ballad? 7. Tell how the old ballads came into being, and name a characteristic of them. 8. What do the old ballads tell us of the life of the early people? 9. How does a modern ballad differ from a folk, or popular, ballad? 10. You will enjoy hearing phonograph records of present-day ballads, such as Kipling's "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," "Gypsy Trail," "Rolling Down to Rio," and "On the Road to Mandalay."

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Longfellow.

Library Reading. Another version of "Sir Patrick Spens" (in *The Ballad Book,* Bates); *Some British Ballads,* illustrated by Rackham; Selected ballads from *English Popular Ballads,* Hart; "The Loss of the White Ship," Blaisdell (in *Stories from English History*); "Steering Without a Compass," Kobbé (in *Sea-Stories Retold from St. Nicholas*).

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. A comparison of the story of Sir Patrick Spens in this ballad with the version in *The Ballad Book,* Bates. 2. A comparison of Sir Patrick Spens, the captain, with the skipper of the Hesperus, as to courage and skill. 3. A captain of a modern lake or ocean steamer, his duties and his qualifications.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
  Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
  Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No scald in song has told,
No saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gyrfalcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led,
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a prince's child,
I but a viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white seastrand,
Waving his arméd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And, as to catch the gale,
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful.
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
—Thus the tale ended.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 343.

Historical Note. Longfellow wrote an explanatory note to this poem, in which he says: A skeleton had been dug up at Fall River clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport." The tower was then thought to be of Norse origin, but has since been proved modern.

Discussion. 1. With which stanza does the narrative begin? 2. What may the first three stanzas be called? 3. Which of these three stanzas is descriptive? 4. In which does the viking make himself known? 5. With what line does the story end? 6. Describe the scene suggested by the first stanza; who is speaking? 7. Describe the guest to whom the poet speaks. 8. In using the word "fearful" to describe this guest, was the poet emphasizing only the outward appearance of his guest? 9. Can you use other words equally exact and poetical for "daunt" and "haunt"? 10. Give a name to the "flashes" that are seen when the Northern skies gleam in December. 11. To what is the voice of the skeleton compared? 12. Is it an apt comparison? 13. Does the second stanza prepare us for a story of happy things? Give reasons for your answer. 14. What stanzas help you to see the kind of people the vikings were, and to imagine the life they led? 15. The viking showed his wonderful courage in going out on the "open main" in a wild hurricane; give all the other evidences of his courage found in the poem. 16. The Introduction (pp. 101-102) mentions various motives for seeking adventures; which of these motives do you think King Arthur's knights had? The vikings? 17. How does this ballad differ from a folk-ballad, such as "Sir Patrick Spens"? 18. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: scald; saga; gyrfalcon; corsair; cormorant. 19. *Pronounce:* daunt; haunt; arméd; launched; toward.

Phrases for Study

fleshless palms, **189**, 6
heart's chamber, **190**, 8
souls that sped, **191**, 6
measured in cups of ale, **191**, 14
vows were plighted, **191**, 28
death without quarter, **193**, 12
stretching to leeward, **193**, 28
time dried the maiden's tears, **194**, 2
warlike gear, **194**, 14
flowing bowl, **194**, 20

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "The Three Fishers," Kingsley.

Library Reading. "The Saga of King Olaf," Longfellow (Parts I, II, XII, XIII, XXII); *The Thrall of Leif the Lucky,* Liljencrantz.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. A description of a viking ship. 2. The tower at Newport. 3. The riming scheme of this ballad.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

THOMAS CAMPBELL

A chïeftain to the Highlands bound
Cries "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—Oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Thomas Campbell (1777-1844), a popular Scotch poet, was born in Glasgow, where his father was a prominent merchant. At an early age Campbell began to write poetry, and at twenty-one had published "The Pleasures of Hope," a poem that was received with much favor. He excelled in war poetry, of which "Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England" are most widely read. Of his ballads, "Lochiel" and "Lord Ullin's Daughter" are best known. Campbell is remembered not alone for these stirring narrative poems, but also for the excellence of favorite lines that he wrote, such as "To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Discussion. 1. Tell briefly the story of the poem. 2. What picture do the first two stanzas give you? 3. What reason did the boatman give for saying he would row them over the ferry? 4. What change of time do you notice in the third stanza on page 197? 5. What does the fourth stanza on page 197 tell you? 6. Which stanza tells you of the tragedy? 7. What other poems of the sea have you read in this book? 8. What characteristics of the ballad has this poem? 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: pound; water-wraith.

Phrases for Study

to the Highlands bound, **196**, 1
stain the heather, **196**, 12
hardy Highland wight, **196**, 17
raging white, **196**, 23
grew loud apace, **196**, 25
in the scowl of Heaven, **196**, 27
waters fast prevailing, **197**, 14
fatal shore, **197**, 15

A Suggested Problem. Notice the quotation from Campbell in the Biography; make a list of similar "favorite lines" from selections that you have read in this book.

SPANISH WATERS

JOHN MASEFIELD

Spanish waters, Spanish waters, you are ringing in my ears,
Like a slow, sweet piece of music from the gray, forgotten years;
Telling tales, and beating tunes, and bringing weary thought to me
Of the sandy beach at Muertos, where I would that I could be.

There's a surf breaks on Los Muertos, and it never stops to roar,
And it's there we came to anchor, and it's there we went ashore,
Where the blue lagoon is silent amid snags of rotting trees,
Dropping like the clothes of corpses cast up by the seas.

We anchored at Los Muertos when the dipping sun was red,
We left her half-a-mile to sea, to west of Nigger Head;
And before the mist was on the Cay, before the day was done,
We were all ashore on Muertos with the gold that we had won.

We bore it through the marshes in a half-score battered chests,
Sinking, in the sucking quagmires, to the sunburn on our breasts,
Heaving over tree-trunks, gasping, damning at the flies and heat,
Longing for a long drink, out of silver, in the ship's cool lazareet.

The moon came white and ghostly as we laid the treasure down;
There was gear there'd make a beggarman as rich as Lima Town,
Copper charms and silver trinkets from the chests of Spanish crews,
Gold doubloons and double moidores, louis d'ors and ortagues.

Clumsy yellow-metal earrings from the Indians of Brazil,
Uncut emeralds out of Rio, bezoar stone from Guayaquil,
Silver, in the crude and fashioned, pots of old Arica bronze,
Jewels from the bones of Incas desecrated by the Dons.

We smoothed the place with mattocks, and we took and blazed the tree
Which marks yon where the gear is hid that none will ever see,
And we laid aboard the ship again, and south away we steers,
Through the loud surf of Los Muertos, which is beating in my ears.

I'm the last alive that knows it. All the rest have gone their ways,
Killed, or died, or come to anchor in the old Mulatas Cays,
And I go singing, fiddling, old and starved and in despair,
And I know where all that gold is hid, if I were only there.

It's not the way to end it all. I'm old and nearly blind,
And an old man's past's a strange thing, for it never leaves his mind.
And I see in dreams, awhiles, the beach, the sun's disk dipping red,
And the tall ship, under topsails, swaying in past Nigger Head.

I'd be glad to step ashore there. Glad to take a pick and go
To the lone blazed coco-palm tree in the place no others know,
And lift the gold and silver that has moldered there for years
By the loud surf of Los Muertos, which is beating in my ears.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Masefield (1875-) is an English poet and playwright. When he was a small boy he had a mania for running away from home; to satisfy this longing his father sent him to sea when he was fourteen years old, in charge of the captain of a sailing vessel. During his travels he collected much material which he afterwards used in his poems. On one of his trips he landed in New York City, where he gained a considerable knowledge of American customs. Masefield has published several volumes of poems, among which his *Salt-Water Ballads* is most widely known. "Spanish Waters" is taken from *The Story of a Round House and Other Poems.*

Early in 1916 Masefield came to the United States on a lecture tour. This visit aroused in Americans much interest in him and his writings. During the World War Masefield served in France in connection with the Red Cross. He also served in the campaign on the Gallipoli Peninsula and wrote a splendid account of it.

Discussion. 1. Who is addressed in the first stanza? 2. What comparison do you find in this stanza? 3. Tell the story in your own words. 4. Where was the treasure secured? 5. What marks of the ballad do you find in this poem? 6. What do you particularly like in the selection? 7. This poem is rich in musical quality, about which you read on page 20; can you tell what gives it this quality? Compare it with Wordsworth's "The Daffodils"; which seems to you the more musical? 8. What reference to Spanish treasure-ships is made by Lowell in "To the Dandelion"? 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: lazareet; gear; desecrated; Don; mattock; blazed; awhiles. 10. *Pronounce:* quagmire; palm.

Phrases for Study

gray, forgotten years, 198, 2
bringing weary thought, 198, 3
sunburn on our breasts, 199, 10
rich as Lima Town, 199, 14
in the crude and fashioned, 199, 19
laid aboard the ship, 199, 23

Class Reading. Bring to class and read: "Sea Fever," Masefield; "Forty Singing Seamen," Noyes; "Andy Battle," De la Mare (in *Peacock Pie*).

Library Reading. "The Moor's Legacy," Irving (in *The Alhambra*); "To Repel Boarders," London (in *Sea-Stories Retold from St. Nicholas*).

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. What I have learned from magazines about Masefield. 2. A report on *Treasure Island,* Stevenson. 3. A report on another story dealing with hidden treasures. 4. How a modern ship with a cargo of fuel or food may be as much a treasure-ship as if it carried gold.

KILMENY

(A SONG OF THE TRAWLERS)

ALFRED NOYES

Dark, dark lay the drifters, against the red west,
As they shot their long meshes of steel overside;
And the oily green waters were rocking to rest
When *Kilmeny* went out, at the turn of the tide.
And nobody knew where that lassie would roam,
For the magic that called her was tapping unseen.
It was well nigh a week ere *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

She'd a gun at her bow that was Newcastle's best,
And a gun at her stern that was fresh from the Clyde,
And a secret her skipper had never confessed,
Not even at dawn, to his newly wed bride;
And a wireless that whispered above, like a gnome,
The laughter of London, the boasts of Berlin.
O it may have been mermaids that lured her from home,
But nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

It was dark when *Kilmeny* came home from her quest,
With her bridge dabbled red where her skipper had died;
But she moved like a bride with a rose at her breast;
And "Well done, *Kilmeny!*" the admiral cried.
Now at sixty-four fathom a conger may come
And nose at the bones of a drowned submarine;
But late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

There's a wandering shadow that stares at the foam,
Though they sing all the night to old England, their queen,
Late, late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Alfred Noyes (1880-), an English poet, lives in London. He was educated at Oxford, where for three years he rowed on the college crew. As soon as his college days were over, he devoted himself to literature, contributing to English magazines. During the World War he wrote many stirring poems, of which "Kilmeny" is among the best. In 1918-1919 Mr. Noyes was professor of English Literature in Princeton University.

Discussion. 1. What picture does the first stanza give you? 2. What gives you a hint as to the work in which the trawler was engaged? 3. The ballad is rich in suggestion; which stanza suggests the result of *Kilmeny's* trip? 4. What was the magic that called *Kilmeny* to the quest? 5. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: trawler; conger; gnome.

Phrases for Study

against the red west, **201**, 1
long meshes of steel, **201**, 2
Newcastle's best, **201**, 9
wandering shadow, **202**, 9

Class Reading. Bring to class and read what you consider the best ballad that has appeared in the magazines of recent months.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. How *Kilmeny* differs from any of the other ships that I have read about in this book. 2. How the skipper of the *Kilmeny* compares in courage with Sir Patrick Spens; with the skipper of the *Hesperus;* and with the viking. 3. What the navy of the United States did in the World War against the submarines of the enemy.

A TALE FROM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEMPEST*

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave, or cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men. The knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These spirits were ever after obedient to Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape. He took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful; therefore he was employed like a slave, to carry wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him in the mire; again, the sprite, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such vexatious tricks Ariel would torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your

father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom; this he soon effected with the aid of the King of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Why," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, Gonzalo, who loved me, had placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that

did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the King of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and since the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as it would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the King's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the King, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither; my daughter must see this young prince. Where are the King and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray you, remember I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgotten the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

"Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. See! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered that she was no goddess, but a maiden, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way; therefore, advancing he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him that he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he; "I will tie your neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shellfish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand. "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful

enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the Prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero; looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell; he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labor he had imposed on him; then pretending to go to his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, and is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said. Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he had ever seen.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded that of all women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be Queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his Queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then, as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The King of Naples, and Antonio, the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

"Then bring them hither, Ariel," said Prospero; "if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel."

Ariel soon returned with the King. Antonio and old Gonzalo had followed in their train, wondering much at the wild music Ariel played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence.

This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the King knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the King expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother; and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you, too"; and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it as I see here."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had made when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the King; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero; "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the King's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," said he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who Prospero said was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sang this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I crouch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the King said should be instantly celebrated with great splendor on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Charles Lamb (1775-1834), an English writer, spent his entire life in London. His father was a clerk in a lawyer's office, and Charles was an accountant until he was fifty years of age. He was, however, a great reader and spent his hours of leisure at the bookstalls and printshops or at home reading with his sister Mary. He and Mary wrote *Tales from Shakespeare,* giving in simple prose the stories of many of Shakespeare's plays. In a letter to a friend, Lamb said of his sister: "She is doing for Godwin's bookseller twenty of Shakespeare's plays, to be made into children's tales. Six are already done by her: *The Tempest, Winter's Tale, Midsummer Night, Much Ado, Two Gentlemen of Verona,* and *Cymbeline;* and the *Merchant of Venice* is in forwardness. I have done *Othello* and *Macbeth,* and mean to do all the tragedies. I think it will be popular among the little people, besides money. It is to bring in sixty guineas. Mary has done them capitally, I think you'd think."

Discussion. 1. Make a list of the characters mentioned in the story. 2. Which are the principal characters? 3. What was Prospero's purpose in raising a violent storm? 4. What tells you that it is a magic storm? 5. Tell the story that Prospero told his daughter. 6. Why is Miranda made to sleep? 7 What is the purpose of Ariel's song? 8. Tell the story of the reconciliation of Antonio and Prospero. 9. Repeat from memory

Ariel's farewell song. 10. Which of the characters do you like best? Why? 11. Mention humorous incidents in the story. 12. How does this story of adventure differ from those in the group called "The Days of Chivalry"? 13. Which do you like the better, legends based partly on historical fact, such as the stories of King Arthur and his knights, or those that are pure fancy? 14. In what are the King Arthur stories and this story by Shakespeare alike? 15. Shakespeare wrote this tale merely to amuse and entertain; does it also teach a lesson, such as the King Arthur legends do? 16. Read again the last paragraph of the Introduction on page 102, and then tell what this story has done for you. 17. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: knell; constancy; enjoined; harpy; voracious; nuptials. 18. *Pronounce:* mischievous; heir; uncouth.

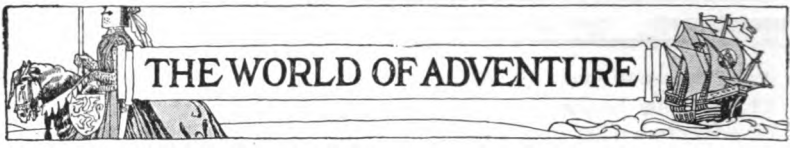
Phrases for Study

much affected by, **203**, 9
refused to execute, **203**, 15
worldly ends, **205**, 18
holding converse, **206**, 15
advocate for an impostor, **209**, 8
stupefied their senses, **212**, 4
engaging to restore, **212**, 11
prosperous gales, **213**, 32

Class Reading. Prospero's account of his banishment, page 205, line 12, to page 206, line 4; Ferdinand piling logs, page 209, line 29, to page 211, line 10; the reconciliation, page 211, line 25, to page 213, line 13.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. (a) Prospero and his companions on the island; (b) The storm at sea; (c) The story Prospero tells Miranda; (d) Ariel's account of the shipwreck; (e) Ferdinand before Prospero and Miranda; (f) The task set for Ferdinand; (g) The reconciliation; (h) The departure from the island.

Library Reading. Other stories from *Tales from Shakespeare*, Lamb, illustrated by Rackham.



A Review

In reading the adventure stories of Part II, you experienced the first of the three joys of reading mentioned on page 14; what is this joy of reading? What reasons have you for thinking that the spirit of adventure is as keen today as in the past? Mention some daring feats undertaken in recent years.

Name the knights of King Arthur's Round Table that you recall most vividly. Which of them do you admire most? Which did Arthur love most? Compare the story of Elaine with that of Guinevere; which woman reminds you of a Red Cross nurse? Why do you think the character of King Arthur has been such a favorite one for over a thousand years? Learn by heart the vows of true knighthood (p. 96, ll. 15-17). Compare these vows with the laws and pledges of the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, and the Camp Fire Girls.

What adventures described in Part II relate incidents that occurred within your lifetime? Which poets represented in this group are living? What country claims each as a citizen? Have you seen any newspaper or magazine references to any of them? Have any of them ever visited your locality? Perhaps someone who has heard them can tell you interesting facts regarding them. What did you learn about ballads and minstrels from your study of Part II? Can you tell how a folk-ballad differs from a ballad like "Kilmeny"?

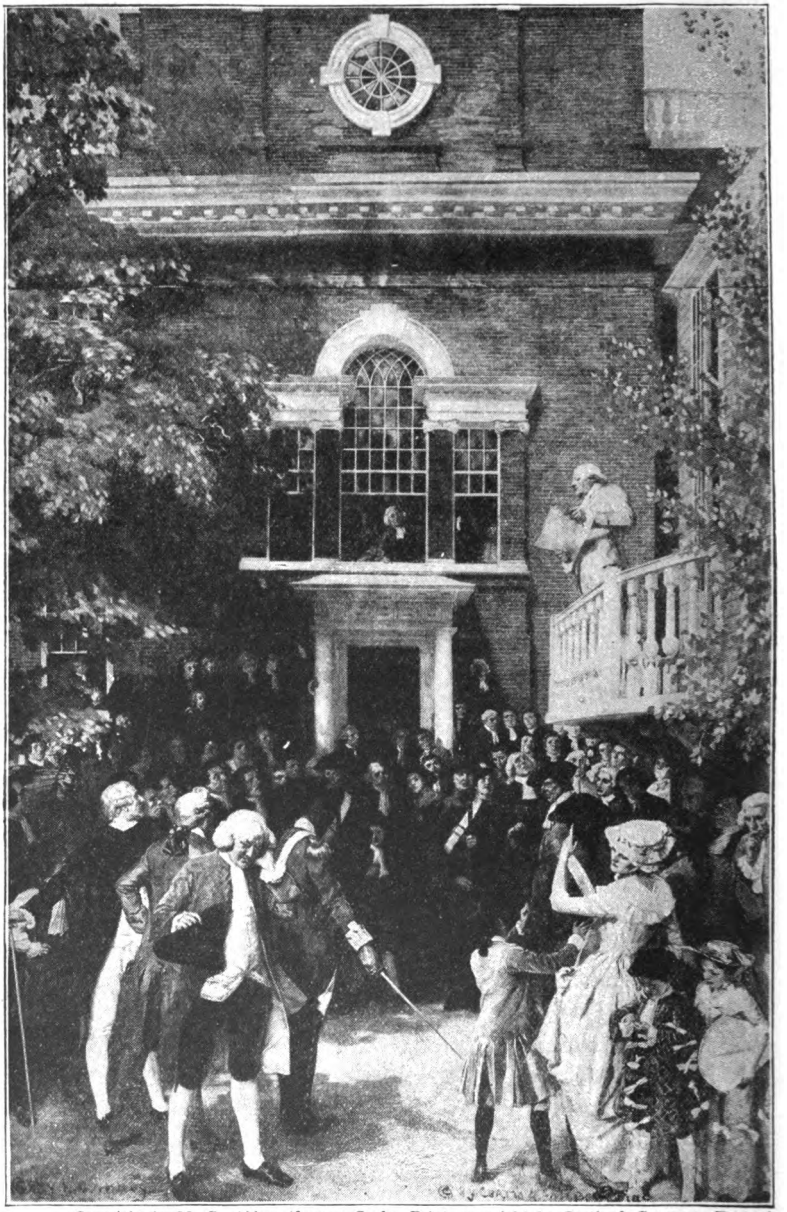
Your magic power of reading does for you what Aladdin's lamp did for him; by rubbing it, he could be anywhere he chose. It does even more, for you are able to visit seas and lands existing only in imagination; who are the characters that people the island of Shakespeare's imagination? Quote from memory the lines by Kingsley on page 99, and explain them. Why is the picture on page 100 an apt illustration for Part II? Why is it worth while to read exciting tales of adventurous deeds?

PART III

OUR INHERITANCE OF FREEDOM

"When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west."

—James Russell Lowell.



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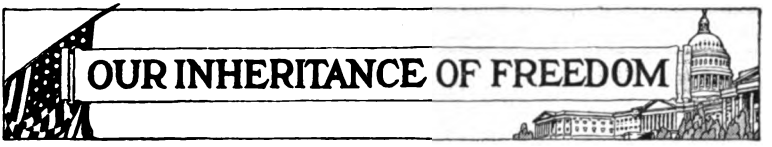
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



An Introduction

American boys and girls think of their country as a land of freedom, where each one has an opportunity to enter any business or profession he likes, to make as much of his life as he can, and to share in the government. It *is* a land of freedom. But if we are to make good use of this freedom and if we are to keep it safe for those who come after us, it will be necessary for us to stop long enough to think just what freedom means, and to learn how we came to have a free government in which all of us may share.

First of all, we shall need to notice that freedom is not a condition that "just happens." Ever since the world began, certain strong, ambitious men or groups of men have tried to force their rule upon others. Sometimes these groups of men have succeeded so well that they and their descendants have held under their power millions of subjects for hundreds of years. But always there has been in the hearts of brave men a longing to throw off the rule of these oppressors. So, all over the world battles have been fought against unjust rulers, until slowly, as time went on, men won their freedom. These heroes secured freedom not only for themselves, but for their children and for those who came after them through all later times. In just this way we came to have our freedom in America. It is an "inheritance," or precious gift, handed down to us by our brave forefathers who fought to win it for themselves and for us. We shall value it and preserve it the better if we learn something about the men who gave us so valuable an inheritance.

Part III of this book will make you acquainted with some of these heroes to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for the free life that we enjoy. You will need to notice that not all of these

men were soldiers, who risked their lives in battle. For great poets have played an important part when they wrote patriotic poems that aroused men to struggle for freedom, and great orators, too, have stirred whole nations by their eloquence, to resist the acts of tyrants. Soldiers, poets, orators, statesmen—all are represented in the pages of Part III, as they work to make for us our noble inheritance of freedom. You will read of a hero named Leonidas who, more than two thousand years ago, gave his life in the attempt to keep Greece, his native land, from the rule of an ambitious Persian King who was seeking to conquer the world. You will read, too, the story of Arnold Winkelried, who, in 1386, won freedom for the brave little land of Switzerland. These are only two out of countless daring deeds done in the cause of freedom. The struggle went on in all ages and in many countries. You will gain another view of it from the tales about the Scotch hero, Robert Bruce. Again you will learn from the quaint words of Sir Walter Raleigh how the heroic English sea captains more than three hundred years ago gave their lives to save the world from oppression by an ambitious King of Spain.

Always the struggle for liberty has gone on, everywhere. But there are some champions of freedom to whom the whole world owes special gratitude. Certain heroic figures in history have played an especially important part in handing down to mankind this precious "inheritance of freedom." Perhaps the most striking of all these world champions of liberty was our own George Washington. For he performed a *double service* in the cause of freedom: he overthrew in the American colonies the unjust rule of the English King; and by this victory he weakened the King's despotic power over his own subjects in England. Thus Washington made it possible for liberty-loving Englishmen gradually to gain a larger share in their own government.

As you read the stirring tales of our Revolutionary War days, you should keep this fact always in mind: the heroes who set up a new and freer government in America were men whose ideals

of freedom came to them from England. They did not fight against the English *people*. As you will learn from Nathaniel Hawthorne's story, "Some Famous Portraits," many of the greatest Englishmen of that period used every effort to win fair treatment for the colonies, sympathized with their struggle for independence, and rejoiced when at last George III and his ministers were told that America would no longer submit to oppression.

One of the greatest of these Englishmen was Edmund Burke, who lived in the time of George III and took the part of the colonies in their struggle against the King's tyranny. He worked for the repeal of the taxation laws that so offended the Americans. He made many speeches in Parliament and elsewhere, pleading with Englishmen not to drive their fellow Englishmen in America into civil war. And when at last war came, Burke still sought to bring about reconciliation. He wrote the King a letter in which he said that the British government was not representing the British spirit of freedom in its dealings with the colonies. He wrote a letter to the colonies in which he begged them not to believe that they were at war with the people of England. "Do not think," he said, "that the whole or even the majority of Englishmen in the island are enemies to their own blood on the American continent." The whole matter he sums up by saying that the only true Englishmen either in the British Isles or in America were those who were willing to work and fight in the cause of free government.

All Americans need to remember these words written by a great friend of the colonies during the Revolutionary War, a man who also explained more clearly and more eloquently than any other Englishman in any time the principles on which our inheritance of freedom rests. His interest in the American cause was not merely the interest of a sympathetic friend; over and over again he pointed out that the colonies, and not the King, represented the true English spirit. To him the plan of self-government set up in Massachusetts and Virginia represented the

very ideal for which patriotic Englishmen had struggled for centuries. The British Parliament, in Burke's time, was not made up of representatives from all the population, as it is today; only a small part of the population could vote, and many districts had no representation at all. Complete control of the government by the people was what Burke and thousands of other Englishmen had been trying to win. In the American colonies such a form of popular government had developed freely, because the British King paid little attention to the colonies until they became wealthy enough to be a source of riches. It was this fact that made the American Revolution not merely a war for the establishment of a new nation, but quite as much a war for the development of free government in England itself. Burke realized this fact when he prophesied that the future would look back upon the American Revolution and see that it helped establish freedom not only in America but also among English-speaking peoples everywhere.

The prophecy has been fulfilled. Britain still has a king, but he is king in name only; the real power of the government is in the hands of the people. The struggle in which the American colonists won their independence has resulted not only in a free America, but also in a free England and in freedom for the great dominions—Canada, Australia, and New Zealand—which have much the same form of government. This free spirit of modern England is well shown by the little group of poems in Part III.

The struggle for freedom all over the world is not yet ended. Millions of people are still ruled by governments that oppress them. We free citizens of fortunate America owe a duty to all mankind. This duty is to value our freedom so highly that we will make free government more and more successful in our country, more and more a model that all other nations will gladly follow. Only in this way can we show that we are worthy of the sacrifices made for us by the brave men of long ago who fought that we might have this precious "inheritance of freedom."

LEONIDAS, THE SPARTAN*

HERODOTUS

Xerxes, King of Persia, when he was about to start the expedition against the Greeks, called an assembly of the principal Persians, that he might make known his intentions. When they were assembled, he addressed them as follows: "Men of Persia, I have resolved to make war upon the Greeks. If we subdue them and their neighbors, we shall make the Persian territory as extensive as the air of heaven. I will march through all Europe, and no city or nation of the world will remain which will be able to come to a battle with us, when those whom I have mentioned have been brought into subjection. Thus all must equally submit to the yoke of servitude. It will be the duty of each of you to come promptly; and whosoever shall appear with the best-appointed troops, to him I will give such presents as are accounted most honorable in our country."

How great a number of men each contributed is not mentioned by anyone, but the amount of the whole land forces was found to be one million, seven hundred thousand. As for the naval forces, the number of vessels amounted to twelve hundred

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

and seven. Xerxes, when he had inspected his forces in person, sent for Demaratus, a Greek exile who was with the Persian army, and said to him: "Demaratus, you are a Greek. Now, therefore, tell me whether the Grecians will venture to lift their hands against me; for I think that if all the Grecians were collected together, they would not be able to withstand my attack. However, I desire to know what you say on this subject."

When Demaratus heard what the King said, he spoke thus: "O King, poverty has ever been familiar to Greece, but virtue has been acquired; by the aid of this, Greece has warded off tyranny. I say it is not possible that they will submit to you and bring slavery on Greece. With respect to their number, you need not ask how many they are, for if a thousand men, or even fewer, should march out, they would certainly give you battle." Such was the reply he made, but Xerxes treated it with ridicule.

When the Greeks heard that Xerxes was leading this huge army against them, they consulted in what way and in what places they should fight. The opinion which prevailed was that they should defend the pass at Thermopylae, for it appeared to be narrower than any other. They accordingly resolved to guard this pass and not suffer the barbarians to enter Greece.

On the western side of Thermopylae is a steep mountain, and on the eastern side of the pass are the sea and a morass. A wall had been built in this pass, and formerly there were gates in it. This old wall had been built a long time before, and the greater part of it had fallen; but the Greeks determined to rebuild it, and in that place to repel the barbarians.

The force that Xerxes led to Thermopylae, including the servants and those who took care of the provisions, amounted to five million people. They were so many that I am not astonished that the streams of some rivers failed because of their having been drunk dry. King Xerxes encamped in the territory of Malis, and the Greeks took their stand in the pass. The following were the Greeks who awaited the Persian in this position: of Spartans, three hundred heavy-armed men; of warriors from

other cities, about four thousand. The man most admired and who commanded the whole army was Leonidas, the young King of Sparta.

When the vast Persian army drew near the pass, the Greeks became alarmed and consulted about a retreat. It seemed best to some to retire; but Leonidas determined to stay, and to dispatch messengers to the cities throughout Greece, desiring all the others to lend their aid in repelling the vast army of the Persians.

While they were deliberating on these matters, Xerxes sent a scout to see how many Greeks there were; for he had heard that a small army had been assembled at that spot. When the scout rode up to the camp, the Spartans happened to be posted outside; and he saw some of the men performing gymnastic exercises, and others combing their hair. On his return he gave an account to Xerxes of all that he had seen.

When Xerxes heard this, he could not believe that the Greeks were preparing to be slain, and to slay to the utmost of their power; but, as they appeared to behave in a ridiculous manner, he sent for Demaratus, the Greek, and questioned him as to what the Spartans were doing. Demaratus said, "Before, when we were setting out against Greece, you heard me speak of these men; and when you heard, you treated me with ridicule. These men plan to fight with us for the pass, and are now preparing themselves to do so. For such is their custom: when they are going to hazard their lives, they dress their heads. O King, you are now about to fight against the noblest of all the Greeks, and with the most valiant men." What was said seemed incredible to Xerxes, and he asked again, "When they are so few in number, how can they contend with my army?" Demaratus answered, "O King, deal with me as with one who speaks not the truth, if these things do not turn out as I say."

By saying this he did not convince Xerxes. The Persian King, therefore, let four days pass, constantly expecting that the Greeks would betake themselves to flight; but on the fifth day,

when they had not retreated, he was enraged and sent the Medes against them, with orders to take them alive, and bring them into his presence. The battle lasted through the day.

When the Medes were roughly handled, they retired; and the Persians whom the King called "Immortals" took their places and advanced to the attack, thinking that they should easily settle the business. But when they engaged with the Greeks, they succeeded no better than the Medes, for they fought in a narrow space, and used shorter spears than the Greeks, and were unable to avail themselves of their numbers. The Spartans fought memorably, so that when the Persians were unable to gain anything in their attempt on the pass, by attacking in every possible manner, they, too, retired. It is said that during the battle, the King, who was watching it, thrice sprang from his throne, because he was alarmed for his army.

On the following day the barbarians, believing that the Greeks were covered with wounds, and that they would not be able to raise their hands against them any more, renewed the contest. But the Greeks fought as desperately as before, and when the Persians found nothing different from what they had seen on the preceding day, they retired again.

While the King was in doubt what course to take in this state of affairs, Ephialtes, a Greek traitor, expecting that he would receive a great reward from the King, obtained an audience of him, and informed him of a secret path which led over the mountain to Thermopylae, by which the Persians could attack the Greeks from the rear. Xerxes immediately dispatched troops, guided by Ephialtes, along this path. The Persians marched all night. When morning appeared they were on the summit of the mountain. At this part of the mountain a thousand heavy-armed Phocians kept guard to secure the pathway; for the Phocians had promised Leonidas to guard this secret path across the mountain. When the Phocians were attacked by the Persians and hit by many and thick-falling arrows, they fled, supposing that the Persians had come expressly to attack them.

The Persians, however, took no notice of the Phocians, but marched down the mountain with all speed.

To the Greeks at Thermopylae there came certain deserters, who brought news that the Persians were marching over the secret path to attack them in the rear. Upon this the Greeks held a consultation, and their opinions were divided; for some would not hear of abandoning their post, and others opposed that view. After this, some of them departed. Others prepared to remain there with Leonidas, but it is said that he sent them away, being anxious that they should not perish. As for himself and his Spartans, he felt that they could not honorably desert the post which they originally came to defend.

Xerxes poured out libations at sunrise; then after waiting a short time he began his attack about the time of full market, for he had been so instructed by Ephialtes. The Persians with Xerxes advanced; and the Greeks with Leonidas marched out as if for certain death, advanced much farther than before into the wide part of the pass, and began the battle. Great numbers of the barbarians fell; for the officers behind had scourges and flogged the men, constantly urging them forward. In consequence, many of them fell into the sea and perished, and many more were trampled alive under foot by one another. The Greeks, knowing that death awaited them at the hands of those who were going around the mountain, were desperate and, regardless of their own lives, displayed the utmost possible valor against the barbarians.

Finally, most of the javelins of the Greeks were broken, and they began to kill the Persians with their swords. In this part of the struggle fell Leonidas, fighting valiantly, and with him other leaders of the Spartans. On the side of the Persians, also, many famous men were killed on this occasion. Two brothers of Xerxes fell at this spot, fighting for the body of Leonidas, and there was a violent struggle between the Persians and Spartans, until at last the Greeks rescued the body by their valor, and four times repulsed the enemy. Thus the contest continued until the

Persian army guided by Ephialtes came up. When the Greeks heard that this new enemy was approaching, they retreated to the narrow part of the pass. On this spot, while those who still had swords defended themselves with them, and those who had no weapons fought with their hands and teeth, the barbarians overwhelmed and killed the Greeks with missiles, some attacking in front, and others attacking them on every side.

In honor of the slain Spartans, who were buried on the spot where they fell, the following inscription was engraved: "Stranger, go tell the Lacedaemonians that we lie here, obedient to their commands." —*Abridged.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Herodotus (484?-425? B. C.) was a Greek historian, called "the father of history." In his youth he traveled not only in Greece but in foreign countries. Later in life, he wrote the history of the great Persian war of invasion, from Books VI and VII of which the story of Leonidas is taken. In the important facts of history, Herodotus is considered trustworthy, but he often enriches his story with imaginative pictures that somewhat color the exact truth, such as his reference to "the streams that failed because of their being drunk dry" by the great numbers of the Persian army.

The Persian invasion of Greece was a dream of world conquest. The aim of the despotic Persians was to conquer Greece, the center of ancient learning and freedom, and extend their power throughout the whole of Europe. The undertaking was begun by King Darius, whom the Greeks defeated at Marathon. This disaster so increased the wrath of Darius that he began preparations on a vast scale to continue the war. He died, however, before he could carry out his plans, and his son Xerxes became king. After collecting a vast army and navy—the greatest the world had then known—Xerxes renewed the attack by both a land force and a fleet. The battle against Leonidas at Thermopylae followed, and was a temporary success for Xerxes, but he was later defeated by the Greeks and forced to abandon the war.

Discussion. 1. What does the second paragraph on page 219 tell you about enemies of freedom? 2. What do you learn from this selection about the aims of Xerxes in the invasion of Greece? 3. What effect on our "inheritance of freedom" do you think the success of Xerxes would have produced? 4. Describe the place of defense chosen by Leonidas.

5. Compare the two armies in numbers and fighting ability. 6. Tell briefly the story of the battle. 7. What impression of the courage and skill of the Greeks do you gain from this selection? 8. What has your reading of the story of Leonidas done for your appreciation of our "inheritance of freedom"? 9. Leonidas lost his life in a vain effort to defeat the Persians. Do you think the battle was a *complete* failure for Greece? 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: best-appointed; exile; barbarian; repel; dispatch; Immortals; libation; Lacedaemonians. 11. *Pronounce:* morass; memorably; scourge.

Phrases for Study

yoke of servitude, **223**, 11
virtue has been acquired, **224**, 9
warded off tyranny, **224**, 10
hazard their lives, **225**, 26
avail themselves of their numbers, **226**, 10
obtained an audience, **226**, 24
abandoning their post, **227**, 7

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED

JAMES MONTGOMERY

"Make way for liberty!" he cried—
Made way for liberty, and died.

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood,
All-horrent with projected spears.
Opposed to these, a hovering band—
Impregnable their front appears—
Contended for their fatherland;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke;
Marshaled once more at freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin.
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for assault was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet.
How could they rest within their graves,
To leave their homes the haunts of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread,
With clanking chains, above their head?

It must not be; this day, this hour,
Annihilates the invader's power!
All Switzerland is in the field—
She will not fly, she cannot yield,
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
Yet every freeman was a host,
And felt as 'twere a secret known
That one should turn the scale alone,
While each unto himself was he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one, indeed;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of Fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked, he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,

The very thought come o'er his face,
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm,
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done—
The field was in a moment won!
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp;
"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Their keen points crossed from side to side.
He bowed amidst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.
Swift to the breach his comrades fly—
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart.
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, seized them all;
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. James Montgomery (1771-1854), a Scotch poet and journalist, was the son of a clergyman. When a mere boy he began to write poetry. After he grew up he established a newspaper, which he edited for more than thirty years. His works include many religious poems, but he is more widely known for his patriotic verse. "Arnold Winkelried" is his most stirring poem.

The story is that on July 9, 1386, there was a battle between the Swiss and the Austrians at Sempach, Switzerland. The Austrian troops were well armed and well trained. Since the cavalry could not manage their horses in the mountain pass, they dismounted and stood shoulder to shoulder, forming a solid mass with their spears projecting. The Swiss mountaineers were unable to break through this formation until Arnold Winkelried rushed forward, grasped as many spears as he could reach with his outstretched arms, pressed them into his body, and falling, bore them down with him to the ground. His companions rushed into the opening thus made in the Austrian lines, and won a victory which secured the independence of Switzerland.

This battle took place more than 1700 years after the brave Leonidas gave up his life in the cause of Greek freedom. In the intervening years there had been many struggles between strong rulers who made their subjects fight to gain power or lands for them, and men who wanted freedom and opportunity. The powerful and tyrannical rulers were always seeking to conquer the free peoples.

Discussion. 1. Who cried, "Make way for liberty"? 2. In what way did the Austrians resemble a wall? 3. What does the poet mean by comparing them to a wood? 4. Who were the "hovering band"? For what were they fighting? 5. Why do you think men are better fighters when they are fighting for freedom than for other causes? 6. What tells you that the Swiss were not accustomed to war? 7. What lines tell you that the Austrians were well disciplined? 8. What gave the Swiss courage to face so strong a foe? 9. Find lines in the third stanza which tell that each of the Swiss felt that victory depended on him alone. What effect had this thought on their efforts? 10. In what respects is the story of Arnold Winkelried like the story of Leonidas? 11. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: phalanx; impregnable; annihilate; trump; rumination; anticipate; instantaneous.

Phrases for Study

new-found strength, **229**, 9
ignoble yoke, **229**, 10
point for assault, **230**, 6
unbroken line of lances, **230**, 8
immortal date, **230**, 20
every freeman was a host, **230**, 22
turn the scale, **230**, 24
each unto himself was he, **230**, 25

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER

SIR WALTER SCOTT

ROBERT THE BRUCE*

Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, and John Comyn, usually called the Red Comyn, two great and powerful barons, had taken part with Sir William Wallace in the wars against England; but, after the defeat of Falkirk, being fearful of losing their great estates, and considering the freedom of Scotland as beyond the possibility of being recovered, both Bruce and Comyn had not only submitted themselves to Edward, and acknowledged his title as King of Scotland, but even borne arms, along with the English, against such of their countrymen as still continued to resist the usurper. But the feelings of Bruce concerning the baseness of this conduct are said, by the old tradition of Scotland, to have been awakened by the following incident. In one of the numerous battles or skirmishes which took place at the time between the English and their adherents on the one side, and the insurgent, or patriotic, Scots upon the other, Robert the Bruce was present, and assisted the English to gain the victory. After the battle was over, he sat down to dinner among his southern friends and allies, without washing his hands, on which there still remained spots of the blood which he had shed during the action. The English lords, observing this, whispered to each other in mockery, "Look at that Scotchman who is eating his own blood!" Bruce heard what they said, and began to reflect that the blood upon his hands might be indeed called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen who were fighting for the independence of Scotland, whilst he was assisting its oppressors, who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct. He was so much shocked and disgusted that he arose from table, and, going into a neighboring chapel, shed many tears, and asking pardon of God for the great crime he had been guilty of, made a solemn

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

vow that he would atone for it by doing all in his power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke. Accordingly, he left, it is said, the English army, and never joined it again, but remained watching an opportunity for restoring the freedom of his country.

Now, this Robert the Bruce was a remarkably brave and strong man; there was no man in Scotland that was thought a match for him except Sir William Wallace; and now that Wallace was dead, Bruce was held the best warrior in Scotland. He was very wise and prudent, and an excellent general. He was generous, too, and courteous by nature; but he had some faults, which perhaps belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion he was sometimes relentless and cruel.

Robert the Bruce had fixed his purpose, as I told you, to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and he desired to prevail upon Sir John the Red Comyn, who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this purpose, Bruce posted down from London to Dumfries, on the borders of Scotland, and requested an interview with John Comyn. They met in the church of the Minorites in that town, before the high altar. What passed betwixt them is not known with certainty; but they quarreled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the crown, or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English; or, as many writers say, because Bruce charged Comyn with having betrayed to the English his purpose of rising up against King Edward. It is, however, certain that these two haughty barons came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce, who I told you was extremely passionate, forgot the sacred character of the place in which they stood, and struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Having done this rash deed, he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse. Two gentlemen of the country, Lindesay and Kirkpatrick, friends of Bruce, were then in attendance on him. Seeing him pale and agitated, they inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter in doubt?" said Kirkpatrick. "I will make sicker!"—that is, I will make certain.

Accordingly, he and his companion Lindesay rushed into the church, and made the matter certain with a vengeance, by dispatching the wounded Comyn with their daggers. This slaughter of Comyn was a most rash and cruel action; and the historian of Bruce observes that it was followed by the displeasure of Heaven; for no man ever went through more misfortunes than Robert Bruce, although he at length rose to great honor.

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on the twenty-ninth of March, 1306. On the nineteenth of June, the new King was completely defeated near Methven by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scotch knight, who, though he served in the English army, did not choose to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape.

Driven from one place in the Highlands to another, starved out of some districts, and forced from others by the opposition of the inhabitants, Bruce attempted to force his way into Lorn; but he found enemies everywhere.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave King Robert that he was obliged to separate himself from his Queen and her ladies; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life when the frost and snow should set in. So Bruce left his Queen, with the Countess of Buchan and others, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie, and is situated near the head of the river Don in Aberdeenshire. The King also left his youngest brother, Nigel Bruce, to defend the castle against the English; and he himself, with his second brother Edward, who was a very brave man, but still more rash and passionate than Robert himself, went to Rachrin, an island near Ireland, where Bruce and his few followers passed the winter of 1306.

The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the captivity of his wife, and the execution of his brother, reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

It was about this time that an incident took place which, although it rests only on tradition in families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last unpleasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scotch crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce,

"as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more."

While Bruce was forming this resolution the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people by the name of Bruce so completely persuaded of the truth of this story that they would not on any account kill a spider, because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the Island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The King landed and inquired of the first woman he met what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, the governor of the castle of Brathwick, had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The King, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly. Now, the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn, he knew the sound well, and cried out that yonder was the King; he

knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides; whilst at the same time they could not help weeping when they considered their own forlorn condition, and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted. But they were stout-hearted men, and looked forward to freeing their country in spite of all that had yet happened.

When King Edward the First heard that Scotland was again in arms against him, he marched down to the borders with many threats of what he would do to avenge himself on Bruce and his party, whom he called rebels.

Other great lords besides Douglas were now exerting themselves to attack and destroy the English. Amongst those was Sir Thomas Randolph, whose mother was a sister of King Robert. He had joined with the Bruce when he first took up arms. Afterwards being made prisoner by the English, when the King was defeated at Methven, Sir Thomas Randolph was obliged to join the English to save his life. He remained so constant to them that he was in company with Aymer de Valence and John of Lorn when they forced the Bruce to disperse his little band; and he followed the pursuit so close that he made his uncle's standard-bearer prisoner and took his banner. Afterwards, however, he was himself made prisoner, at a solitary house on Lynewater, by the good Lord James Douglas, who brought him captive to the King. Robert reproached his nephew for having deserted his cause; and Randolph, who was very hot-tempered, answered insolently, and was sent by King Robert to prison. Shortly after, the uncle and nephew were reconciled, and Sir Thomas Randolph, created Earl of Murray by the King, was ever afterwards one of Bruce's best supporters. There was a sort of rivalry between Douglas and him, which should do the boldest and most hazardous actions. I will just mention one or two circumstances, which will show you what awful dangers were to be encountered by these brave men, in order to free Scotland from its enemies and invaders.

While Robert Bruce was gradually getting possession of the country, and driving out the English, Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, remained, with its strong castle, in possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph was extremely desirous to gain this important place; but, as you well know, the castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult or almost impossible even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them.

So while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scotch gentleman named Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private. He then told Randolph that in his youth he had lived in the Castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the castle by day to see her, he had practiced a way of clambering by night down the castle rock on the south side, and returning at his pleasure; when he came to the foot of the wall, he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high at that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag; and, for the same reason, no watch was placed there. Francis had gone and come so frequently in this dangerous manner, that, though it was now long ago, he told Randolph he knew the road so well that he would undertake to guide a small party of men by night to the bottom of the wall; and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was that of their being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff, in which case every man of them must have perished.

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the rock, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis, who went before them, upon his hands and

feet, up one cliff, down another, and round another, where there was scarce room to support themselves. All the while these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution. When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet, each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, wishing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out, "Aha, I see you well!" The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed; for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick (as, indeed, he had no other meaning in what he did and said), passed on without further examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way; Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed. When once they were within the walls, there was not so much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were speedily destroyed. Thus was Edinburgh Castle taken in March, 1312.

It was not, however, only by the exertions of great and power-

ful barons, like Randolph and Douglas, that the freedom of Scotland was to be accomplished. The stout yeomanry and the bold peasantry of the land, who were as desirous to enjoy their cottages in honorable independence as the nobles were to reclaim their castles and estates from the English, contributed their full share in the efforts which were made to deliver the country from the invaders. I will give you one instance among many.

There was a strong castle near Linlithgow, or Lithgow, as the word is more generally pronounced, where an English governor, with a powerful garrison, lay in readiness to support the English cause, and used to exercise much severity upon the Scotch in the neighborhood. There lived at no great distance from this stronghold, a farmer, a bold and stout man, whose name was Binnock, or, as it is now pronounced, Binning. This man saw with great joy the progress which the Scotch were making in recovering their country from the English, and resolved to do something to help his countrymen, by getting possession, if it were possible, of the Castle of Lithgow. But the place was very strong, situated by the side of a lake, defended not only by gates, which were usually kept shut against strangers, but also by a portcullis. A portcullis is a sort of door formed of crossbars of iron, like a grate. It has not hinges like a door, but is drawn up by pulleys, and let down when any danger approaches. It may be let go in a moment, and then falls down into the doorway; and as it has great iron spikes at the bottom, it crushes all that it lights upon; thus in case of a sudden alarm, a portcullis may be let suddenly fall to defend the entrance, when it is not possible to shut the gates. Binnock knew this very well, but he resolved to be provided against this risk also when he attempted to surprise the castle. So he spoke with some bold, courageous countrymen, and engaged them in his enterprise, which he accomplished thus:

Binnock had been accustomed to supply the garrison of Linlithgow with hay, and he had been ordered by the English governor to furnish some cartloads, of which they were in want. He promised to bring it accordingly; but the night before he drove

the hay to the castle, he stationed a party of his friends, as well armed as possible, near the entrance, where they could not be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions that they should come to his assistance as soon as they should hear him cry a signal, which was to be, "Call all, call all!" Then he loaded a great wagon with hay. But in the wagon he placed eight strong men, well armed, lying flat on their breasts, and covered over with hay, so that they could not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside the wagon; and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a strong ax or hatchet. In this way Binnock approached the castle early in the morning; and the watchman, who only saw two men, Binnock being one of them, with a cart of hay, which they expected, opened the gates and raised up the portcullis, to permit them to enter the castle. But as soon as the cart had gotten under the gateway, Binnock made a sign to his servant, who with his ax suddenly cut asunder the soam, that is, the yoke which fastens the horses to the cart, and the horses finding themselves free, naturally started forward, the cart remaining behind. At the same moment, Binnock cried, as loud as he could, "Call all, call all!" and drawing the sword, which he had under his country habit, he killed the porter. The armed men then jumped up from under the hay where they lay concealed, and rushed on the English guard. The Englishmen tried to shut the gates, but they could not, because the cart of hay remained in the gateway, and prevented the folding-doors from being closed. The portcullis was also let fall, but the grating was caught on the cart, and so could not drop to the ground. The men who were in ambush near the gate, hearing the cry, "Call all, call all," ran to assist those who had leaped out from amongst the hay; the castle was taken, and all the Englishmen killed or made prisoners. King Robert rewarded Binnock by bestowing on him an estate, which his posterity long afterwards enjoyed.

The English now possessed scarcely any place of importance in Scotland, excepting Stirling, which was besieged, or rather

blockaded, by Edward Bruce, the King's brother. To blockade a town or castle is to quarter an army around it, so as to prevent those within from getting provisions. This was done by the Scotch before Stirling, till Sir Philip Mowbray, who commanded the castle, finding that he was like to be reduced to extremity for want of provisions, made an agreement with Edward Bruce that he would surrender the place, provided he were not relieved by the King of England before midsummer. Sir Edward agreed to these terms, and allowed Mowbray to go to London, to tell King Edward of the conditions he had made. But when King Robert heard what his brother had done, he thought it was too great a risk, since it obliged him to venture a battle with the full strength of Edward the Second, who had under him England, Ireland, Wales, and great part of France, and could within the time allowed assemble a much more powerful army than the Scotch could, even if all Scotland were fully under the King's authority. Sir Edward answered his brother with his naturally audacious spirit, "Let Edward bring every man he has, we will fight them, were they more." The King admired his courage, though it was mingled with rashness. "Since it is so, brother," he said, "we will manfully abide battle, and assemble all who love us, and value the freedom of Scotland, to come with all the men they have, and help us to oppose King Edward, should he come with his army to rescue Stirling."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Walter Scott (1771-1832) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Even in his childhood he loved nothing better than to wander through Scotland, looking up castles and ruins and listening to the stories connected with them, told by the old people of the villages. He became familiar with all the ballads and legends of his locality, and these, with Bishop Percy's collection of ballads, which he read later, exerted a strong influence on his life. He loved the history and romance of Scotland and made them known to all the world through his poems and novels.

In 1828-31 he published *Tales of a Grandfather,* because, as he writes in his diary, the good thought came to him to write stories from the

history of Scotland for his grandson, John Hugh Lockhart, whom he calls Hugh Littlejohn. "Children hate books which are written down to their capacity, and love those that are composed more for their elders. I will," he says, "make, if possible, a book that a child shall understand, yet a man will feel some temptation to peruse should he chance to take it up." "Robert the Bruce" and "The Battle of Bannockburn," are two of the stories that make up *Tales of a Grandfather.*

In the early part of the fourteenth century King Edward I of England attempted to extend his rule over Scotland. All Scotchmen of high spirit resented this, and one of them, William Wallace, collected a body of men to put an end to the oppression of the English. After a number of small battles Wallace defeated the English army at the River Forth and drove it out of Scotland. This greatly angered King Edward, and he determined to conquer Scotland. The Scotch, under the leadership of Wallace, defended themselves, but finally, in a decisive battle at Falkirk, were put to flight by the English. For seven years Wallace and a small band of followers refused to lay down their arms, but finally Wallace was taken prisoner, tried, and executed.

Discussion. 1. What incident made Robert Bruce leave the English army? 2. What qualities for leadership did he possess? 3. What happened when Comyn and Bruce met at the church in Dumfries? 4. What misfortunes followed Bruce after this event? 5. Which did you wish Bruce to do, fight the Saracens, or fight for Scotland? Why? 6. Read again the second paragraph on page 219, and then tell to whom Scotland owes her freedom. In what way is this story like the story of Leonidas? 7. What did the spider show Bruce? 8. How did Bruce and James Douglas meet? 9. What do you know about Sir Thomas Randolph? 10. Describe the taking of Edinburgh Castle. 11. By what stratagem was the Castle of Lithgow taken? 12. Read lines that show the character of the King's brother, Sir Edward. 13. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: adherents; insurgent; mutual; persevering; reconciled; posterity. 14. *Pronounce:* patriotic; yeomanry; severity; audacious.

Phrases for Study

resist the usurper, 233, 9
foreign yoke, 234, 2
pretensions to the throne, 234, 17
posted down from London, 234, 19
I doubt, 235, 1
fashion of that creature, 236, 26
stout-hearted men, 238, 6
bold peasantry, 241, 2
quarter an army, 243, 2
manfully abide battle, 243, 21

Class Reading. The incident of the spider, page 236, line 22, to page 237, line 18; the capture of Edinburgh Castle, page 239, line 1, to page 240, line 34.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

Library Reading. *Stories from Scottish History,* Edgar; "The Rat Trap," Caball (in *Harper's Magazine,* December, 1907); "Taking of Three Castles," Rolf (in *Tales from Scottish History*); *Little Journeys to Scotland and Ireland,* Whitcomb and George.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN*

When Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor of Stirling, came to London to tell the King that Stirling, the last Scotch town of importance which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before midsummer, then all the English nobles called out it would be a sin and shame to permit the fair conquest which Edward the First had made, to be forfeited to the Scotch for want of fighting.

King Edward the Second, therefore, assembled one of the greatest armies which a King of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions. Many brave soldiers from the French provinces which the King of England possessed in France, many Irish, many Welsh, and all the great English nobles and barons, with their followers, were assembled in one great army. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men.

King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him, when he heard of the great preparations which the King of England was making. They were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, his whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen; but then, Robert, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of the time; and the officers he had under him were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

that had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The King, on his part, studied how he might supply, by address and stratagem, what he wanted in numbers and strength. He knew the superiority of the English, both in their heavy-armed cavalry, which were much better mounted and armed than that of the Scotch, and in their archers, who were better trained than any others in the world. Both these advantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose, he led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army must needs pass through a boggy country, broken with watercourses, while the Scotch occupied hard, dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of holes about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brushwood, and the turf was laid on the top, so that it appeared a plain field, while in reality it was all full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes, called caltrops, to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting in that manner to lame and destroy their horses.

When the Scotch army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south it was terminated by the banks of the brook called Bannockburn, which are so rocky that no troops could attack them there. On the left, the Scotch line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully; all the useless servants, drivers of carts, and such like, of whom there were very many, he ordered to go behind a height, afterwards, in memory of the event, called the Gillies' Hill, that is, the Servants' Hill. He then spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the victory or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the King posted Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the Church of St. Ninian's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succors from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then dispatched James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Keith, the Marshal of the Scotch army, in order that they might survey, as nearly as they could, the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot—that the number of standards, banners, and pennons made so gallant a show that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the twenty-third of June (1314) the King of Scotland heard the news that the English army were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

"See, Randolph," said the King to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant that Randolph had lost some honor by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been stationed to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scotch were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be in so much danger that Douglas asked leave of the King to go and assist him. The King refused him permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault; I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the

small handful of Scotch infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the King, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish—I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly; but long before they had reached the place of combat, they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" said Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the day; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now, that was nobly done; especially as Douglas and Randolph were always contending which should rise higher in the good opinion of the King and the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scotch were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armor and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a sort of battle-ax made of steel.

The next morning, being the twenty-fourth of June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scotch getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks barefooted, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They knelt down as he passed, and prayed to Heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down—they are asking forgiveness." "Yes," said a celebrated English baron called Ingelram de Umphraville, "but they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English King ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. They killed many of the Scotch, and might, as at Falkirk and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce, as I told

you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scotch horsemen, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scotch line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defense, and unable to rise, from the weight of their armor. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scotch King, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scotch camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterwards called the Gillies' Hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scotch, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the King till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther. "It is not my custom," he said, "to flee." With that he took leave of the King, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry, "Argentine! Argentine!" he rushed into the thickest of the Scotch ranks, and was killed.

Edward first fled to Stirling Castle, and entreated admittance; but Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, reminded the fugitive sovereign that he was obliged to surrender the castle next day, so

Edward was forced to fly through the Torwood, closely pursued by Douglas with a body of cavalry.

Douglas and Abernethy continued the chase, not giving King Edward time to alight from horseback even for an instant, and followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend in the governor, Patrick, Earl of March. The Earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a small ship, in which he escaped to England, having entirely lost his fine army, and a great number of his bravest nobles.

The English never before or afterwards, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scotch ever gain one of the same importance. Many of the best and bravest of the English nobility and gentry lay dead on the field; a great many more were prisoners; and the whole of King Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.

The English, after this great defeat, were no longer in a condition to support their pretensions to be masters of Scotland. On the contrary, they became for a time scarce able to defend their own frontiers against King Robert and his soldiers.

Thus did Robert Bruce arise from the condition of an exile, hunted with bloodhounds like a stag or beast of prey, to the rank of an independent sovereign, universally acknowledged to be one of the wisest and bravest kings who then lived. The nation of Scotland was also raised once more from the situation of a distressed and conquered province to that of a free and independent state, governed by its own laws, and subject to its own princes; and although the country was, after the Bruce's death, often subjected to great loss and distress, both by the hostility of the English, and by the unhappy civil wars among the Scotch themselves, yet they never afterwards lost the freedom for which Wallace had laid down his life, and which King Robert had recovered, not less by his wisdom than by his weapons. And therefore most just it is, that while the country of Scotland retains any recollection of its history, the memory of those brave warriors and faithful patriots should be remembered with honor and gratitude.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Describe the two armies, the English and the Scotch. 2. What stratagem did the Scotch King use? 3. What did King Robert mean when he said to Randolph, "There is a rose fallen from your chaplet"? 4. Find passages that show two fine sides of Douglas's nature. 5. Describe the Scotch King as he rode up and down the ranks of his army. 6. Describe the battle. 7. What decided the victory? 8. Compare the incident that decided this victory with that of King Arthur's "Battle in the West," page 177. 9. Find the passages that seem to you the most thrilling. 10. Why was this such an important battle? 11. Note that it was the English *King* who was trying to conquer the Scotch, not the great mass of the English *people,* who had nothing to say in the matter. Scotland is now a contented part of the British Empire. Compare Bruce's accomplishment for freedom with that of Leonidas and that of Arnold Winkelried. 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: terminated; diligence; succor; encompass; sustain; valiant; gentry; dispersed. 13. *Pronounce:* boggy; exhorted; frontiers.

Phrases for Study

fair conquest, **245**, 6
disadvantage of situation, **246**, 2
supply, by address, **246**, 3
obstinately maintained, **249**, 15
disorderly rabble, **249**, 23
entreated admittance, **249**, 33
fugitive sovereign, **249**, 34
civil wars, **250**, 29

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "How Sleep the Brave," Collins; "Bruce and the Spider," Barton.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

BANNOCKBURN

ROBERT BURNS

Scots, wha hae wi'[1] Wallace bled,
Scots, wham[2] Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

[1] *wha hae wi'*, who have with [2] *wham*, whom

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae[3] base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',[4]
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography see page 78.

Historical Note. Burns wrote this ode to fit an old air, said in Scotch tradition to have been Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. "This thought," Burns said, "in my solitary wanderings, has warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence." The story is told that Burns wrote this poem while riding on horseback over a wild moor in Scotland in company with a Mr. Syme, who, observing the expression on the poet's face, refrained from speaking to him.

[3] *sae*, so [4] *fa'*, fall

Doubtless this vigorous hymn was singing itself through the soul of Burns as he wrote it. The poem is considered the most stirring war ode ever written.

Discussion. 1. Who is supposed to speak the words? 2. To whom are they supposed to be addressed? 3. For what did Bruce contend? 4. What patriot before him had fought against great odds in the same cause? 5. In these lines what choice does Bruce offer his army? 6. To what deep feeling does he appeal? 7. Does this poem represent truly Bruce's own feeling for his country? 8. Which are the most stirring lines? 9. What was Burns's purpose in writing it? 10. What influence does such a poem have? 11. What did you read on page 220 about the service of poets in building our "inheritance of freedom"? 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: gory; lour; servile.

Phrases for Study

traitor knave, **252**, 5
oppression's woes, **252**, 13
drain our dearest veins, **252**, 15
proud usurpers, **252**, 17

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Lord Thomas Howard, with six of her Majesty's ships, six victualers of London, the bark *Raleigh*, and two or three pinnaces riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the islands of the Azores, the last of August, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish fleet.

He had no sooner delivered the news than the fleet was in sight. Many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island, one half of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable. For in the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased; in the *Bonaventure* not so many in health as could handle her mainsail; the rest, for the most part, were in little better state.

The Spanish fleet were now so soon at hand that our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last to recover the men upon the island, which otherwise

had been lost. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather die than dishonor himself and his country, persuading his company that he would enforce those of Seville to give him way.

The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners, in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only.

After many volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships.

After the fight had thus without intermission continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, one of the great galleons of the armada was sunk, and in many others of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, but two of the *Revenge's* own company affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck till an hour before midnight.

The Spanish ships attempted to board the *Revenge*, but as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning, there had fifteen several vessels assailed her.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army! By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war. On the contrary the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron,

and all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed.

Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance—having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several vessels, and finding that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now cast in a ring around about him, the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other—commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to sink the ship. For he wished that no glory might remain to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight and with so great a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, fifteen thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal. He persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else, but, as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days.

The master gunner readily condescended, and divers others. But the Captain and the Master were of another opinion and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same, and that there being divers valiant men yet living, whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country service hereafter.

As the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons, the Master of the *Revenge* was convoyed aboard the *General,* commanded by Don Alfonso Bassan; who, finding none of his men over-hasty to attempt again to enter the *Revenge,* fearing lest Sir Richard would blow them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the Master his dangerous disposition, yielded that the lives of all on board the *Revenge* should be saved. To this he so much the rather

condescended, as well for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire to recover Sir Richard Grenville; whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

When this answer was returned, and safety of life was promised, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the gunner, it being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. Then the *General* sent many boats aboard the *Revenge,* and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the *General* and other ships. Sir Richard, thus overmatched, was sent unto by Don Alfonso Bassan to remove out of the *Revenge,* the ship being marvelous unsavory. As he was carried out of the ship, he swooned, and reviving again desired the company to pray for him. Don Alfonso used Sir Richard with all humanity, highly commending his valor and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was. To the Spaniards he was a rare spectacle, having turned one ship toward so many enemies, endured the charge and boarding of so many huge vessels, and resisted and repelled the assaults and entries of so many soldiers.

Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the *General,* and was by all greatly bewailed. The comfort that remaineth to his friends is that he hath ended his life honorably in the reputation won to his country, and that he hath not outlived his own honor.

—*Abridged.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. In the autumn of 1591 a small fleet of English vessels lay at the Azores to intercept the Spanish treasure-ships from the Indies. On the appearance of the Spanish war-vessels sent to protect the treasure-ships, the much smaller English fleet took flight, with the exception of the *Revenge,* commanded by Sir Richard Grenville. Lord Bacon described the fight as "a defeat exceeding victory."

This story of the fight of the *Revenge* was written by Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618), a cousin of Grenville. Raleigh was an English explorer, colonizer, and historian. He planted the first English colony in America, on Roanoke Island, off the coast of North Carolina. Later,

he was interested in an attempt to form a colony in Guiana, and his account of his experiences is one of the most thrilling adventure stories in the world. His daring exploits made him a favorite at the court of Queen Elizabeth, but after her death he gained the ill will of James I and was executed on a false charge of piracy and treason.

In 1588, three years before the events narrated in this selection, the Spanish Armada, the great fleet sent by King Philip II to overthrow England, was met and defeated by a small English fleet. The last fight of the *Revenge* is one of the many smaller struggles that continued to take place, after Spain's defeat, between the two unfriendly nations. The overthrow of the great Armada is a victory of first importance, for it marked the collapse of the attempt on the part of an ambitious ruler to establish Spanish despotism not only in England, but everywhere throughout Europe. Just as the Persian dreams of world dominion were ended by the Greeks, aroused by the heroic example of Leonidas, so the defeat of the Armada by the English fleet, two thousand years later, ended the plans for world conquest on the part of Spain.

Discussion. 1. Describe the English fleet as it lay anchored near Flores. 2. What was the condition of the men on the *Revenge* and the *Bonaventure*? 3. What two things could Sir Richard do? 4. Which did he choose? Why? 5. How were the Spanish ships manned as compared with the English? 6. Describe the condition of the *Revenge* on the second day of the fighting. 7. What was Sir Richard's order to the master gunner? 8. What was the opinion of the Captain and the Master? 9. What do you think of the reasons they gave? 10. What was the Spaniard's offer? 11. What did you read in the second paragraph on page 219 about dangers that threaten freedom? What "ambitious men or groups of men" were opposed by Leonidas? By Arnold Winkelried? By Robert the Bruce? By the English sea captains like Sir Richard? 12. Find examples of quaint expressions and uses of words, such as *which* for *who*, page 253, line 15. 13. Look up in the Glossary the meaning of: ordnance; divers; galleon; affirmed; several; squadron; assault; condescended; mortal. 14. *Pronounce:* victualers; Azores; armada; wounded; dissuade.

Phrases for Study

weigh their anchors, **253**, 13
let slip their cables, **253**, 14
enforce those of Seville, **254**, 3
deliberated to enter, **254**, 11
upper work altogether razed, **255**, 4
must needs be possessed, **255**, 8
entertain a composition, **255**, 24
dangerous disposition, **255**, 34

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 198.

Discussion. 1. Which stanzas refer to the present; which one refers to the past; which one to the future? 2. Why does the poet take this view into the past and the future? 3. Notice the interesting rime in the seventh line of every stanza. 4. Notice the pleasing effect which the poet produces by using, in one line, several words beginning with the same letter: "battle," "breeze," "loud and long"; find other examples. 5. What service for our "Inheritance of Freedom" was done by the "mariners of England" in the struggle against the Spanish Armada? 6. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: launch; bulwark; steep; terrific.

Library Reading. "On Admiralty Service," Harding (in *Harper's Magazine*, December, 1917); "Battle of the Baltic," Campbell.

Phrases for Study

field of fame, **258**, 13
thunders from her native oak, **258**, 25
meteor flag, **259**, 1
danger's troubled night, **259**, 3

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

O Thou, that sendest out the man
To rule by land and sea,
Strong mother of a Lion-line
Be proud of those strong sons of thine
Who wrench'd their rights from thee!

What wonder, if in noble heat
Those men thine arms withstood,
Re-taught the lesson thou hadst taught,
And in thy spirit with thee fought—
Who sprang from English blood!

But Thou rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face,
And shatter, when the storms are black,
In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,
Thy work is thine—the single note
From that deep chord which Hampden smote
Will vibrate to the doom.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 62.

Discussion. 1. Why does the poet think England should be proud of America? 2. Read the lines that tell, in figurative language, what England and Englishmen will do when their rights are attacked. 3. Notice in the last stanza how the words *harmonies, note, chord, smote,* and *vibrate* all help to carry out the thought expressed in figurative language. 4. What was the "chord which Hampden smote"? 5. Is it still "vibrating"? 6. On page 220 you read that George Washington "performed a double service in the cause of freedom." What was this "double service"? Which line in the second stanza shows that Tennyson understood this fact? 7. On page 222 you read a prophecy by Burke; how does Tennyson's poem prove that Burke was right?

Phrases for Study

strong mother of a Lion-line, **259**, 3
sons of thine, **259**, 4
wrench'd their rights, **259**, 5
in noble heat, **260**, 1
thine arms withstood, **260**, 2
re-taught the lesson, **260**, 3
harmonies of law, **260**, 11
vibrate to the doom, **260**, 15

"MEN WHO MARCH AWAY"

(SONG OF THE SOLDIERS)

THOMAS HARDY

What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
Leaving all that here could win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye,
Who watch us stepping by,
With doubt and dolorous sigh?
Can much pondering so hoodwink you!
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye?

Nay. We see well what we are doing,
Though some may not see,
Dalliers as they be;
England's need are we;
Her distress would leave us rueing:
Nay. We see well what we are doing,
Though some may not see!

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just,
And that braggarts must
Surely bite the dust,
Press we to the field ungrieving,

In our heart of hearts believing
Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
Leaving all that here could win us;
Hence the faith and fire within us
Men who march away.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Thomas Hardy (1840-) was born in Dorsetshire, England, and was educated at local schools and by private tutors. While a boy he began writing verse and an occasional short story. From 1870 his life has been devoted to literature. He excels as a short story writer, his "The Three Strangers" appearing in a number of lists of the one hundred best short stories. Among his other works, *Laughing Stock and Other Verses, Under the Greenwood Tree,* and *A Pair of Blue Eyes* are widely known. Mr. Hardy was given the Order of Merit in 1910. The poem "Men Who March Away" was written at the time the English soldiers were entering the World War.

Discussion. 1. What "faith and fire" must the soldier have who freely enlists in the service of his country in war? 2. Whom does the poet address in the second stanza? 3. Use other words instead of "purblind prank." 4. Explain the meaning of the fourth and fifth lines of the third stanza. 5. Why does the poet say the soldiers march to war ungrieving? 6. What reason is given for the "faith and fire" of the soldiers? 7. In the fourth stanza, what belief does the author say the soldier has? 8. What was said on page 220 about the service of poets in the cause of freedom? 9. How does a poem like this cause men to volunteer to fight for their country? During what war was this poem written? 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: musing; dolorous; pondering; dallier; rueing.

Phrases for Study

faith and fire within us, **261**, 1
all that here could win us, **261**, 5
bite the dust, **261**, 25
press we to the field, **261**, 26

EARLY AMERICAN SPIRIT OF FREEDOM

GRANDFATHER'S CHAIR

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

THE STAMP ACT*

"Charley, my boy," said Grandfather, "do you remember who was the last occupant of the chair?"

"It was Lieutenant-governor Hutchinson," answered Charley. "Sir Francis Bernard, the new Governor, had given him the chair instead of putting it away in the garret of the province-house. And when we took leave of Hutchinson he was sitting by his fireside and thinking of the past adventures of the chair and of what was to come."

"Very well," said Grandfather, "and you recollect that this was in 1763 or thereabouts, at the close of the Old French War. Now, that you may fully comprehend the remaining adventures of the chair, I must make some brief remarks on the situation and character of the New England colonies at this period."

So Grandfather spoke of the earnest loyalty of our fathers during the Old French War, and after the conquest of Canada had brought that war to a triumphant close.

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

The people loved and reverenced the King of England even more than if the ocean had not rolled its waves between him and them, for at the distance of three thousand miles they could not discover his bad qualities and imperfections. Their love was increased by the dangers which they had encountered in order to heighten his glory and extend his dominion. Throughout the war the American colonists had fought side by side with the soldiers of Old England, and nearly thirty thousand young men had laid down their lives for the honor of King George. And the survivors loved him the better because they had done and suffered so much for his sake.

But there were some circumstances that caused America to feel more independent of England than at an earlier period. Canada and Acadia had now become British provinces, and our fathers were no longer afraid of the bands of French and Indians who used to assault them in old times. For a century and a half this had been the great terror of New England. Now the old French soldier was driven from the north forever. And even had it been otherwise, the English colonies were growing so populous and powerful that they might have felt fully able to protect themselves without any help from England.

There were thoughtful and sagacious men who began to doubt whether a great country like America would always be content to remain under the government of an island three thousand miles away. This was the more doubtful because the English Parliament had long ago made laws which were intended to be very beneficial to England at the expense of America. By these laws the colonists were forbidden to manufacture articles for their own use or to carry on trade with any nation but the English.

"Now," continued Grandfather, "if King George III and his counselors had considered these things wisely, they would have taken another course than they did. But when they saw how rich and populous the colonies had grown, their first thought was how they might make more profit out of them than heretofore.

England was enormously in debt at the close of the Old French War, and it was pretended that this debt had been contracted for the defense of the American colonies, and that therefore a part of it ought to be paid by them."

"Why, this was nonsense!" exclaimed Charley. "Did not our fathers spend their lives, and their money too, to get Canada for King George?"

"True, they did," said Grandfather, "and they told the English rulers so. But the King and his ministers would not listen to good advice. In 1765 the British Parliament passed a stamp act."

"What was that?" inquired Charley.

"The stamp act," replied Grandfather, "was a law by which all deeds, bonds, and other papers of the same kind were ordered to be marked with the King's stamp, and without this mark they were declared illegal and void. Now, in order to get a blank sheet of paper with the King's stamp upon it, people were obliged to pay threepence more than the actual value of the paper. And this extra sum of threepence was a tax and was to be paid into the King's treasury."

"I am sure threepence was not worth quarreling about!" remarked Clara.

"It was not for threepence, nor for any amount of money, that America quarreled with England," replied Grandfather; "it was for a great principle. The colonists were determined not to be taxed except by their own representatives. They said that neither the King and Parliament nor any other power on earth had a right to take their money out of their pockets unless they freely gave it. And, rather than pay threepence when it was unjustly demanded, they resolved to sacrifice all the wealth of the country, and their lives along with it. They therefore made a most stubborn resistance to the stamp act."

"That was noble!" exclaimed Laurence. "I understand how it was. If they had quietly paid the tax of threepence, they would have ceased to be freemen and would have become tributaries of England. And so they contended about a great

question of right and wrong, and put everything at stake for it."

"You are right, Laurence," said Grandfather, "and it was really amazing and terrible to see what a change came over the aspect of the people the moment the English Parliament had passed this oppressive act. The former history of our chair, my children, has given you some idea of what a harsh, unyielding, stern set of men the old Puritans were. For a good many years back, however, it had seemed as if these characteristics were disappearing. But no sooner did England offer wrong to the colonies than the descendants of the early settlers proved that they had the same kind of temper as their forefathers. The moment before, New England appeared like a humble and loyal subject of the Crown; the next instant she showed the grim, dark features of an old king-resisting Puritan."

Grandfather spoke briefly of the public measures that were taken in opposition to the stamp act. As this law affected all the American colonies alike, it naturally led them to think of consulting together in order to procure its repeal. For this purpose the legislature of Massachusetts proposed that delegates from every colony should meet in congress. Accordingly, nine colonies, both northern and southern, sent delegates to the city of New York.

"And did they consult about going to war with England?" asked Charley.

"No, Charley," answered Grandfather; "a great deal of talking was yet to be done before England and America could come to blows. The Congress stated the rights and grievances of the colonists. They sent a humble petition to the King and a memorial to the Parliament beseeching that the stamp act might be repealed. This was all that the delegates had it in their power to do."

"They might as well have stayed at home, then," said Charley.

"By no means," replied Grandfather. "It was a most important and memorable event, this first coming together of the American people by their representatives from the North and

South. If England had been wise, she would have trembled at the first word that was spoken in such an assembly."

These remonstrances and petitions, as Grandfather observed, were the work of grave, thoughtful, and prudent men. Meantime the young and hot-headed people went to work in their own way. It is probable that the petitions of Congress would have had little or no effect on the British statesmen if the violent deeds of the American people had not shown how much excited the people were. Liberty Tree was soon heard of in England."

"What was Liberty Tree?" inquired Clara.

"It was an old elm tree," answered Grandfather, "which stood near the corner of Essex street, opposite the Boylston Market. Under the spreading branches of this great tree the people used to assemble whenever they wished to express their feelings and opinions. Thus, after a while it seemed as if the liberty of the country was connected with Liberty Tree."

"It was glorious fruit for a tree to bear," remarked Laurence.

"It bore strange fruit sometimes," said Grandfather. "One morning in August, 1765, two figures were found hanging on the sturdy branches of Liberty Tree. They were dressed in square-skirted coats and smallclothes, and as their wigs hung down over their faces they looked like real men. One was intended to represent the Earl of Bute, who was supposed to have advised the King to tax America. The other was meant for the effigy of Andrew Oliver, a gentleman belonging to one of the most respectable families in Massachusetts."

"What harm had he done?" inquired Charley.

"The King had appointed him to be distributor of the stamps," answered Grandfather. "Mr. Oliver would have made a great deal of money by this business; but the people frightened him so much by hanging him in effigy, and afterward by breaking into his house, that he promised to have nothing to do with the stamps. And all the King's friends throughout America were compelled to make the same promise."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) was a master of the short story as a means of interpreting character. His ancestors were men of action—soldiers, seamen, and public officials. But he was unlike them; all his life he was a dreamer who loved solitude better than society. The subject of his dreaming was human character, particularly the character of the Puritan founders of New England, and he retold many legends of colonial times. Besides these legends he wrote stories, visions of life in which one can scarcely draw the line between reality and illusion; stories of lovers who sought vainly for happiness; stories of a great stone face on the mountain side, and what it signified. Somewhat longer than these tales—which he called *Twice-Told Tales*—are his romances, such as *The Scarlet Letter,* and *The House of the Seven Gables.* Besides his longer romances he wrote simple and charming stories of New England history for children. In one such book, *Grandfather's Chair,* Hawthorne represents an old man sitting in a great armchair and telling his grandchildren stories of the famous men who had at different times occupied this chair, which had been brought to America in the *Mayflower.* "The Stamp Act" and "Some Famous Portraits" are two of Grandfather's stories taken from this book.

Discussion. 1. Describe the loyalty of the colonists to King George. 2. Give two reasons why the colonies began to feel more and more independent. 3. What were some of the laws passed by the English Parliament that made the colonies wish for independence? 4. What was the Stamp Act? 5. Would you have felt as Clara did, or as Laurence felt? 6. How did these wrongs change the feelings of the colonists? 7. Describe the congress proposed by the Massachusetts legislature. 8. What did this congress do? 9. Why was this congress so important? 10. How did Liberty Tree get its name? 11. What "fruit" did it bear? 12. Show that the colonists in resisting the Stamp Act contributed to our "inheritance of freedom." 13. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: comprehend; dominion; tributary. 14. *Pronounce:* sagacious; Parliament; effigy.

Phrases for Study

Old French War, **263**, 10
heighten his glory, **264**, 6
put everything at stake, **266**, 1
subject of the Crown, **266**, 12
procure its repeal, **266**, 18
hanging him in effigy, **267**, 31

Class Reading. Select passages to be read aloud in class.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

Library Reading. Other stories from *Grandfather's Chair,* Hawthorne; "Boston Boys," Perry (in *St. Nicholas,* July, 1876); "Economic Freedom," McPherson (in *The Youth's Companion,* December 9, 1920).

SOME FAMOUS PORTRAITS*

The next evening the astral lamp was lighted earlier than usual, because Laurence was very much engaged in looking over the collection of portraits which had been his New Year's gift from Grandfather.

Among them he found the features of more than one famous personage who had been connected with the adventures of our old chair. Grandfather bade him draw the table nearer to the fireside, and they looked over the portraits together, while Clara and Charley likewise lent their attention. As for little Alice, she sat in Grandfather's lap, and seemed to see the very men alive whose faces were there represented.

Turning over the volume, Laurence came to the portrait of a stern, grim-looking man in plain attire, of much more modern fashion than that of the old Puritans. But the face might well have befitted one of those iron-hearted men. Beneath the portrait was the name of Samuel Adams.

"He was a man of great note in all the doings that brought about the Revolution," said Grandfather. "His character was such that it seemed as if one of the ancient Puritans had been sent back to earth to animate the people's hearts with the same abhorrence of tyranny that had distinguished the earliest settlers. He was as religious as they, as stern and inflexible, and as deeply imbued with democratic principles. He, better than anyone else, may be taken as a representative of the people of New England, and of the spirit with which they engaged in the Revolutionary struggle. He was a poor man, and earned his bread by a humble occupation, but with his tongue and pen he made the King of

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

England tremble on his throne. Remember him, my children, as one of the strong men of our country."

"Here is one whose looks show a very different character," observed Laurence, turning to the portrait of John Hancock. "I should think, by his splendid dress and courtly aspect, that he was one of the King's friends."

"There never was a greater contrast than between Samuel Adams and John Hancock," said Grandfather, "yet they were of the same side in politics, and had an equal agency in the Revolution. Hancock was born to the inheritance of the largest fortune in New England. His tastes and habits were aristocratic. He loved gorgeous attire, a splendid mansion, magnificent furniture, stately festivals, and all that was glittering and pompous in external things. His manners were so polished that there stood not a nobleman at the footstool of King George's throne who was a more skillful courtier than John Hancock might have been. Nevertheless, he in his embroidered clothes and Samuel Adams in his threadbare coat wrought together in the cause of liberty. Adams acted from pure and rigid principle. Hancock, though he loved his country, yet thought quite as much of his own popularity as he did of the people's rights. It is remarkable that these two men, so very different as I describe them, were the only two exempted from pardon by the King's proclamation."

On the next leaf of the book was the portrait of General Joseph Warren. Charley recognized the name, and said that here was a greater man than either Hancock or Adams.

"Warren was an eloquent and able patriot," replied Grandfather. "He deserves a lasting memory for his zealous efforts in behalf of liberty. No man's voice was more powerful in Faneuil Hall than Joseph Warren's. If his death had not happened so early in the contest, he would probably have gained a high name as a soldier."

The next portrait was a venerable man who held his thumb under his chin, and through his spectacles appeared to be attentively reading a manuscript.

"Here we see the most illustrious Boston boy that ever lived," said Grandfather. "This is Benjamin Franklin. But I will not try to compress into a few sentences the character of the sage who, as a Frenchman expressed it, snatched the lightning from the sky and the scepter from a tyrant. Mr. Sparks must help you to the knowledge of Franklin."

The book likewise contained portraits of James Otis and Josiah Quincy. Both of them, Grandfather observed, were men of wonderful talents and true patriotism. Their voices were like the stirring tones of a trumpet arousing the country to defend its freedom. Heaven seemed to have provided a greater number of eloquent men than had appeared at any other period, in order that the people might be fully instructed as to their wrongs and the method of resistance.

"It is marvelous," said Grandfather, "to see how many powerful writers, orators, and soldiers started up just at the time when they were wanted. There was a man for every kind of work. It is equally wonderful that men of such different characters were all made to unite in the one object of establishing the freedom and independence of America. There was an overruling Providence above them."

"Here was another great man," remarked Laurence, pointing to the portrait of John Adams.

"Yes; an earnest, warm-tempered, honest, and most able man," said Grandfather. "At the period of which we are now speaking he was a lawyer in Boston. He was destined in after years to be ruler over the whole American people, whom he contributed so much to form into a nation."

Grandfather here remarked that many a New Englander who had passed his boyhood and youth in obscurity afterwards attained to a fortune which he never could have foreseen even in his most ambitious dreams. John Adams, the second President of the United States and the equal of crowned kings, was once a schoolmaster and country lawyer. Hancock, the first signer of the Declaration of Independence, served his apprenticeship with

a merchant. Samuel Adams, afterwards governor of Massachusetts, was a small tradesman and a tax-gatherer. General Warren was a physician, General Lincoln a farmer, and General Knox a bookbinder. General Nathaniel Greene, the best soldier except Washington in the Revolutionary army, was a Quaker and a blacksmith. All these became illustrious men, and can never be forgotten in American history.

"And any boy who is born in America may look forward to the same thing," said our ambitious friend Charley.

After these observations Grandfather drew the book of portraits toward him, showed the children several British peers and members of Parliament who had exerted themselves either for or against the rights of America. There were the Earl of Bute, Mr. Grenville, and Lord North. These were looked upon as deadly enemies to our country.

Among the friends of America was Mr. Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, who spent so much of his wondrous eloquence in endeavoring to warn England of the consequences of her injustice. He fell down on the floor of the House of Lords after uttering his almost dying words in defense of our privileges as free men. There was Edmund Burke, one of the wisest men and greatest orators that ever the world produced. There was Colonel Barré, who had been among our fathers, and knew that they had courage enough to die for their rights. There was Charles James Fox, who never rested until he had silenced our enemies in the House of Commons.

"It is very remarkable to observe how many of the ablest orators in the British Parliament were favorable to America," said Grandfather. "We ought to remember these great Englishmen with gratitude, for their speeches encouraged our fathers almost as much as those of our own orators in Faneuil Hall and under Liberty Tree. Opinions which might have been received with doubt, if expressed only by a native American, were set down as true beyond dispute when they came from the lips of Chatham, Burke, Barré, or Fox."

—*Abridged.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Discussion. 1. Describe the family group around the fireside. 2. What is the center of interest? 3. Contrast the pictures of Samuel Adams and John Hancock. 4. What is said about General Joseph Warren? 5. Would you have been able to recognize "the illustrious Boston boy" from Hawthorne's word picture? 6. How does Grandfather explain the existence of these remarkable men just when they were most needed? 7. Do you know of any other time in our history when this seemed true? 8. Mention the humble origin of some of the Revolutionary patriots. 9. Why do you think they were well adapted to be founders of a great democracy? 10. What suggestion was there in this for Charley? 11. On page 220 you read that soldiers, poets, orators, and statesmen, all contributed to our "inheritance of freedom"; how many of these kinds of patriots are shown in this selection? 12. What is said on page 221 about many great Englishmen who sympathized with the American colonists in their struggle for independence? 13. Mention several of these Englishmen who are described by Hawthorne. 14. Why was Burke an especially valuable friend of the Americans? 15. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: distinguished; inflexible; zealous; venerable; destined; peer. 16. *Pronounce:* abhorrence; gorgeous; courtier.

Phrases for Study

astral lamp, **269**, 1
animate the people's hearts, **269**, 20
imbued with democratic principles, **269**, 23
equal agency, **270**, 9
external things, **270**, 14
wrought together, **270**, 18
exempted from pardon, **270**, 23
overruling Providence above, **271**, 20
attained to a fortune, **271**, 31
served his apprenticeship, **271**, 35

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

A Suggested Problem. Prepare an exhibit showing by means of pictures and brief biographies clipped from newspapers and magazines some famous Americans who have achieved greatness from humble beginnings. The list may include: (a) statesmen; (b) poets and prose writers; (c) editors and journalists; (d) soldiers; (e) clergymen; (f) physicians; (g) captains of industry; (h) inventors and scientists; (i) engineers and architects; (j) artists; (k) musicians; (l) nurses and social welfare workers.

WARREN'S ADDRESS AT THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

JOHN PIERPONT

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! They're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, O where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dew shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. John Pierpont (1785-1866) was a clergyman of Connecticut and the author of several volumes of poetry.

General Joseph Warren was one of the commanders of the patriot army at the Battle of Bunker Hill. His death in this battle, while a great loss to the American forces, inspired the army to heroic efforts. He is considered one of the bravest and most unselfish patriots of the Revolutionary War. In this poem we have the poet's idea of how Warren inspired his men.

Discussion. 1. Find the lines that are an answer to those who still hoped for mercy from the British. 2. What lines show the striking contrast between those who fight for hire and those who fight to protect their homes? 3. Which of the appeals in the first and second stanzas seems most forceful to you? 4. Compare the spirit of Warren's address with that of Bruce at Bannockburn; what likeness do you note in the form of the poems? Which do you think is the more inspiring? 5. In what ways was the Battle of Bunker Hill like the Battle of Thermopylae, where Leonidas and the Spartans fought the Persians? 6. How does the Bunker Hill Monument answer the question asked in the last lines of the poem? 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: quail; consigned. 8. *Pronounce:* address.

Phrases for Study

greener graves, **274**, 3
mercy despots feel, **274**, 5
battle peal, **274**, 6
bristling steel, **274**, 7
leaden rain, **274**, 15
iron hail, **274**, 15

Class Reading. Bring to class and read, "The Old Continentals," McMaster; "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle," Holmes.

LIBERTY OR DEATH

PATRICK HENRY

Mr. President—No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining, as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as noth-

ing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it?

Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be attained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inac-

tion? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry Peace, peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Patrick Henry (1736-1799) delivered this speech at the Virginia Convention, March 28, 1775. For some years this fiery young orator had been active in Virginia in stirring up resistance to the tyrannical acts of the King. In 1774 the royal governor of that colony reported that every county was arming a company of men for the purpose of protecting their committees which had been formed, as in the other colonies, to work out a plan of coöperation against the British government. In March, 1775, the second revolutionary convention

of Virginia met at Richmond. A resolution was offered to put the colony into a state of defense. Some delegates objected to such radical action, and it is to these men that Henry addressed the opening sentences of his speech.

The resolution was adopted. The chief command of the Virginia forces was offered to George Washington, who accepted with the words, "It is my full intention to devote my life and fortune to the cause in which we are engaged."

Discussion. 1. What were the occasion and the purpose of Patrick Henry's speech? 2. What reasons for presenting his views does Patrick Henry give in the beginning of his speech? 3. Do you think Patrick Henry expressed a truth for all time when he said, "In proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate"? 4. Find, in your history, some of the acts of the British Ministry against the Colonies in the ten years before 1775. 5. What are the arguments which Patrick Henry uses to convince the delegates of the need of immediate action? 6. What did the next gale sweeping from the north bring to their ears? 7. Compare these arguments with the views of Edmund Burke, then a member of the English Parliament, about which you read in the Introduction, page 221. 8. In this speech Patrick Henry made his language emphatic by using what we call figures of speech, such as "lamp of experience"; can you explain this and find other examples? 9. Notice that the orator attacks King George and his Ministry, together with Parliament, not the English *people;* name some men who spoke in Parliament for the colonies and for the English *people.* The "Ministry" means the British cabinet. 10. Show how an orator like Patrick Henry can, by making such a speech, play his part in building our "inheritance of freedom." 11. Apply the speech of Patrick Henry to the words of Lowell on page 217. Was this a "deed done for freedom"? How have the results of this deed "trembled on from east to west"? 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: magnitude; comport; subjugation; interposition; arrest; inviolate; cope; supinely; election. 13. *Pronounce:* illusion; siren; arduous; solace; insidious; inestimable; formidable.

Phrases for Study

awful moment, **275**, 8
temporal salvation, **276**, 15
anguish of spirit, **276**, 16
betrayed with a kiss, **276**, 26
martial array, **276**, 34
delusive phantom, **278**, 2
preside over the destinies, **278**, 9
extenuate the matter, **278**, 18

Library Reading. "Immortals" (in *The Youth's Companion,* December 9, 1920); "Liberty or Loyalty," Dickson (in *Pioneers and Patriots in American History*).

LETTER TO HIS WIFE

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Philadelphia, 18 June, 1775

My Dearest:

I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the defense of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my

unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content and a tolerable degree of tranquillity; as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

As life is always uncertain and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns while it is in his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed, I have, since I came to this place (for I had not time to do it before I left home), got Colonel Pendleton to draft a will for me, by the directions I gave him, which will I now inclose. The provision made for you in case of my death will, I hope, be agreeable.

I shall add nothing more, as I have several letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends, and to assure you that I am with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy, your affectionate, &c.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. George Washington (1732-1799) came from Virginia to attend the second meeting of the Continental Congress, held in Philadelphia, May 10, 1775. He was at that time commander of the militia of Virginia and sat in Congress in his colonel's uniform. In the name of "The United Colonies" the Congress voted to authorize the enlistment of troops, to build and garrison forts, and to issue notes to the amount of three million dollars, the original "Liberty Loan" in America. There was an army of about ten thousand men encamped around Boston, and this Congress adopted as "The Continental Army." John Adams rose in his place and in proposing the name of the Virginian, George Washington, to be commander-in-chief of this New England army, said: "The gentleman is among us and is very well known to us all; a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent character would command the approbation of all America, and unite the colonies better

than any other person in the Union." The pay of the commander-in-chief was fixed at five hundred dollars a month, and on June 15 Washington received the unanimous vote for this all-important office. His lofty stature, exceeding six feet, his grave and handsome face, his noble bearing and courtly grace of manner all proclaimed him worthy of the honor. In a brief speech expressive of his high sense of the honor conferred upon him, he said, "I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in this room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, that I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with. As to pay, I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit of it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge; and that is all I desire."

As there was no time for a visit to his home, Mount Vernon, on the Potomac River, Washington was obliged to give his wife this important information by letter. In 1759 Washington had married Mrs. Martha Custis, the widow of one of the wealthiest planters in the Virginia Colony. She had two beautiful children at the time of her marriage, but when Washington went to Philadelphia Mrs. Washington was quite alone, for her son was away from home, and her daughter had died a few years before. Later in the year Mrs. Washington went north and spent the winter with her husband at the army headquarters in Cambridge.

Discussion. 1. Name the fine qualities of Washington shown in this letter. 2. Read the sentence that tells briefly what had happened. 3. What do you imagine was Mrs. Washington's reply to this letter? 4. What did Washington mean when he said, "a kind of destiny has thrown me upon this service"? 5. It has been said that "destiny" has given America great leaders in times of unusual danger. Washington was one; what other great leaders can you mention? 6. What important part did Washington play in our "inheritance of freedom," about which you read on pages 219 to 222? 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: aggravated; capacity; designed; tenor; apprehensive; intimate; esteem.

Phrases for Study

inexpressible concern, **280**, 4
consciousness of its being, **280**, 14
distant prospect, **280**, 16
exposing my character, **280**, 24
summon your fortitude, **281**, 2
tolerable degree of tranquillity, **281**, 7
prudence dictates, **281**, 10
temporal concerns, **281**, 11
unfeigned regard, **281**, 19

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. How letters were sent in colonial times. 2. Benjamin Franklin and our postal system.

LETTER TO GOVERNOR GEORGE CLINTON

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Valley Forge, 16 February, 1778

Dear Sir:

It is with great reluctance I trouble you on a subject which does not properly fall within your province; but it is a subject that occasions me more distress than I have felt since the commencement of the war; and which loudly demands the most zealous exertions of every person of weight and authority who is interested in the success of our affairs; I mean the present dreadful situation of the army, for want of provision, and the miserable prospects before us, with respect to futurity. It is more alarming than you will probably conceive; for, to form a just idea of it, it were necessary to be on the spot. For some days past, there has been little less than a famine in camp. A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been, ere this, excited by their suffering to a general mutiny and dispersion. Strong symptoms, however, of discontent have appeared in particular instances; and nothing but the most active efforts, everywhere, can long avert so shocking a catastrophe.

Our present sufferings are not all. There is no foundation laid for any adequate relief hereafter. All the magazines provided in the states of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, and all the immediate additional supplies they seem capable of affording, will not be sufficient to support the army more than a month longer, if so long. Very little has been done at the eastward, and as little to the southward; and whatever we have a right to expect from those quarters must necessarily be very

remote, and is, indeed, more precarious than could be wished. When the before-mentioned supplies are exhausted, what a terrible crisis must ensue, unless all the energy of the Continent shall be exerted to provide a timely remedy!

I am, etc.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Historical Note. This letter was addressed to George Clinton, governor of New York from 1777-1795. Washington appealed to Clinton because of the wealth and power of New York and also because the governor's zeal as a patriot was well known. At the same time, Washington addressed a similar letter to the inhabitants of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, urging the farmers to provide cattle for the use of the army. Besides assuring them of a generous price, he impressed upon them the fact that in supplying food they would be rendering great service to the cause of their country.

Discussion. 1. Read in your history text what is said about the winter of 1777-1778 at Valley Forge. 2. Compare the methods of providing food for the army in Washington's time with those of our own time. 3. Compare the difficulties of feeding Washington's army with those of feeding our army in France during the World War. 4. How did Washington hope to avert a terrible crisis? 5. What debt of gratitude do we owe to the soldiers who endured even starvation to win our "inheritance of freedom"? 6. Washington not only carried the burden of the fighting, but also that of the provisioning of the army; what is our great debt to him for this service? 7. What did you read on page 222 about the way by which we can show that we are worthy of such sacrifices as George Washington and his soldiers made? 8. How did our soldiers in the World War show that they were worthy of these sacrifices? 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: zealous; conceive; dispersion; avert; magazine; precarious. 10. *Pronounce:* incomparable; catastrophe; adequate.

Phrases for Study

fall within your province, **283**, 4
of weight and authority, **283**, 7
with respect to futurity, **283**, 10
crisis must ensue, **284**, 3

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good, green wood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When waking to their tents on fire
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.

The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly,
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide
Across the moonlight plains;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away,
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 55.

Historical Note. Francis Marion (1732-1795), a general of the Revolutionary period, was the leader of a band of men who carried on guerrilla warfare. Their force was too small to meet the British army in open battle, so they sallied out of woods and swamps and made unexpected attacks, fighting from behind trees and shrubbery. When the British tried to attack them, Marion's men retreated to their hiding-places in the deep thickets and morasses. Though clad in rags and almost starving, they kept up this sort of fighting with the zeal and courage of true patriots. By thus harassing the victorious troops in the Carolinas in 1780 and 1781, they helped to drive Cornwallis north into Virginia, where he surrendered at Yorktown. By their woodland sports in the greenwood they remind us of Robin Hood and his merry men.

Discussion. 1. Who is speaking in this poem? 2. What does the word "band" tell you about these men? 3. How do seamen know their way when on the ocean? 4. How do woodsmen know their way in the forest? 5. Find the lines that picture a southern forest. 6. What does the second stanza tell you of Marion's method of attack? 7. Notice in the third stanza how the men spent their leisure time. 8. When did these hours of release occur? 9. Why is the moon called friendly? 10. Which lines show you that this band of men was swift in action? 11. For whom were these men fighting? 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: glade; deem; spoil; barb; hoary.

Phrases for Study

true and tried, **285**, 1
hour that brings release, **285**, 25
as if a hunt were up, **286**, 2
'tis life, **286**, 15

Class Reading. Bring to class and read, "Another of Marion's Men," Dickson (in *Pioneers and Patriots in American History*); "The Swamp Fox," Simms.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. What I can do as a young American citizen to show that I am worthy of the sacrifices made by the patriots in the American Revolution. 2. What I can do to make our free government more and more a model for other nations to follow. 3. How my school is a part of the American government.

TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS

THOMAS PAINE

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; it would be strange, indeed, if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right, not only to tax, but to "bind us in all cases whatsoever," and if being bound in that manner is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious, for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent.

I once felt all that kind of anger which a man ought to feel, against the mean principles that are held by the Tories; a noted one, who kept a tavern at Amboy, was standing at his door, with as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as I ever saw, and after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this unfatherly expression, "Well! give me peace in my day." Not a man lives on the continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent should have said, "If there

must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace"; and his single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man can distinguish in himself between temper and principle, and I am as confident as I am that God governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars without ceasing will break out till that period arrives, and the continent must in the end be conqueror; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire.

The heart that feels not now is dead; the blood of his children will curse his cowardice who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made them happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief breaks into my house, burns and destroys my property, and kills or threatens to kill me, or those that are in it, and to "bind me in all cases whatsoever" to his absolute will, am I to suffer it? What signifies it to me, whether he who does it is a king or a common man; my countryman or not my countryman; whether it be done by an individual villain or an army of them? If we reason to the root of things we shall find no difference; neither can any just cause be assigned why we should punish in the one case and pardon in the other.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

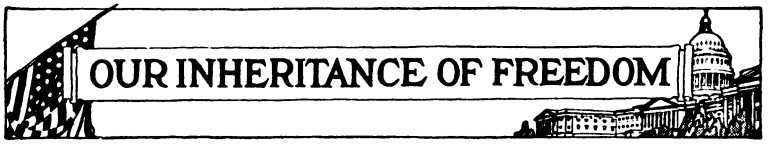
Biographical and Historical Note. Thomas Paine (1737-1809), an interesting figure of the Revolutionary period, did much by his writings to help win the war. Franklin on one occasion said, "Where liberty is, there is my home"; whereupon Paine answered, "Where liberty is not, there is my home." He came to America from England in 1774 and fought for America's freedom as a volunteer under Washington. After the Revolution he went to France, where again he fought for liberty in the French Revolution.

This selection is from a pamphlet called "The Crisis," published in 1776 by Paine. Washington had lost the battle of Long Island and had been compelled to retreat from New York toward Philadelphia. In Philadelphia there were many royalists who hoped that England would win the war. Many of Washington's soldiers who had enlisted for short terms, were on the point of deserting or resigning at the end of their terms. In this serious situation Washington ordered "The Crisis" to be read before every company of soldiers in his army.

Discussion. 1. Select from these paragraphs sentences that would make good mottoes. 2. What political and military situation did Paine have in mind in the opening sentences? 3. What do you think of the argument of the tavern-keeper at Amboy as compared with Paine's? 4. If all Americans had been like this Tory at Amboy, would America today enjoy its "inheritance of freedom"? 5. What do we think today of our "remoteness from the wrangling world"? 6. What things, in the last one hundred years, have brought Europe and America closer together than they were in Paine's day? 7. Under what conditions did Paine think war justifiable? 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: crisis; celestial; Tory; dominion; induced; assigned. 9. *Pronounce:* impious; villain.

Phrases for Study

summer soldier, **288**, 1
sunshine patriot, **288**, 2
single reflection, well applied, **289**, 2
grow brave by reflection, **289**, 17
pursue his principles, **289**, 19
offensive war, **289**, 22
what signifies it, **289**, 26
reason to the root of things, **289**, 29



A Review

Wherever a tyrant has raised his sword, there ideals of freedom have flourished, for men and women have ever stood ready to defend these ideals with their very lives. You read in the Introduction on page 219 that the growth of freedom has been slow; what reasons for this are given? You read also how we came to have our freedom in America; what is meant by "our inheritance of freedom"? Tell briefly how each of the following contributed to the free life that we enjoy in America: Leonidas; Robert the Bruce; Sir Richard Grenville and other English sea captains of his time. What double service did Washington render to the cause of freedom?

You learned in the Introduction on page 220 that others besides soldiers played their part in making our inheritance of freedom what it is; mention some of these men, and tell how they contributed to our free life. Compare Burns's influence on the cause of liberty, through such a poem as "Bannockburn," with the influence of a soldier. Discuss in class the quotation, "The pen is mightier than the sword." How did Sir Walter Scott show his great love for Scotland? What like service did Hawthorne render America?

Show that we owe a debt of gratitude to those heroes whose struggles for freedom made possible our own free life in America. Which poem in Part III shows that the Englishman's willingness to die, if need be, for ideals of freedom was the same as ours? Name the English poet who said to England,

> "Be proud of those strong sons of thine
> Who wrench'd their rights from thee!"

In the Introduction on page 221 what English statesman is

mentioned who rejoiced that America would no longer yield to British oppression? What was the prophecy made by this English statesman and how has it been fulfilled?

Look at page 217 and give the title for Part III. Quote the lines from Lowell found on page 217 and explain their meaning. Why is this quotation an apt introduction to Part III? Why is the picture on page 218 a suitable introduction to a group of selections that deal with "our inheritance of freedom"? Which authors represented in Part III were new to you? Which one is a present-day writer? Compare your speed and comprehension in silent reading with that of your classmates and with the seventh grade standard.

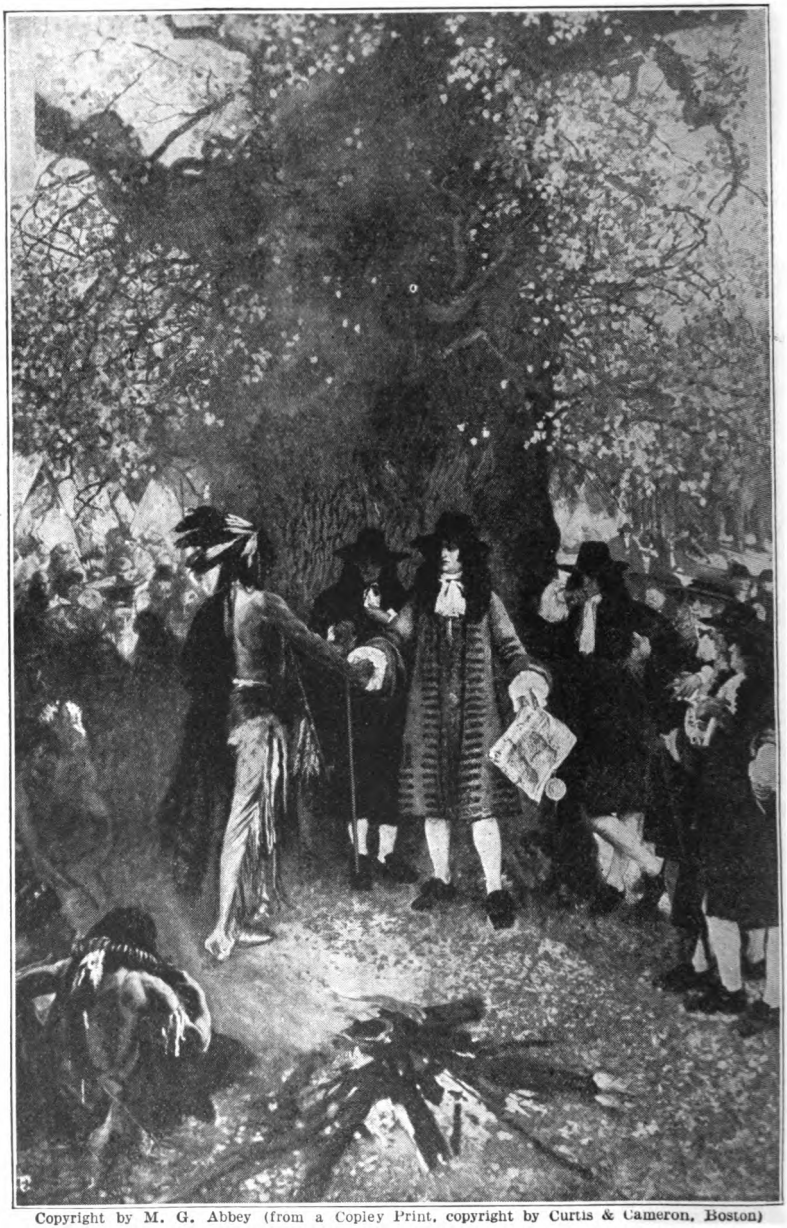
Which *Theme Topic* was discussed with greatest interest and profit? Which one was best illustrated with pictures, sketches, or objects? What suggestions for library reading were you able to carry out? Make a list of titles of the books or stories reviewed in class. What suggestions for *Class Reading* proved most enjoyable to you? What did you learn from Part III that will help you to be a good citizen? Prepare a program for "Citizenship Day" from selections found in this book. Read the last paragraph of the Introduction on page 222, and tell how you can "show that you are worthy of the sacrifices made by the brave men of long ago who fought that we might have this inheritance of freedom."

PART IV

LITERATURE AND LIFE IN THE HOMELAND

"One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore!"

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



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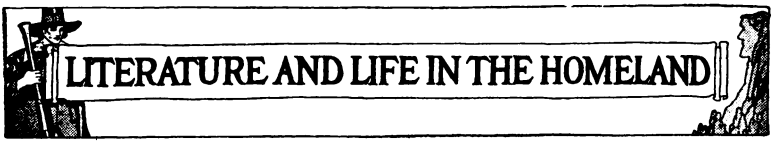
PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS



An Introduction

It is a hard thing to picture to ourselves our homeland. Is America just a lot of cities and towns and farms, or a collection of so many thousands of square miles of prairies and mountains, the sort of thing we should see from an airplane if we could get up high enough and had good enough eyes? Or is it a collection of states with queer boundary lines that look plainer on a map than they do when we cross them in the train? There are people who try to find America in some motto or symbol. One of our great cities has for its motto the words, "I will," and the people who live in that city like to think that the enterprise by which they build great industries is the expression of their Americanism. And some people see in the Statue of Liberty in the New York harbor the symbol that best expresses the spirit of America.

Both the motto and the statue help us to see our country as something more than a part of a book called "Geography" or "History." Both of them express what America had always been to its citizens and what it became to the world in 1917. When it became necessary for us to enter the World War no true American hesitated. There were great difficulties: an army to raise and equip and train; an army to be transported over three thousand miles of water, a terrific task at any time, but made a hundred-fold harder by the monsters that lurked under the sea waiting to sink a transport. And once across, there were docks and railroads to be built. But the will of America was triumphant, and the task was done. And the statue, like the "I will," is a symbol of the spirit in America that has helped the spirit of liberty everywhere, so that we now know the day is coming when all peoples shall be free. We can make a beginning, then, in our effort to realize what America means, by thinking of this Statue of Liberty and these words of high purpose, "I will."

But we must fill in the picture. A statue will not do, for it, after all, is lifeless. A motto will not do, for it is only a phrase, an inscription. A photograph on which you have written a date or the record of a happy meeting with some friend is very interesting indeed, and helps you to call him to mind. But in reality the photograph merely suggests to you your friend and your happy times together. Your friend has many moods, now sad, now gay. Your friend looks different at different times. The history of your friendship has many events in it, and all these go together, a thousand details, to make up your own idea, "this is my friend." So it is with America. History and legend, the knowledge of past events, must acquaint us with our country as with our friend. Infinite variety of mood she has, now stern and grave like her mountains, now placid like her vast expanse of prairie or her waving fields of grain; now laughing like the waters in the sunlight, or beautiful in anger as mighty storms sweep hill and plain. And infinite, again, are her activities—great factories and mills, lofty office buildings filled with workers, trains speeding like mighty shuttles through vast distances, farms filled with growing food for a world. All these you must bring into your picture, and more, for infinite, also, are the ideals and hopes that go to make up this many-sided personality that we name Our Country.

The selections that follow will help you to make this picture that is to be more than a statue or a photograph. Some of them are little views, snapshots of our nation's childhood. Others are pictures of various scenes and legends of America. Some show the spirit of laughter in America; still others give a few pictures of America at work; and at the end are some expressions of love for our country that sum up what America means to patriotic citizens. All will help, but they are only an imperfect and brief introduction to a subject that is going to interest you all through your life: What is America to me, and what can I do to make her happy?

EARLY AMERICA

THE CHARACTER OF COLUMBUS

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN

To us it is given to behold in its full splendor what Columbus, like another Moses on the borders of the Land of Promise, could only discern in dim and distant outlines. And, therefore, with Italy, the land of his birth; with Spain, the land of his adoption; with the other nations of the globe who are debtors to his daring, we gladly swell the universal chorus in his honor of praise and of thanksgiving.

In 1792 the ocean separated us by a journey of seventy days from Europe; our self-government was looked upon as a problem still to be solved; at home, facilities of travel and of intercommunication were yet to be provided. More than this, the unworthy innuendoes, the base as well as baseless charges that sought to tarnish the fair fame of Columbus, had not been removed by patient historical research and critical acumen. Fortunately, these clouds that gathered around the exploits of the great discoverer have been almost entirely dispelled, thanks espe-

cially to the initiative of a son of our Empire State, the immortal Washington Irving.

I beg to present Columbus as a man of science and a man of faith. As a scientist, considering the time in which he lived, he eminently deserves our respect. Both in theory and in practice he was one of the best geographers and cosmographers of the age. According to reliable historians, before he set out to discover new seas, he had navigated the whole extent of those already known. Moreover, he had studied so many authors and to such advantage that Alexander von Humboldt affirmed: "When we consider his life we must feel astonishment at the extent of his literary acquaintance."

Columbus took nothing for granted. While he bowed reverently to the teachings of his faith, he brushed away as cobwebs certain interpretations of Scripture more fanciful than real, and calmly maintained that the Word of God cannot be in conflict with scientific truth. The project of bearing Christ over the waters sank deeply into his heart. Time and again he alludes to it as the main object of his researches and the aim of his labors. Other motives of action undoubtedly he had, but they were a means to an end.

Moreover, may we not reasonably assume that the great navigator, after all, was a willing instrument in the hands of God? The old order was changing. Three great inventions, already beginning to exert a most potent influence, were destined to revolutionize the world—the printing press, which led to the revival of learning; the use of gunpowder, which changed the methods of warfare; the mariner's compass, which permitted the sailor to tempt boldly even unknown seas.

These three great factors of civilization, each in its own way, so stimulated human thought that the discovery of America was plainly in the designs of that Providence which "reacheth from end to end mightily and ordereth all things sweetly."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Michael Augustine Corrigan (1839-1902) was born in Newark, New Jersey. He was a distinguished Prelate and became Archbishop of New York. This selection is taken from a Columbus Day address he gave in Chicago in 1892.

Discussion. 1. Explain the comparison found in the second line 2. What claims does the author make for Columbus as a scientific man? 3. What great inventions occurred previous to Columbus's voyage that affected his discovery of America? 4. Do you think the spirit of adventure had something to do with Columbus's discovery? 5. How does the time it took Columbus to cross the ocean compare with the time required now? 6. What motto of an American city mentioned on page 295 expresses the spirit of Columbus in his voyage of discovery? 7. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: facilities; Empire State; cosmographer; potent. 8. *Pronounce:* exploit; geographer.

Phrases for Study

unworthy innuendoes, **297**, 11
critical acumen, **297**, 14
old order was changing, **298**, 24
factors of civilization, **298**, 30

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "The Tomb of Christopher Columbus," Welch (in *St. Nicholas,* October, 1920).

A Suggested Problem. Prepare a program for "Columbus Day" exercises in your school. Select the three best programs.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

FELICIA HEMANS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had *they* come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Felicia Hemans (1793-1835), an English poet, was born in Liverpool. She began to write poetry when young, and in 1819 won a prize of £50 offered for the best poem on "The Meeting of Wallace and Bruce on the Banks of the Carron." She is best known by her short poems, some of which have become standard English lyrics, such as "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers" and "Treasures of the Deep."

Discussion. 1. What picture do the first two stanzas give you? 2. Compare the coming of a conqueror with the coming of these early settlers. 3. What different kinds of persons composed the "pilgrim band"? 4. Why did they come to this new country? 5. Why does the poet say "holy ground"? 6. What legacy have the Pilgrims left us? 7. What picture of early America does this poem give you? 8. On page 296 you were told of things that will help you to gain a complete picture of what our country is, and what it means to you; what are some of these things? 9. How does this poem help to give you a picture of America? 10. How did the "Pilgrim Fathers" show the spirit indicated by the motto and statue that are mentioned on page 295?

Phrases for Study

moored their bark, **299**, 7
sounding aisles, **300**, 11
serenely high, **300**, 23
faith's pure shrine, **300**, 28

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "Damaris Goes to School," Smith (in *St. Nicholas*, September, 1920).

Library Reading. *Pilgrim Stories*, Pumphrey; "The Pilgrim Adventurers," Brown (in *The Youth's Companion*, November 4, 1920); *Colonial Stories—Retold from St. Nicholas;* "America, the Beautiful—Democracy's Goal," a pageant, Knox and Lütkenhaus (in *St. Nicholas*, June, 1920); "Ye Voyage of Ye Mayflower," Ogden (in *St. Nicholas*, October, 1920); "Ye Founding of Plymouth Plantation," Ogden (in *St. Nicholas*, November, 1920; *A Mayflower Maid*, Knipe; *Pilgrims in Their Three Homes*, Griffis.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

MILES STANDISH

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth, the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the *Mayflower*.
Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth.

"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here,
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate—
Well I remember the day!—once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mold, in their grave in the Flemish morasses."
Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:
"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!'
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:
"See how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued:
"Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.

Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better—
Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or powwow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!"

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the *Mayflower!*
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished!"
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding:
Bariffe's *Artillery Guide,* and the *Commentaries* of Cæsar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,

Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,
Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the *Mayflower*,
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing!
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,
Reading the marvelous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hands, palm downwards,
Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cæsar!
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skillful!"
Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:
"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.
Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."
"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other
"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!
Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village

Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.
Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after;
Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered;
He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;
Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!
Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
When the rear guard of his army retreated, the front giving way, too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,
Putting himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
That's what I always say: if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Writing epistles important to go next day by the *Mayflower*,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth:

"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.
Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:
"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen;
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:
" 'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;
Every hour in the day I think it, and feel it, and say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.
She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,
Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.
Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth;
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.
Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:
"Such a message as that I am sure I should mangle and mar it;
If you would have it well done—I am only repeating your maxim—
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth:
"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me;
Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship!"
Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred;

What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!"
So the strong will prevailed, subduing and molding the gentler;
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
Out of the street of the village and into the paths of the forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
Peaceful, aërial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!
"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation,
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshiped in silence?
Was it for this I have followed the flying fleet and the shadow
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshiping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the mayflowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
"Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her, to Priscilla, the mayflower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, somber, and cold with the comfortless breath of the east wind;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snowdrift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,

Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
"Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look backwards;
Though the plowshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearts of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!"

So he entered the house; and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,

Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm.
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Springtime,
Talked of their friends at home, and the *Mayflower* that sailed on the morrow.
"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedgerows of England—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it; I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases.
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy—
Had no time for such things—such things! the words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer:
"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent,
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature;

For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

JOHN ALDEN

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the seaside;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east wind,
Cooling his heated brow and the fire and fever within him.
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptical splendors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

"Welcome, O wind of the East!" he exclaimed in his wild exultation,
"Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic!
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of seagrass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes and gardens of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!"

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the seashore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending;
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!
"Is it my fault," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us?
Is it my fault that he failed—my fault that I am the victor?"
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet:
"It hath displeased the Lord!"—and he thought of David's transgression,
Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!
Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,
Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition:
"It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there
Dimly the shadowy form of the *Mayflower* riding at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' "Ay, ay, sir!"
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.

"Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,
Hiding me, cutting me off from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,
Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred;
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor!
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber,
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness—
Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and somber,
Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.
"Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor,
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.
"Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;
But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened.

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,
Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,
Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armor
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
Even as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.
Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have betrayed me!
Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!
One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;
Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?
Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship!
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother;
You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping
I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret—
You too, Brutus! ah, woe to the name of friendship hereafter!
Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward
Let there be nothing between us save war and implacable hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,
Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness.
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people!
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled like a quiver with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.

This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
Talking of this and that, contriving, suggesting, objecting;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior!
Then outspoke Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger:
"What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!"
Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:
"Not so thought St. Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!"
But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing:
"Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!"

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!"
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, "Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible—
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.
Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.
Sweet was the air and soft, and slowly the smoke from the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the *Mayflower;*
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women

Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the *Mayflower* riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!
Ah, but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the seashore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the *Mayflower,*
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur;
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.
Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;
Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him;

Let him sleep on; it is best, for what is the use of more talking!"
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning—
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders—
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.
But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.
Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him;
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon;
All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions.
But his pride overmastered the noble nature within him—
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not;
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown—the corner stone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,
Squarebuilt, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts!
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!
"Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,
Wherein blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
"Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!

Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!
There is no land so sacred, nor air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;
Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around him,
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the *Mayflower!*
No, not one looked back who had set his hand to this plowing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west wind,
Blowing steady and strong; and the *Mayflower* sailed from the harbor,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed and thanked the Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

PRISCILLA

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtle laws of its nature,
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended you will not speak to me?" said she.
"Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;
For there are moments in life when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
Yesterday I was shocked when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish:
"I was not angry with you; with myself alone I was angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."
"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive;
"No; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.
It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers

Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."
Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women:
"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,
Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!"
"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,
"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.
When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,
Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,
Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in earnest,
Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.
This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you;
For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly
If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,

Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.
So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.
"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth and the sacred professions of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.
For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling:
"Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the *Mayflower*,
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,

Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly:
"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."
Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story—
Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,
"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"
But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how much he had suffered—
How he had even determined to sail that day in the *Mayflower,*
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened—
All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,
"Truly I thank you for this; how good you have been to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,
Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition,
Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,
Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the seashore,
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort;
He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted!
Ah! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor!

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly.
What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?
'Twas but a dream—let it pass—let it vanish like so many others!
What I thought was a flower is only a weed and is worthless;
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!"
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint,

Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and saber and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
"Welcome, English!" they said—these words they had learned from the traders
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible,
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain:
"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat

Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Watta-
wamat?' "
Then he unsheathed his knife, and whetting the blade on his left
hand,
Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle,
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:
"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;
By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of
children!"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles
Standish;
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he
muttered:
"By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!
This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy
us!
He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them
smoothly;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the
fathers.
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the
insult,
All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de
Standish,

Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.
Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,
And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December,
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran before it.
Frightened, the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Watta-wamat,
Fled not; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling, at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:
"Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature—
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress;
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.
Only Priscilla averted her face from this specter of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valor.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL

Month after month passed away, and in autumn the ships of the merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare
Filled the air with alarm and the apprehension of danger.
Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring the land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,

Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber roughhewn from the firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;
Latticed the windows were, and the windowpanes were of paper
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.
There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard;
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment
In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet penny-royal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,
Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.
Ever of her he thought when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;
Ever of her he thought when he delved in the soil of his garden;
Ever of her he thought when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs—
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,

How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.
"Truly, Priscilla," he said, "when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:
"You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia,
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their childhood,

Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!"
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:
"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!"
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?—
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—an Indian had brought them the tidings—
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces;
All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward

Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered
Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and exclaiming:
"Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest,
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

THE WEDDING DAY

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great high priest, in his garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
Clad in armor of steel, a somber and sorrowful figure!
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?
Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder?
Is it a phantom of air—a bodiless spectral illusion?
Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,

Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt—too long have I cherished the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden."
Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten between us—
All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!"
Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband.
Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered the adage—
If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,

Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the seashore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband,

Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said, with a smile, "but the distaff;
Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love, through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eschol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) was born in Portland, Maine. In *The Courtship of Miles Standish* he has made us acquainted with two of his ancestors, John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, who were passengers on the *Mayflower*.

Longfellow's education was obtained in Portland and at Bowdoin College, where he had for classmates several youths who afterwards became famous, notably Nathaniel Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce. After Longfellow's graduation, he spent three years of study and travel in France,

Spain, Italy, and Germany. He mastered, in a remarkably short time, the language of each country visited, and he has given to us in English many of the choicer poems found in these languages.

After five years of teaching at Bowdoin, Longfellow was invited to the chair of modern languages in Harvard College. In 1836 he began his active work there and took up his residence in the historic Craigie House, in which Washington had been quartered in 1775.

For twenty years Longfellow served as a teacher, introducing hundreds of students to the literature of modern Europe. In his poetry, too, he exerted a powerful influence for bringing about a relationship between American and European civilization. He was thus a poet of culture, rendering a great service at a time when the thought of America was provincial. He was also a poet of the household, writing many poems about the joys and sorrows of home life, poems of hope and religious faith, poems about village characters as well as about national heroes. He excels, too, as a writer of long tales in verse. *Evangeline,* a story of the Acadian exiles and their wanderings, *The Courtship of Miles Standish,* a story of early colonial life in Massachusetts, and *Hiawatha,* an Indian epic into which he put a vast amount of legendary matter belonging to the first owners of our country, are examples of this power. His ballads, such as "The Skeleton in Armor" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," show his ability to handle a legend in brief and stirring form. The most loved and most widely known of American poets, Longfellow helped to interpret our common life in terms of beauty.

Discussion. 1. Read the history of the Pilgrims' settlement at Plymouth. 2. Describe the Plymouth of the first year of the settlement. 3. How long had the Pilgrims been in their new home at the time this story opens? 4. What tells you this? 5. Find lines that tell how hard the first winter had been. 6. What tells you that the Captain had read his Cæsar many times? 7. What principle of conduct did he learn from Cæsar's victories? 8. When did he entirely disregard this principle? 9. What excuse did he give for not acting upon it? 10. Find the words in which John Alden tells why he will undertake the Captain's errand. 11. What ideal of friendship had he? 12. What do you think of Alden's description of his friend's character? 13. Find the lines in which Priscilla shows her love of truth and loyalty. 14. When does Miles Standish show himself most noble? 15. Who is the real hero of this poem? 16. Commit to memory lines which seem to you to express the moral truths and the high ideals which the poem puts before us. 17. Make a brief outline of the story. 18. You will be interested in the pictures in the edition of *The Courtship of Miles Standish,* illustrated by Wyeth. 19. Longfellow's quiet humor is shown at its best in this poem; point out examples

of it. 20. This poem portrays Puritan life and character; it has historical value; and it shows the beauty of a loyalty to friendship that would make any sacrifice of self rather than sacrifice an ideal; which of these values do you think Longfellow sought most to impress upon us? 21. In Part III of this Reader, you learned how we owe our "inheritance of freedom" to our forefathers. Do Americans of today owe any debt to men like Miles Standish and John Alden? 22. What ideals of freedom brought the Pilgrims to America? 23. Quote lines to show that Priscilla was a thrifty home-maker. 24. Compare the life of the present-day home-maker with that of Priscilla, to show how far we have departed from the simplicity and thrift of early days in America. 25. On page 296 you were told that we gain a knowledge of our homeland by getting a glimpse of "snapshots of our nation's childhood." Mention some of the scenes from America's "childhood" you have seen from this poem. 26. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: arsenal (p. 303); ensign (p. 306); carded; pedigree; estates; stature (pp. 310-315); attitude; quiver (p. 319); entreaty; pallet; verge (pp. 322-326); loadstone (p. 326); parley; gigantic; trophy (pp. 332-335); apparition; adage (pp. 340-341). 27. *Pronounce:* athletic; sinew (p. 302); comely; memoirs; taciturn (pp. 305-308); aërial (p. 309); stalwart; gesture (p. 320); capacious; victual (pp. 324-325); subtle (p. 326); hearth (p. 340).

Phrases for Study

mystical Arabic sentence, **302**, 9
culling his phrases, **307**, 7
mask his dismay, **308**, 3
embellish the theme, **313**, 7
David's transgression, **316**, 9
bondage of error, **317**, 2
sound of sinister omen, **318**, 8
beautiful were his feet, **322**, 3
lose the tide, **324**, 2
enforcing his remembrance, **325**, 12
wrapt in a vision prophetic, **326**, 3
sacred professions, **329**, 5
withheld by misgivings, **330**, 20
revolved his discomfort, **331**, 6
subtle deceptions of fancy, **336**, 16
excess of sensation, **339**, 5
sanction of earth, **340**, 4
a bodiless spectral illusion, **340**, 16
gather cherries in Kent, **341**, 17

Class Reading. Select passages to be read aloud in class; bring to class and read Psalm 100, The Bible, Moulton edition.

A Suggested Problem. Dramatize selected scenes from the poem.

Library Reading. "Mayflower Town, A Play of Old Plymouth," Bache (in *The Junior Red Cross News,* September, 1920); "The Story of the Pilgrims," Hart (in *The Mentor,* November, 1920); *New England, Old and New,* Old Colony Trust Company of Boston.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. The Pilgrim Tercentenary. 2. Longfellow's knowledge of the Bible as shown in this poem. 3. Thrift in Pilgrim days compared with thrift today.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

"According to the most authentic records, my dear children," said Grandfather, "the chair about this time had the misfortune to break its leg. It was probably on account of this accident that it ceased to be the seat of the governors of Massachusetts, for, assuredly, it would have been ominous of evil to the commonwealth if the chair of state tottered upon three legs. Being therefore sold at auction—alas! what a vicissitude for a chair that had figured in such high company!—our venerable friend was knocked down to a certain Captain John Hull. This old gentleman, on carefully examining the maimed chair, discovered that its broken leg might be clamped with iron and made as serviceable as ever."

"Here is the very leg that was broken!" exclaimed Charley, throwing himself down on the floor to look at it. "And here are the iron clamps. How well it was mended!"

When they had all sufficiently examined the broken leg, Grandfather told them a story about Captain John Hull and the pine-tree shillings.

The Captain John Hull aforesaid was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business, for in the earlier days of the colony the current coinage consisted of gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket-bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

called wampum, which was made of clamshells, and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank-bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers, so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers—who were little better than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date 1652 on the one side and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling.

And well he might be, for so diligently did he labor that in a few years his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shillings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's chair; and, as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a-courting to his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough."

On the wedding-day we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences, and the knees of his small clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair, and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man, and so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities, and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings fresh from the mint, and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in Grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my

daughter's portion. Use her kindly and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver."

The children laughed heartily at this legend, and would hardly be convinced but that Grandfather had made it out of his own head. He assured them faithfully, however, that he had found it in the pages of a grave historian, and had merely tried to tell it in a somewhat funnier style. As for Samuel Sewell, he afterward became chief justice of Massachusetts.

"Well, Grandfather," remarked Clara, "if wedding portions nowadays were paid as Miss Betsey's was, young ladies would not pride themselves upon an airy figure, as many of them do."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 268.

Discussion. 1. Describe bartering in the early colonial days. 2. Who was the first mint-master? 3. Upon what conditions did he manufacture the coins? 4. Where did the silver come from? 5. Describe the pine-tree shillings. 6. Tell the story of the wedding of Betsey Hull and Samuel Sewell. 7. Point out humorous passages. 8. This story is taken from *Grandfather's Chair;* what other stories from this book have you read? 9. What picture of early America do you gain from this story? 10. You have now read all the selections of the group called "Early America." On page 296 these are spoken of as "snapshots of our nation's childhood"; mention several pictures of early America that you have gained from reading this group. 11. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: venerable; bullion; diligently; ceremony; ponderous. 12. *Pronounce:* ominous; specie.

Phrases for Study

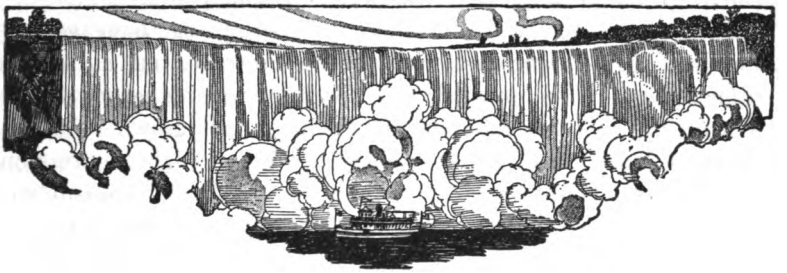
authentic records, **346**, 1
knocked down, **346**, 9
current coinage, **346**, 22
barter their commodities, **346**, 24

Class Reading. Select passages to be read aloud in class.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

Library Reading. "Our Colonial Coins," Mathews (in *St. Nicholas,* September, 1876).

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. Bartering: its advantages and disadvantages over the use of money. 2. A coin collection which I have seen. 3. Emblems on coins. 4. What I know about our government mints today: where located; where the gold, silver, nickel, and copper come from.



MY VISIT TO NIAGARA

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Never did a pilgrim approach Niagara with deeper enthusiasm than mine. I had lingered away from it, and wandered to other scenes, because my treasury of anticipated enjoyments, comprising all the wonders of the world, had nothing else so magnificent, and I was loath to exchange the pleasures of hope for those of memory so soon. At length the day came. The stagecoach, with a Frenchman and myself on the back seat, had already left Lewiston, and in less than an hour would set us down in Manchester. I began to listen for the roar of the cataract, and trembled with a sensation like dread, as the moment drew nigh when its voice of ages must roll, for the first time, on my ear. The French gentleman stretched himself from the window, and expressed loud admiration, while, by a sudden impulse, I threw myself back and closed my eyes. When the scene shut in, I was glad to think that for me the whole burst of Niagara was yet in futurity. We rolled on, and entered the village of Manchester, bordering on the falls.

I am quite ashamed of myself here. Not that I ran like a madman to the falls, and plunged into the thickest of the spray —never stopping to breathe, till breathing was impossible; not that I committed this, or any other suitable extravagance. On the contrary, I alighted with perfect decency and composure, gave my cloak to the black waiter, pointed out my baggage, and inquired, not the nearest way to the cataract, but about the dinner-hour. The interval was spent in arranging my dress. Within the last fifteen minutes, my mind had grown strangely benumbed, and my spirits apathetic, with a slight depression, not decided enough to be termed sadness. My enthusiasm was in a deathlike slumber. Without aspiring to immortality, as he did, I could have imitated that English traveler who turned back from the point where he first heard the thunder of Niagara, after crossing the ocean to behold it. Many a Western trader, by the by, has performed a similar act of heroism with more heroic simplicity, deeming it no such wonderful feat to dine at the hotel and resume his route to Buffalo or Lewiston, while the cataract was roaring unseen.

Such has often been my apathy, when objects, long sought, and earnestly desired, were placed within my reach. After dinner—at which an unwonted and perverse epicurism detained me longer than usual—I lighted a cigar and paced the piazza, minutely attentive to the aspect and business of a very ordinary village. Finally, with reluctant step, and the feeling of an intruder, I walked toward Goat Island. At the toll-house, there were further excuses for delaying the inevitable moment. My signature was required in a huge ledger, containing similar records innumerable, many of which I read. The skin of a great sturgeon, and other fishes, beasts, and reptiles; a collection of minerals, such as lie in heaps near the falls; some Indian moccasins, and other trifles, made of deerskin and embroidered with beads; several newspapers, from Montreal, New York, and Boston—all attracted me in turn. Out of a number of twisted sticks, the manufacture of a Tuscarora Indian, I selected one of

curled maple, curiously convoluted, and adorned with the carved images of a snake and a fish. Using this as my pilgrim's staff, I crossed the bridge. Above and below me were the rapids, a river of impetuous snow, with here and there a dark rock amid its whiteness, resisting all the physical fury, as any cold spirit did the moral influences of the scene. On reaching Goat Island, which separates the two great segments of the falls, I chose the right-hand path, and followed it to the edge of the American cascade. There, while the falling sheet was yet invisible, I saw the vapor that never vanishes, and the Eternal Rainbow of Niagara.

It was an afternoon of glorious sunshine, without a cloud, save those of the cataracts. I gained an insulated rock, and beheld a broad sheet of brilliant and unbroken foam, not shooting in a curved line from the top of the precipice, but falling headlong down from height to depth. A narrow stream diverged from the main branch, and hurried over the crag by a channel of its own, leaving a little pine-clad island and a streak of precipice between itself and the larger sheet. Below arose the mist, on which was painted a dazzling sunbow with two concentric shadows—one, almost as perfect as the original brightness; and the other, drawn faintly round the broken edge of the cloud.

Still I had not half seen Niagara. Following the verge of the island, the path led me to the Horseshoe, where the real, broad St. Lawrence, rushing along on a level with its banks, pours its whole breadth over a concave line of precipice, and thence pursues its course between lofty crags toward Ontario. A sort of bridge, two or three feet wide, stretches out along the edge of the descending sheet, and hangs upon the rising mist, as if that were the foundation of the frail structure. Here I stationed myself in the blast of wind which the rushing river bore along with it. The bridge was tremulous beneath me, and marked the tremor of the solid earth. I looked along the whitening rapids, and endeavored to distinguish a mass of water

far above the falls, to follow it to their verge, and go down with it, in fancy, to the abyss of clouds and storm. Casting my eyes across the river, and every side, I took in the whole scene at a glance, and tried to comprehend it in one vast idea. After an hour thus spent, I left the bridge, and by a staircase, winding almost interminably round a post, descended to the base of the precipice. From that point, my path lay over slippery stones, and among great fragments of the cliff, to the edge of the cataract, where the wind at once enveloped me in spray, and perhaps dashed the rainbow round me. Were my long desires fulfilled? And had I seen Niagara?

Oh, that I had never heard of Niagara till I beheld it! Blessed were the wanderers of old who heard its deep roar, sounding through the woods, as the summons to an unknown wonder, and approached its awful brink in all the freshness of native feeling. Had its own mysterious voice been the first to warn me of its existence, then, indeed, I might have knelt down and worshiped. But I had come thither, haunted with a vision of foam and fury, and dizzy cliffs, and an ocean tumbling down out of the sky—a scene, in short, which Nature had too much good taste and calm simplicity to realize. My mind had struggled to adapt these false conceptions to the reality, and finding the effort vain, a wretched sense of disappointment weighed me down. I climbed the precipice, and threw myself on the earth, feeling that I was unworthy to look at the Great Falls, and careless about beholding them again.

All that night, as there has been and will be for ages past and to come, a rushing sound was heard, as if a great tempest were sweeping through the air. It mingled with my dreams, and made them full of storm and whirlwind. Whenever I awoke, and heard this dread sound in the air, and the windows rattling as with a mighty blast, I could not rest again, till looking forth, I saw how bright the stars were, and that every leaf in the garden was motionless. Never was a summer night more calm to the eye, nor a gale of autumn louder to the ear. The rushing sound

proceeds from the rapids, and the rattling of the casements is but an effect of the vibration of the whole house, shaken by the jar of the cataract. The noise of the rapids draws the attention from the true voice of Niagara, which is a dull, muffled thunder, resounding between the cliffs. I spent a wakeful hour at midnight, in distinguishing its reverberations, and rejoiced to find that my former awe and enthusiasm were reviving.

Gradually, and after much contemplation, I came to know, by my own feelings, that Niagara is indeed a wonder of the world, and not the less wonderful because time and thought must be employed in comprehending it. Casting aside all preconceived notions, and preparation to be dire-struck or delighted, the beholder must stand beside it in the simplicity of his heart, suffering the mighty scene to work its own impression. Night after night I dreamed of it, and was gladdened every morning by the consciousness of a growing capacity to enjoy it. Yet I will not pretend to the all-absorbing enthusiasm of some more fortunate spectators, nor deny that very trifling causes would draw my eyes and thoughts from the cataract.

The last day that I was to spend at Niagara, before my departure for the Far West, I sat upon the Table Rock. This celebrated station did not now, as of old, project fifty feet beyond the line of the precipice, but was shattered by the fall of an immense fragment, which lay distant on the shore below. Still, on the utmost verge of the rock, with my feet hanging over it, I felt as if suspended in the open air. Never before had my mind been in such perfect unison with the scene. There were intervals when I was conscious of nothing but the great river, rolling calmly into the abyss, rather descending than precipitating itself, and acquiring tenfold majesty from its unhurried motion. It came like the march of Destiny. It was not taken by surprise, but seemed to have anticipated, in all its course through the broad lakes, that it must pour their collected waters down this height. The perfect foam of the river, after its descent, and the ever-varying shapes of mist, rising up, to

become clouds in the sky, would be the very picture of confusion, were it merely transient, like the rage of a tempest. But when the beholder has stood awhile, and perceives no lull in the storm, and considers that the vapor and the foam are as everlasting as the rocks which produce them, all this turmoil assumes a sort of calmness. It soothes, while it awes, the mind.

Leaning over the cliff, I saw the guide conducting two adventurers behind the falls. It was pleasant, from that high seat in the sunshine, to observe them struggling against the eternal storm of the lower regions, with heads bent down, now faltering, now pressing forward, and finally swallowed up in their victory. After their disappearance, a blast rushed out with an old hat, which it had swept from one of their heads. The rock, to which they were directing their unseen course, is marked, at a fearful distance on the exterior of the sheet, by a jet of foam. The attempt to reach it appears both poetical and perilous to a looker-on, but may be accomplished without much more difficulty or hazard than in stemming a violent northeaster. In a few moments, forth came the children of the mist. Dripping and breathless, they crept along the base of the cliff, ascended to the guide's cottage, and received, I presume, a certificate of their achievement, with three verses of sublime poetry on the back.

My contemplations were often interrupted by strangers who came down from Forsyth's to take their first view of the falls. A short, ruddy, middle-aged gentleman, fresh from Old England, peeped over the rock, and evinced his approbation by a broad grin. His spouse, a very robust lady, afforded a sweet example of maternal solicitude, being so intent on the safety of her little boy that she did not even glance at Niagara. As for the child, he gave himself wholly to the enjoyment of a stick of candy. Another traveler, a native American, and no rare character among us, produced a volume of Captain Hall's tour, and labored earnestly to adjust Niagara to the captain's description, departing, at last, without one new idea or sensation of his own. The next comer was provided, not with a printed book, but with

a blank sheet of foolscap, from top to bottom of which, by means of an ever-pointed pencil, the cataract was made to thunder. In a little talk which we had together, he awarded his approbation to the general view, but censured the position of Goat Island, observing that it should have been thrown farther to the right, so as to widen the American falls, and contract those of the Horseshoe. Next appeared two traders of Michigan, who declared, that, upon the whole, the sight was worth looking at; there certainly was an immense water-power here; but that, after all, they would go twice as far to see the noble stone-works of Lockport, where the Grand Canal is locked down a descent of sixty feet. They were succeeded by a young fellow in a homespun cotton dress, with a staff in his hand, and a pack over his shoulders. He advanced close to the edge of the rock, where his attention, at first wavering among the different components of the scene, finally became fixed in the angle of the Horseshoe Falls, which is indeed the central point of interest. His whole soul seemed to go forth and be transported thither, till the staff slipped from his relaxed grasp, and falling down—down—down—struck upon the fragment of the Table Rock.

In this manner I spent some hours, watching the varied impression made by the cataract on those who disturbed me, and returning to unwearied contemplation when left alone. At length my time came to depart. There is a grassy footpath through the woods, along the summit of the bank, to a point whence a causeway, hewn in the side of the precipice, goes winding down to the Ferry, about half a mile below the Table Rock. The sun was near setting, when I emerged from the shadow of the trees, and began the descent. The indirectness of my downward road continually changed the point of view, and showed me, in rich and repeated succession, now, the whitening rapids and majestic leap of the main river, which appeared more deeply massive as the light departed; now, the lovelier picture, yet still sublime, of Goat Island, with its rocks and grove, and the lesser falls, tumbling over the right bank of the St. Lawrence, like a

tributary stream; now, the long vista of the river, as it eddied and whirled between the cliffs, to pass through Ontario toward the sea, and everywhere to be wondered at, for this one unrivaled scene. The golden sunshine tinged the sheet of the American cascade, and painted on its heaving spray the broken semicircle of a rainbow, heaven's own beauty crowning earth's sublimity. My steps were slow, and I paused long at every turn of the descent, as one lingers and pauses who discerns a brighter and brightening excellence in what he must soon behold no more. The solitude of the old wilderness now reigned over the whole vicinity of the falls. My enjoyment became the more rapturous, because the spot so famous through the world was all my own!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 268.

Discussion. 1. Why was Hawthorne at first disappointed in Niagara? 2. How did he finally come to know that it is one of the world's wonders? 3. What feelings did Niagara produce in Hawthorne? 4. What effect on the reader did he seek to produce? 5. What does Hawthorne say is necessary in order to appreciate Nature? 6. Account for the fact that Niagara *grew* on Hawthorne. 7. What comments of other observers does Hawthorne give? 8. What do you think determines the kind of response an observer gives to a wonderful scene in Nature, such as Niagara? 9. Have you ever seen Niagara? If so, tell about your feelings. 10. What other famous American scenes have you read about or seen? 11. On page 296 you were told of things that help us to picture our country; what do scenes such as Niagara add to the meaning our country has for us? 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: cataract; native; turmoil. 13. *Pronounce:* loath; heroism; route; unwonted; minutely; reptile; tremor; abyss; tour; idea.

Phrases for Study

suitable extravagance, **352**, 4
aspiring to immortality, **352**, 12
perverse epicurism, **352**, 22
Eternal Rainbow, **353**, 10

Library Reading. "A Descent into the Maelstrom," Poe.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. A description of a visit to a new building, a park, the country, or to some city. 2. A diary of an imaginary trip, based on material in your geography.

FROM MORN TILL NIGHT ON A FLORIDA RIVER*

SIDNEY LANIER

For a perfect journey God gave us a perfect day. The little Ocklawaha steamboat *Marion* had started on her voyage some hours before daylight. She had taken on her passengers the night previous. By seven o'clock on such a May morning as no words could describe we had made twenty-five miles up the St. Johns. At this point the Ocklawaha flows into the St. Johns, one hundred miles above Jacksonville.

Presently we abandoned the broad highway of the St. Johns, and turned off to the right into the narrow lane of the Ocklawaha. This is the sweetest water-lane in the world, a lane which runs for more than one hundred and fifty miles of pure delight betwixt hedgerows of oaks and cypresses and palms and magnolias and mosses and vines; a lane clean to travel, for there is never a speck of dust in it save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and lilies.

As we advanced up the stream our wee craft seemed to emit her steam in leisurely whiffs, as one puffs one's cigar in a contemplative walk through the forest. Dick, the poleman, lay asleep on the guards, in great peril of rolling into the river over the three inches between his length and the edge; the people of the boat moved not, and spoke not; the white crane, the curlew, the heron, the water turkey, were scarcely disturbed in their quiet avocations as we passed, and quickly succeeded in persuading themselves after each momentary excitement of our gliding by, that we were really no monster, but only some day-dream of a monster.

"Look at that snake in the water!" said a gentleman, as we sat on deck with the engineer, just come up from his watch. The engineer smiled. "Sir, it is a water turkey," he said gently. The water turkey is the most preposterous bird within the

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

range of ornithology. He is not a bird; he is a neck with such subordinate rights, members, belongings, and heirlooms as seem necessary to that end. He has just enough stomach to arrange nourishment for his neck, just enough wings to fly painfully along with his neck, and just big enough legs to keep his neck from dragging on the ground; and his neck is light-colored, while the rest of him is black. When he saw us he jumped up on a limb and stared. Then suddenly he dropped into the water, sank like a leaden ball out of sight, and made us think he was drowned. Presently the tip of his beak appeared, then the length of his neck lay along the surface of the water. In this position, with his body submerged, he shot out his neck, drew it back, wriggled it, twisted it, twiddled it, and poked it spirally into the east, the west, the north, and the south, round and round with a violence and energy that made one think in the same breath of corkscrews and of lightnings. But what nonsense! All that labor and perilous contortion for a beggarly sprat or a couple of inches of water snake.

Some twenty miles from the mouth of the Ocklawaha, at the right-hand edge of the stream, is the handsomest residence in America. It belongs to a certain alligator of my acquaintance, a very honest and worthy reptile of good repute. A little cove of water, dark-green under the overhanging leaves, placid and clear, curves round at the river edge into the flags and lilies, with a curve just heart-breaking for its pure beauty. This house of the alligator is divided into apartments, little bays which are scalloped out by the lily pads, according to the winding fancies of their growth. My reptile, when he desires to sleep, has but to lie down anywhere; he will find marvelous mosses for his mattress beneath him; his sheets will be white lily-petals; and the green disks of the lily pads will straightway embroider themselves together above him for his coverlet. He never quarrels with his cook, he is not the slave of a kitchen, and his one housemaid—the stream—forever sweeps his chambers clean. His conservatories there under the glass of that

water are ever, without labor, filled with the enchantments of under-water growths.

His parks and his pleasure-grounds are larger than any king's. Upon my saurian's house the winds have no power, the rains are only a new delight to him, and the snows he will never see. Regarding fire, as he does not use it as a slave, so he does not fear it as a tyrant.

Thus all the elements are the friends of my alligator's house. While he sleeps he is being bathed. What glory to awake sweetened and freshened by the sole, careless act of sleep!

Lastly, my saurian has unnumbered mansions, and can change his dwelling as no human householder may; it is but a flip of his tail, and lo! he is established in another place as good as the last, ready furnished to his liking.

On and on up the river! We find it a river without banks. The swift, deep current meanders between tall lines of trees; beyond these, on either side, there is water also—a thousand shallow rivulets lapsing past the bases of a multitude of trees.

Along the edges of the stream every tree-trunk, sapling, and stump is wrapped about with a close-growing vine. The edges of the stream are also defined by flowers and water-leaves. The tall blue flags, the lilies sitting on their round lily pads like white queens on green thrones, the tiny stars and long ribbons of the water-grasses—all these border the river in an infinite variety of adornment.

And now, after this day of glory, came a night of glory. Deep down in these shaded lanes it was dark indeed as the night drew on. The stream which had been all day a girdle of beauty, blue or green, now became a black band of mystery.

But presently a brilliant flame flares out overhead: They have lighted the pine knots on top of the pilot house. The fire advances up these dark windings like a brilliant god.

The startled birds suddenly flutter into the light, and after an instant of illuminated flight melt into the darkness. From the perfect silence of these short flights one derives a certain sense of awe.

Now there is a mighty crack and crash: limbs and leaves scrape and scrub along the deck; a little bell tinkles; we stop. In turning a short curve, the boat has run her nose smack into the right bank, and a projecting stump has thrust itself sheer through the starboard side. Out, Dick! Out, Henry! Dick and Henry shuffle forward to the bow, thrust forth their long white pole against a tree-trunk, strain and push and bend to the deck. Our bow slowly rounds into the stream, the wheel turns, and we puff quietly along.

And now it is bedtime. Let me tell you how to sleep on an Ocklawaha steamer in May. With a small bribe persuade Jim, the steward, to take the mattress out of your berth and lay it slanting just along the railing that encloses the lower part of the deck in front and to the left of the pilot house. Lie flat on your back down on the mattress, draw your blanket over you, put your cap on your head, on account of the night air, fold your arms, say some little prayer or other, and fall asleep with a star looking right down on your eye. When you wake in the morning you will feel as new as Adam.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Sidney Lanier (1842-1881) was a native of Georgia. When a mere lad, just out of college, he entered the Confederate army and faithfully devoted the most precious years of his life to that service. While in a military prison he contracted tuberculosis, and during his few remaining years he struggled constantly with disease and poverty. He was a talented musician and often found it necessary to supplement the earnings of his pen by playing in an orchestra. His thorough knowledge and fine sense of music also appear in his masterly treatise on the "Science of English Verse." During his last years he held a lectureship on English Literature in Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore. He has often been compared with Poe in the exquisite melody of his verse, while in unaffected simplicity and in truthfulness to Nature he is not surpassed by Bryant or Whittier. His prose as well as his poetry breathes the very spirit of his sunny southland. In the "Song of the Chattahoochee," "The Marshes of Glynn," and "On a Florida River," one scents the balsam of the Georgia pines among which he lived, and the odor of magnolia groves, jessamine, and wild honeysuckle.

Discussion. 1. From this selection what do you think of the author's power of description? 2. Mention instances in which he makes use of humor to add to his descriptive power. 3. Quote his words describing the Ocklawaha. 4. What does the author mean by saying, "We find it a river without banks"? Have you ever seen such a river? 5. In your own words, give a description of the alligator's home. 6. Make a list of things Lanier saw on this trip that he would not see on a trip down a river in New England. 7. What gives this piece of prose its musical quality? 8. What comparison do you find in lines 22 and 23, page 361? 9. Point out some examples of alliteration, that is, similar sounds at the beginning of successive words, as "steamboat had started"; for what purpose does the author use alliteration? 10. On page 296 you read that our country presents many moods; what mood does this selection portray? 11. Does this selection make you think that the author loved his southland home? What tells you this? 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: avocation; preposterous; contortion; placid. 13. *Pronounce:* contemplative; leisurely; infinite.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

I SIGH FOR THE LAND OF THE CYPRESS AND PINE

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON

I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine,
Where the jessamine blooms, and the gay woodbine,
Where the moss droops low from the green oak tree—
Oh, that sun-bright land is the land for me!

The snowy flower of the orange there
Sheds its sweet fragrance through the air;
And the Indian rose delights to twine
Its branches with the laughing vine.

There the deer leaps light through the open glade,
Or hides him far in the forest shade,
When the woods resound in the dewy morn
With the clang of the merry hunter's horn.

There the humming bird, of rainbow plume,
Hangs over the scarlet creeper's bloom;
While 'midst the leaves his varying dyes
Sparkle like half-seen fairy eyes.

There the echoes ring through the livelong day
With the mock-bird's changeful roundelay;
And at night, when the scene is calm and still,
With the moan of the plaintive whippoorwill.

Oh! I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine,
Of the laurel, the rose, and the gay woodbine,
Where the long gray moss decks the rugged oak tree—
That sun-bright land is the land for me.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Samuel Henry Dickson (1798-1872) was born in Charleston, South Carolina. After he was graduated from Yale College, and from the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Dickson was professor of medicine successively at the medical school at Charleston, at the University of the City of New York, and at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. His love for his native southland is beautifully expressed in this poem.

Discussion. 1. What part of the country does the poet mean when he refers to the "land of the cypress and pine"? 2. Mention things named in the first stanza which characterize this land. 3. Have you ever seen the moss on "the green oak tree"? 4. What birds does the poet mention? 5. Are these birds found only in the South? 6. Have you ever heard the whippoorwill? 7. Do you think the poet was right in calling its note a "moan"? 8. On page 295 you were told of things that express what America means to its citizens. Love of the homeland is a condition of good citizenship; what do you love about the section in which you live? 9. You will enjoy hearing the Victor record, "Mocking Bird," Gluck, with bird voices by Kellogg. 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: roundelay; rugged.

Library Reading. "The Whippoorwill," van Dyke (in *The Builders and Other Poems*).

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. Why I like my own home section best. 2. What I can do to make it still more lovely.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW*

WASHINGTON IRVING

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.
—CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

THE VALLEY AND ITS SUPERSTITIONS

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon ball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War; and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads,

and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this specter, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the specter is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by everyone who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great state of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

ICHABOD CRANE AND KATRINA VAN TASSEL

In this by-place of nature, there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a state which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eelpot. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy sum-

mer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."—Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burden off the backs of the weak and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents," and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers, by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood, being considered a kind of idle gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed,

inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overran the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's history of New England witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whippoorwill from the hill-

side; the boding cry of the tree toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, "in linkéd sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no specter dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night!—With what wistful look did he eye every

trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted specter, beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many specters in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet day-light put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches; and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time; and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon

found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling

his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cozily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy, relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low, projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad

weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; and irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock oranges and conch shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the center of the room; and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily-conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined, all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the center of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and ca-

prices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

BROM BONES

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roistering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cockfights; and, with the ascendency which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles around. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along

past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good will; and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk! he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently-insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which

is so often a stumblingblock in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for the man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those

most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore —by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse"; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the schoolhouse at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy; so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches of the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in the presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

THE QUILTING FROLIC

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferrule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper gamecocks. Apparently there had been some ap-

palling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merrymaking, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy of their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only, suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciled, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth,

like a knight-errant, in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow horse that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a scepter, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and Nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark

of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud, querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipped wings and yellow-tipped tail, and its little montero cap of feathers; and the bluejay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty

Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast, and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare, leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted short-gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was a hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed, Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in con-

stant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tenderer oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces, not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old schoolhouse, snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade.

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the

harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to fall to and help themselves.

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fiber about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes, who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly-favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it

during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cowboys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White Plains, being an excellent master of defense, parried a musket ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz around the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats, but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have traveled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that

blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite specter of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. This was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from

his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvelous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it, too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenance of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvelous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied

forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chap-fallen.—Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks?—Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival?—Heaven only knows, not I!—Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

ICHABOD'S TERRIFYING EXPERIENCES

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog, from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night

grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered—it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured,

and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side and kicked lustily with the contrary foot; it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and

dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror struck, on perceiving that he was headless! —but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle; his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it

crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskillful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook, but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes, full of dogs' ears; and a broken pitchpipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York, on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin, which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill

pond. The schoolhouse being deserted soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plowboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Washington Irving (1783-1859) was born in the city of New York, in the very year in which the Treaty of Peace that ended the Revolutionary War was signed. He was destined to do for American literature what the war had already done for the American government and people—make it respected among all nations. Irving's mother said, "Washington's great work is done; let us name our boy Washington," little dreaming when thus naming him after the "Father of His Country" that he should one day come to be called the "Father of American Letters" (literature).

On April 30, 1789, when this little boy was six years old, his father took him to Federal Hall in Wall Street, to witness Washington's inauguration as the first president of the United States. It is told that President Washington laid his hand kindly on the head of his little namesake and gave him his blessing.

Young Washington Irving led a happy life, rambling in his boyhood about every nook and corner of the city and the adjacent woods, which at that time were not very far to seek, idling about the busy wharves, making occasional trips up the lordly Hudson, roaming, gun in hand, along its banks and over the neighboring Kaatskills, listening to the tales of old Dutch landlords and gossipy old Dutch housewives. When he became a young man he wove these old tales, scenes, experiences, and much more that his imagination and his merry humor added, into some of the most rollicking, mirthful stories that had been read in many a day. The first of these was a humorous *History of New York* (1809), which Irving pretended he had found among the papers of an old Dutchman by the name of Diedrich Knickerbocker. This work made its author instantly famous, and showed to Americans as well as to foreigners what wealth of literary material this new country already possessed in its local legends and history.

Ten years later Irving published *The Sketch Book,* containing the matchless "Rip Van Winkle" and the delightful "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." This may be said to mark the real beginning of American literature. A visit to Spain resulted in *The Alhambra* and *The Life of Colum-*

bus, descriptive and historical works in which Irving won as great success as he had attained with his humorous tales. His genial, cheerful nature shines through all his works and makes him still, as his friend Thackeray said of him in his lifetime, "beloved of all the world."

Discussion. 1. What was the situation of Sleepy Hollow? 2. Make a list of all the names Irving applies to this valley. 3. What impression do these names help to give? 4. What effect upon the inhabitants had the situation of the valley? 5. In describing this effect, what comparison does Irving use? 6. Why does Irving exaggerate Ichabod's peculiarities? Find examples of exaggeration. 7. What stories did Ichabod enjoy? 8. What effect did these have upon him? 9. For what is the author preparing the reader when he tells this? 10. How do you account for Ichabod's disappearance? 11. Make a list of all the hints throughout the story that helped you to come to this conclusion. 12. Find lines that show Irving's humor. 13. In what ways does he create humor? 14. Find lines that show Irving's power to describe Nature. 15. Which description do you think is the finest? 16. In what humorous way does Irving account for the prevalence of ghosts in a community like Sleepy Hollow? 17. On page 296 you read that legend and history help to acquaint us with our country; how does this story help you to understand America? 18. This story gives you a picture of the farmland country of New York after the Revolutionary War; compare this picture to the poverty of country life in early New England, as shown in *The Courtship of Miles Standish.* 19. Why is it good for a country to have its citizens familiar with "scenes and legends," such as you find in this group of selections? 20. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: legend; tranquillity; rustic; superstition (pp. 365-366); architect; urchin; revenue; budget; goblin (pp. 368-372); hardihood; decision (p. 377); despotic; refugee (pp. 380-387). 21. *Pronounce:* inapplicable; patron; elm (pp. 368-374); Herculean; alternative (pp. 377-380); horizon; hospitable (pp. 384-386).

Phrases for Study

inveterate propensity, **365**, 10
nine fold, **366**, 25
Hessian trooper, **366**, 30
great torrent of migration, **367**, 25
genius of famine, **368**, 19
mystery of an eelpot, **368**, 28
administered justice with discrimination, **369**, 11
comforts of the cupboard, **369**, 27
dilating powers of an anaconda, **369**, 31
worldly effects, **369**, 36
carried away the palm, **370**, 21
legitimately descended, **370**, 26
curdling awe, **373**, 4
vast expectations, **373**, 26
sumptuous promise, **375**, 3
warm tenement, **375**, 20

knight-errant of yore, **376**, 26
labyrinth of whims, **376**, 35
roistering blade, **377**, 7
enter the lists against him, **380**, 3
obstinately pacific system, **380**, 7
petty embassies, **381**, 13
it is meet I should, **382**, 1
oppressive opulence, **383**, 20
want breath, **385**, 20
amorous oglings, **386**, 26
mounted on pillions, **389**, 26
involuntary fervor, **392**, 32
executor of his estate, **395**, 17

Class Reading. Description of Ichabod Crane, page 368, lines 1 to 20; description of the Van Tassel farm and mansion, page 373, line 34, to page 376, line 21; Brom Bones, page 377, line 7, to page 378, line 8; the quilting frolic, page 384, line 15, to page 386, line 28; the headless horseman, page 392, line 5, to page 394, line 35.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline for the story, using the topic-headings found in the text.

Library Reading. Another story from *The Sketch Book,* Irving; a story from *Tales of a Traveller* or from *The Alhambra,* Irving.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. My favorite story by Washington Irving. 2. A description of "Sunnyside" from personal observation or from pictures. 3. A dialogue that you imagine might have taken place between Ichabod and the old farmer who had been to New York. 4. A comparison of an American school of long ago with my school.

THE GREAT STONE FACE*

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

One afternoon, when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains, there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log-huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farmhouses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning, and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge;

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near, he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage-door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a

story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others, who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log-cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to

his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. But the secret was that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name—but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life—was Gathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr. Gathergold had become so very

rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skillful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weatherbeaten farmhouse. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then, a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of the old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come, at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their

doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw —the very same that had clawed together so much wealth— poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed—

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lip seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be molded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul—simple as when his mother first taught

him the old prophecy—he beheld the marvelous features beaming adown the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resembance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain-side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battlefield under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually

appeared. An aid-de-camp of Old Blood-and-Thunder, traveling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival Ernest and all the other people of the valley left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battlefield. To console himself, he turned toward the Great

Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meanwhile, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! Why, call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm, served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity, he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

"The general! the general!" was now the cry. "Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk, amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade

his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weatherbeaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills, and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But—as it always did- the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering to him—"fear not, Ernest; he will come."

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares.

It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and molded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him, he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war—the song of

peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success—when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the courts of princes and potentates—after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore—it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the Presidency. Before this time—indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated—his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the state, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback; militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted

his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvelous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice, to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is, now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as twin brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain-side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, in-

deed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic, model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvelously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still, Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent; for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed, with the grandeur that it had worn for centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved,

and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone—a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fullness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way; and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode, which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. This man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his

theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last, best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away,

had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpetbag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their

minds accorded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote, and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then, for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned toward the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfillment of a prophecy; and, when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"They have a strain of the Divinity," replied the poet. "You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have

had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too, by my own choice—among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even—shall I dare to say it?—I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness which my own works are said to have made more evident in Nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was

melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance, with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression so imbued with benevolence that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted—

"Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

Then all the people looked, and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 268.

Note. "The Great Stone Face" is a short story, that is, a story that aims at a single effect. Such a story has no unnecessary characters, incidents, or details. Everything aids in a swift movement to the point of highest interest. In this story Hawthorne aims to teach a lesson, to impress upon us the value of an ideal. In general, a short story has an introduction, a main incident, a point of highest interest (called the climax), and a conclusion. The introduction gives the setting, the time and place, introduces the characters, makes plain the situation at the

opening of the development of the main incident, and arouses your interest in the story. The conclusion is usually very brief.

Discussion. 1. What old prophecy did Ernest hope to see fulfilled? 2. What did he see in the Great Stone Face that influenced him? 3. What did Gathergold care most for? 4. For what did he use his wealth? 5. The Introduction on page 296 closed with the question, "What is America to me, and what can I do to make her happy?" How would Ernest have answered this question? 6. Ernest was seeking all his life for the *ideal American citizen.* The village folk at first thought that Gathergold was such a man; what did he represent? Why did he fail? 7. How may a wealthy man show himself an ideal citizen of his homeland? 8. Mention some very wealthy men who have used their riches to help their fellow men (founding libraries, etc.). 9. Next, the village folks looked upon Old Blood-and-Thunder as the ideal citizen; what did he represent? 10. Why did he fail to measure up to the ideal? 11. Mention some great soldiers who have proved ideal American citizens; tell what they did for our country. 12. Why did Old Stony Phiz fail to meet the standard? Compare him with Patrick Henry and Abraham Lincoln. 13. Why did the poet fail? Compare him with Longfellow. 14. Read again what is said in the Introduction on page 20 about what the poets do for us; also what is said in the Introduction on page 220 about the part poets have played in the struggle for freedom. 15. How did Ernest show by his simple life that he was himself the ideal citizen? 16. How does a legend such as this help us to understand what America is, and how we can help to make her happy? 17. This selection is taken from Hawthorne's "Tales of the White Hills," in *The Snow Image and Other Twice-Told Tales.* In the White Mountains of New Hampshire there is a cliff that resembles a human face. It was this rugged profile, known as "The Old Man of the Mountain," that gave Hawthorne the suggestion for this story. 18. Why do you think this is a typical short story? 19. On page 296 you read that you can become acquainted with your homeland partly through "snapshots" of the scenes that show her "infinite variety of moods," and partly through her legends. Mention some "moods" and legends found in the five selections you have just read in the group called "American Scenes and Legends." 20. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: spacious; perpendicular; Titanic; visage; prophecy; ardor; pensive; commodity; portico (pp. 400-404); sordid; meditate; ignoble; clangor; verdant; epaulet (pp. 406-409); truculent; illustrious; spectacle; array; despondent; grandeur (pp. 411-415); utterance (p. 417). 21. *Pronounce:* benign (p. 401); harbinger; beneficence; wound (pp. 405-407); buoyantly (p. 412); obliquely; draught (pp. 419-420).

Phrases for Study

tamed by human cunning, **400**, 15
majestic playfulness, **400**, 24
original divinity intact, **401**, 8
peculiar portion, **403**, 6
inscrutable faculty, **403**, 16
touch of transmutation, **404**, 17
communicated electricity, **409**, 13
habitual breadth of view, **409**, 23
wrought upon and molded, **411**, 10
endowed it with reality, **414**, 11
angelic kindred, **416**, 15
accorded into one strain, **418**, 1

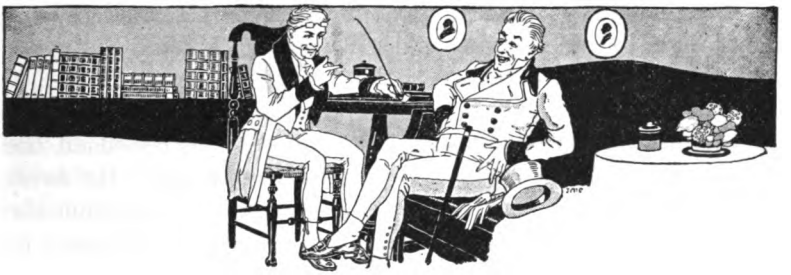
Class Reading. Gathergold's wealth and his mansion, page 403, line 7, to page 405, line 4; the festival for Old Blood-and-Thunder, page 408, line 13, to page 410, line 12; Ernest addresses the assemblage, page 419, line 10, to end of story. Bring to class and read "The Old Man of the Mountain," Shattuck (in *St. Nicholas,* September, 1920).

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. (a) The Great Stone Face; (b) The prophecy; (c) The story of Gathergold; (d) The story of Old Blood-and-Thunder; (e) The story of Old Stony Phiz; (f) The meeting of Ernest and the poet; (g) The poet's discovery.

Library Reading. Other stories from *The Snow Image and Other Twice-Told Tales,* Hawthorne; a story from *Twice-Told Tales,* Hawthorne; *Will o' the Mill,* Stevenson.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. Apply to Washington and Lincoln the principle that the life we live is reflected in our features, spirit, and actions. 2. My favorite hero or heroine. 3. The kind of boy or girl I should like to be. 4. How ideals can be realized. 5. How a study of Hawthorne may help me to increase my vocabulary. (Note the different names Hawthorne uses in referring to the face.)

AMERICAN LITERATURE OF LIGHTER VEIN



THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG*

MARK TWAIN

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W.* Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W.* Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim* Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the barroom stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W.* Smiley—*Rev. Leonidas W.* Smiley—a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solitry thing mentioned but that

feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any* thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for His inf'nit mercy —and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always reach the

stand about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his underjaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bullyrag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had been in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tomcats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in tha air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of that frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "He's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump ary frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time. and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller

touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wan't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, "Well, *I* don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—

(Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.) And turning to me as he moved away, he said, "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and—"

"Oh, hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910), known as Mark Twain, is America's greatest humorous writer. He was born in the village of Florida, Missouri, and at the age of four years moved with his parents to the river town of Hannibal, which he immortalized in his two most popular books, *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn.* He became a printer and later a pilot on a Mississippi steamboat. For a few years he served as assistant to his brother, who was secretary of the Territory of Nevada. This brought him in touch with the gold fields of the West, and he set out to make his fortune in a mining camp. He found only a very small amount of gold, but his wonderful experiences in the West furnished the basis for some of his most popular stories and books, such as "The Celebrated Jumping Frog" and *Roughing It.* As a newspaper reporter he chose the pen name Mark Twain, an old river expression, meaning the mark that registers two fathoms (twelve feet) of water. His start to literary fame came with the publication of the story, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog." Later he traveled through Europe and the Holy Land, paying his expenses by means of a series of letters describing his trip, written for a San Francisco newspaper. These letters were afterwards brought together in a book called *The Innocents Abroad,* a delightfully humorous collection of descriptive sketches. For a time he was part owner and associate editor of the *Buffalo Express,* an investment that was not profitable. During his later years he became a popular lecturer and spent much of his time on the lecture platform.

Discussion. 1. What paragraphs in this selection relate the circumstances under which Simon Wheeler's reminiscences of Jim Smiley were told? 2. What were these circumstances? 3. Are all parts of these introductory paragraphs to be taken seriously? 4. Does Mark Twain intend to convince his readers that they will find Simon Wheeler's narrative "monotonous" and "interminable"? 5. Why does he call it so? 6. What paragraphs in these reminiscences lead up to the story of the jumping frog? 7. In whom do these paragraphs serve to interest the reader? 8. What is this person's most marked characteristic? 9. What illustrations of this characteristic are given? 10. Did you enjoy reading this selection? 11. Can you tell what made it enjoyable? 12. How does the author make his story humorous? 13. This selection is a humorous description of a certain type of lazy character found in many rural communities; have you ever known such a man as the rambling story-teller, Wheeler? As the shiftless Jim Smiley? 14. What other selections have you read in this book that are enriched by touches of humor? 15. What is the value of humor in literature? 16. This is a typical short story; can

you point out the introduction, the climax, and the other parts of the story? (See Note, p. 420.) 17. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: compliance; garrulous; append; conjectured; dilapidated; commissioned; initial; interminable; transcendent; *finesse*. 18. *Pronounce:* infamous; tedious; inquiries; exquisitely; fellow; amateur.

Class Reading. Select passages to be read aloud in class.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

Library Reading. *A Literary Nightmare,* Mark Twain; *Tales of Laughter,* Wiggin; the current number of the magazine *Life;* "In Mark-Twain Land," Milbank (in *St. Nicholas,* August, 1919).

A Suggested Problem. Prepare a program for "Humor Day" in your school. Bring to class humorous selections—stories, poems, clippings, etc.—that have been enjoyed in your family. A committee of pupils may plan interesting ways for presenting this material. Let the class artist give a talk illustrated by his own drawings.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. A humorous monologue: A Boy Scout telling a humorous incident that occurred on a hike; A Girl Scout describing camp life humorously; A Camp Fire girl telling a humorous incident of a ceremonial meeting; A sailor spinning a funny yarn, etc. 2. A book review of *Tom Sawyer,* pointing out particularly humorous incidents, such as how Tom Sawyer whitewashed the fence (add interest to your report by reading selected passages to the class).

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I wrote some lines once on a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed.
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear.
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar.
The fifth; his waistband split.
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was the son of a Congregational minister. He attended Phillips Andover Academy and was graduated from Harvard College in the famous class of 1829. After studying medicine and anatomy in Paris, he began practicing in Boston. Later he was made pro-

fessor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth College, and afterwards at Harvard. In 1850 he first came into prominence through his poem "Old Ironsides" (page 458). Like Bryant, Holmes was a poet on occasion, not by profession. For more than forty years after he entered on his duties at Harvard he delivered his four lectures a week eight months of the year, and President Eliot stated that he was an able teacher of medicine as well as a clever writer.

When Lowell was offered the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly,* he made it a condition of his acceptance that Holmes should be a contributor. The result was a series of articles entitled *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* Among his poems, the best known are "The Chambered Nautilus," "The Height of the Ridiculous," "The Deacon's Masterpiece," and short poems in celebration of various occasions.

He wrote several novels, but it is as the author of the *Autocrat* series and by his humorous poems that he will be best remembered by his readers. By his personal associates he was most fondly remembered for his sunny disposition and his witty conversation.

Discussion. 1. What is it that is described by the poet as being the "height of the ridiculous"? 2. What incidents are related that seem to show him to be right in this estimate? 3. What opinion of the poet does the poem give you? 4. In what state of mind do you think of him as writing it? 5. What is the "trifling jest" referred to in the fourth stanza? What are the duties of a "printer's devil"? 6. This poem is pure nonsense for the sake of a hearty laugh; of what use is a poem like this?

Library Reading. *The Nonsense Book,* Lear; "Just Nonsense," (in *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks,* Stevenson).

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. A discussion of present-day humor as seen in the funny pictures of the newspaper. 2. The tendency of the modern newspaper reader to get his humor through pictures rather than words. 3. Some well-known cartoonists and the characters they have created. 4. The joke column of the newspaper which I am in the habit of reading; its title and its editor. 5. Limericks. 6. Moving pictures as sources of humor.

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI*

O. HENRY

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at $8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid $30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to $20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier glass in an $8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped, the sign read: "Mme Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain, simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made

by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant school-boy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't live through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows

awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas,' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet, even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshiped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!" And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Sidney Porter (1862-1910), known by the pen name O. Henry, was born in Greensboro, North Carolina. When a young man, he went to Texas, where he became a reporter. In 1902 he went to New York and from this time on he devoted himself to short-story writing. He gained a prominent place among the world's greatest short-story writers by his books: *The Four Million,* from which "The Gift of the Magi" is taken, *Whirligigs,* and *Heart of the West.* His stories are noted for their humor, their surprising endings, and their warm human sympathy.

Discussion. 1. Has this story an interesting beginning? 2. How does it arouse your curiosity? 3. Throughout the story find other instances where the author arouses your curiosity, but does not immediately tell you what you wish to know. 4. When did a plan for obtaining money first suggest itself to Della? 5. Where do you first begin to suspect what the plan is? 6. Does Jim's behavior, when he is told that Della has cut off her hair, puzzle you as well as Della? 7. O. Henry's stories usually have a surprise at the end; is there a surprise in this one? 8. What reason do you see for calling Jim and Della "the magi"? 9. In this story humor is used to enrich a high moral lesson; what is the lesson? 10. How does the humor of this story differ from that of the other two selections in this group? 11. What have the humorists done for the world? 12. What have you gained from the selections in the group? 13. How do such selections help to make the "spirit of laughter in America," mentioned on page 296? 14. In Holmes's time and even in Mark Twain's, pictures were not widely used to provide humor for the readers of newspapers and magazines; what present-day cartoonists can you name? 15. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: magi; appertaining; agile; meretricious; peculiar; coveted.

Phrases for Study

instigates the reflection, **434**, 9
beggar description, **434**, 14
mendicancy squad, **434**, 16
sequence of strips, **435**, 14
hashed metaphor, **436**, 17
immovable as a setter, **437**, 24

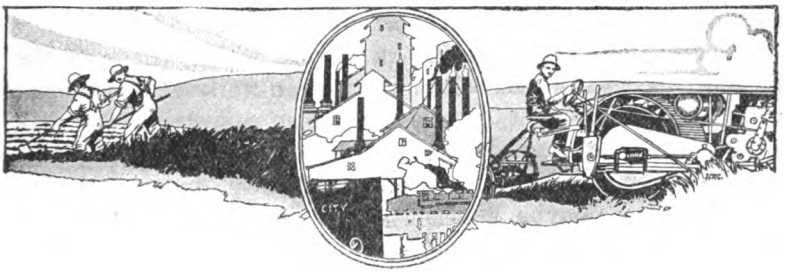
Class Reading. Select passages to be read aloud in class.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

Library Reading. Another story from *The Four Million,* O. Henry; *Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse,* Field.

A Suggested Problem. Make a collection of "funny pictures" for "Cartoon Day" in your school, dividing them into three groups, (1) those that are merely silly, (2) those that are clever, and (3) those that drive home a truth in the form of a joke.

AMERICAN WORKERS AND THEIR WORK



MAKERS OF THE FLAG

FRANKLIN K. LANE

This morning as I passed into the Land Office, the Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said; "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice; "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in the Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when the Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the Flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the Flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the Flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!" Then came a great shout from the Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the Flag.

"I am not the Flag; not at all. I am nothing more than its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when workmen do an honest piece of work, fitting rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, the statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the Flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Franklin Knight Lane (1864-1921) was born on Prince Edward Island, a province of Canada. While he was yet a small boy his parents moved to California, where he attended the State University at Berkeley, being graduated in 1886. Then he entered the newspaper field and became the New York correspondent for a number of papers in the West. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-five and practiced law in San Francisco. In 1913 he was appointed Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Wilson. "Makers of the Flag" is an address made by Secretary Lane, in June, 1914, before the five thousand officers and employees of the Department of the Interior.

Note. In order to be a flag maker, everyone is expected to do his part of the world's work. A wide acquaintance with occupations, both at first hand and through reading, will help you to know about the various kinds of vocations, so that you will be able to choose your work wisely. It will also give you greater sympathy for the worker and deeper appreciation of the service that may be rendered by faithfulness in everyday toil.

Discussion. 1. Why did the Flag greet the author as "Mr. Flag Maker"? 2. Why are the Georgia boy, the mother in Michigan, and the school teacher in Ohio makers of the Flag? 3. Tell in your own words

some of the things that Mr. Lane says the Flag is. 4. What does the Flag mean by saying, "I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for"? 5. How is the Flag a "symbol of yourself"? 6. Do you think that *you* are a maker of the Flag? 7. In your opinion who are the greatest makers of the Flag? 8. Read again what is said in the first paragraph on page 296, and tell how this address shows the "infinite activities" of America. 9. What great activities are symbolized in the picture on page 441? 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: peon; statute; reasoned. 11. *Pronounce:* cordial; garish.

Phrases for Study

swelter of yesterday, **441**, 9
financial panics, **442**, 11
cynically I play the coward, **442**, 28
ego that blasts judgment, **442**, 29
clutch of an idea, **443**, 6
purpose of resolution, **443**, 6

Library Reading. *The Story of Great Inventions,* Burns; *The Boys' Book of Inventions,* Baker; *Stories of Useful Inventions,* Forman; *The Boys' Airplane Book,* Collins; *The Book of Wireless,* Collins.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. A school boy or girl flag maker. 2. An interesting account of some particular service rendered by a doctor that I know; a policeman; a fireman; a nurse; a milkman: a postman; a newsboy; a soldier.

I HEAR AMERICA SINGING

WALT WHITMAN

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be, blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,

The woodcutters' song, the plowboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission, or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Walt Whitman (1819-1892) was born in Huntington, Long Island, and educated in the public schools of Brooklyn. He left school at the early age of thirteen to make his own way in life. At different times he was school teacher, carpenter, builder, journalist, and poet. During the Civil War he became a volunteer nurse in and about Washington, D. C., and the story of his unselfish hospital service is inspiring. Lincoln said of him, "Well, *he* looks like a *man!*"

Two points about Whitman are worthy of notice. The first is that he was a man of intensely democratic sympathies. He wrote of "the dear love of comrades" as the real means for bringing about a better understanding among men of every nation, a better government, and the end of war. He loved every part of America, and all America's sons and daughters. The word "democracy" constantly occurs in his poetry and his prose, and by it he means the cultivation of love and coöperation among men. He had a vision of the time when oppressive governments, and all forms of selfishness, should cease among men; like Burns, he dwelt on the time when men all over the world should be brothers.

The second point is closely related to the first. In his dislike for conventional life he objected even to the *form* developed for poetry through centuries. He was a lover of freedom, even in writing. So he rarely uses rimes and stanzas. He calls his form of writing "chants," and so they are, chants of human brotherhood and sympathy.

Discussion. 1. Who is it that the poet hears singing? 2. In line 1, what "varied carols" does he hear? 3. What do you think was the poet's underlying idea in writing this poem? 4. Do you think he meant to point out that the road to happiness is the road to work? 5. When the worker is interested in his work he enjoys it, for he puts his heart into it; can you give an instance from your own experience?

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

WALT WHITMAN

Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? Have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here;
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood intervein'd,
All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O resistless, restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for all,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 445.

Discussion. 1. Whom does the poet address in the first stanza? 2. What does he ask the pioneers to have ready? 3. Why cannot they "tarry here"? 4. How does the poet characterize the "western youths"? 5. Why must the pioneers "take up the task eternal"? 6. What new world do they enter upon? 7. Mention some of the tasks that the pioneers must do. 8. Where do these pioneers come from? 9. Why does the poet mourn and yet exult? 10. Why would the motto mentioned on page 295 be a good one for the pioneers? 11. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: pioneer; primeval; vexing; sierras.

Phrases for Study

bear the brunt, **446**, 6
sinewy races, **446**, 7
elder races, **446**, 13
task eternal, **446**, 15
surface broad surveying, **447**, 3
continental blood, **447**, 10

Library Reading. *America at Work,* Husband; *The Boy's Book of New Inventions,* Manle; *The Land We Live In,* Price.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. In an imaginary conversation with Walt Whitman tell him what America is doing today to carry out the ideals he expressed in the fourth and fifth stanzas. 2. Pioneers of today: the aeronaut; the submarine seaman. 3. Luther Burbank, a pioneer. 4. Marconi, a pioneer. 5. Thomas A. Edison, a pioneer.

THE BEANFIELD*

HENRY D. THOREAU

Before I finished my house, wishing to earn ten or twelve dollars by some honest and agreeable method, in order to meet my unusual expenses, I planted about two acres and a half chiefly with beans, but a small part with potatoes, corn, peas, and turnips. . . . .

Meanwhile my beans, the length of whose rows, added together, was seven miles, were impatient to be hoed, for the earliest had grown considerably before the latest were in the ground; indeed they were not easily to be put off. What was the meaning of this so steady and self-respecting, this small Herculean labor, I knew not. I came to love my rows, my beans, though so many more than I wanted. They attached me to the earth, and so I got strength like Antaeus. But why should I raise them? Only Heaven knows. This was my curious labor all summer—to make this portion of the earth's surface, which had yielded only cinquefoil, blackberries, johnswort, and the like, before, sweet wild fruits and pleasant flowers, produce instead this pulse. What shall I learn of beans or beans of me?

*See Silent and Oral Reading, page 40.

I cherish them, I hoe them, early and late I have an eye to them; and this is my day's work. It is a fine broad leaf to look on. My auxiliaries are the dews and rains which water this dry soil, and what fertility is in the soil itself, which for the most part is lean and effete. My enemies are worms, cool days, and, most of all, woodchucks. The last have nibbled for me a quarter of an acre clean. But what right had I to oust johnswort and the rest, and break up their ancient herb garden? Soon, however, the remaining beans will be too tough for them, and go forward to meet new foes.

I planted about two acres and a half of upland. Before any woodchuck or squirrel had run across the road, or the sun had gotten above the scrub-oaks, while all the dew was on—I would advise you to do all your work if possible while the dew is on—I began to level the ranks of haughty weeds in my beanfield and to throw dust upon their heads. Early in the morning I worked barefooted, dabbling like a plastic artist in the dewy and crumbling sand, but later in the day the sun blistered my feet. The sun lighted me to hoe beans, pacing slowly backward and forward over that yellow gravelly upland, between the long green rows, fifteen rods, the one end terminating in a scrub-oak copse where I could rest in the shade, the other in a blackberry field where the green berries deepened their tints by the time I had made another round. Removing the weeds, putting fresh soil about the bean stems, and encouraging this weed which I had sown, making the yellow soil express its summer thought in bean leaves and blossoms rather than in wormwood and piper and millet grass, making the earth say beans instead of grass—this was my daily work. As I had little aid from horses or hired men, or improved implements of husbandry, I was much slower, and became much more intimate with my beans than usual.

It was a singular experience, that long acquaintance which I cultivated with beans, what with planting, and hoeing, and harvesting, and thrashing, and picking over, and selling them—the last was the hardest of all—I might add eating, for I did taste.

I was determined to know beans. When they were growing, I used to hoe from five o'clock in the morning till noon, and commonly spent the rest of the day about other affairs. Consider the intimate and curious acquaintance one makes with various kinds of weeds. That's Roman wormwood—that's pigweed—that's sorrel—that's piper-grass—have at him, chop him up, turn his roots upward to the sun, don't let him have a fiber in the shade; if you do he'll turn himself t'other side up and be as green as a leek in two days. A long war, not with cranes, but with weeds, those Trojans who had sun and rain and dews on their side. Daily the beans saw me come to their rescue armed with a hoe, and thin the ranks of their enemies, filling up the trenches with weedy dead. Many a lusty crest-waving Hector, that towered a whole foot above his crowding comrades, fell before my weapon and rolled in the dust.

My farm outgoes for the season were, for implements, seed, work, etc., $14.72\frac{1}{2}$. I got twelve bushels of beans and eighteen bushels of potatoes, besides some peas and sweet corn. The yellow corn and turnips were too late to come to anything. My whole income from the farm was—

	$23.44
Deducting the outgoes.....	$14.72\frac{1}{2}$
There are left	$8.71\frac{1}{2}$

This is the result of my experience in raising beans. Plant the common small white bush bean about the first of June, in rows three feet by eighteen inches apart, being careful to select fresh, round, and unmixed seed. First look out for worms, and supply vacancies by planting anew. Then look out for woodchucks, if it is an exposed place, for they will nibble off the earliest tender leaves almost clean as they go; and again, when the young tendrils make their appearance, they have notice of it, and will shear them off with both buds and young pods, sitting erect like a squirrel. But above all, harvest as early as possible, if you would escape frosts and have a fair and salable crop; you may save much loss by this means.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862) was born in Concord, Massachusetts, and was educated in the village schools and at Harvard University. He was an intimate friend of Emerson, Hawthorne, and the Alcotts. With the help of Emerson, he built a cottage beside a pond in Walden Woods near Concord, where he lived alone, planted beans, caught fish, and for the most part lived on the products of the soil, cultivated by his own hands. In his book, *Walden, or Life in the Woods,* from which this selection is taken, he gives a detailed account of his observations and experiences. Other books by Thoreau are *A Week on the Concord and the Merrimack Rivers, The Maine Woods,* etc.

Discussion. 1. Why did Thoreau wish to earn some extra money? 2. What seeds did he plant? 3. The author likens the hoeing of the beans to a "Herculean labor"; explain this reference. 4. What were Thoreau's auxiliaries? His enemies? 5. According to the author, what is the best time to work in the garden? 6. How did he come "to know beans" so well? 7. Explain the metaphor that refers to the weeds as Trojans. 8. How much did the author clear on his garden? 9. What encouragement to thrift in gardening was given during the World War? 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: copse; tendrils.

Phrases for Study

lean and effete, **449**, 5
level the ranks, **449**, 15
plastic artist, **449**, 17
express its summer thought, **449**, 26
implements of husbandry, **449**, 30
crest-waving Hector, **450**, 13

Library Reading. *Young People's Story of American Literature* (Chapter XXII), Whitcomb; "The Habit of Thrift," Herrick (in *The Youth's Companion,* January 2, 1919); *My Summer in a Garden,* Warner.

A Suggested Problem. If your school is interested in gardening, you may wish to become members of our national school garden organizations. Write to the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., for information relating to "The United States School Garden Army" and for *Home Gardening for City Children* and *A Manual for School-Supervised Gardening;* or to the Department of Agriculture for *Circular 48* of the "Boys' and Girls' Club Work."

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. An experience with a garden. 2. How I planned a garden. 3. Canning Clubs, Corn Clubs, etc. 4. Farming on a large scale, with "improved implements of husbandry."

THE SHIPBUILDERS

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin;
The broadax to the gnarléd oak,
The mallet to the pin!

Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the ax-man's stroke
In forests old and still—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part;
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.

Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the treenails free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plow,
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt-spray caught below,
That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel;
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho!—strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea?
Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,

Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindustan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 90.

Discussion. 1. What does the title tell us? 2. Make an outline that shows what each stanza tells us of the shipbuilders, for example:

Stanza 1—Morning; time for work.
Stanza 2—The smithy; work of the smith, etc.

3. What do the first four lines tell us of the time? 4. Note how much else they tell; what pictures do they give? What comparison do they suggest? 5. What line in the second stanza adds to the picture in the first stanza? 6. In what sense is the smith working "for us"? 7. What does the "panting team" bring from the "far-off hills"? 8. With whose labor does the work of shipbuilding really begin? Read the lines that tell this. 9. Which line in the third stanza do you like best? 10. What comparison does the poet make between shipbuilding and other kinds of labor? 11. Is the "master" the only one responsible for making the ship obey the helm? 12. What is the subject of "may peel," page 453, line 14? 13. What dangers to the ship are pointed out? How may the shipbuilders guard against these dangers? 14. Read the stanzas that urge honest workmanship. 15. At what point in the building of a ship are the "bars and blocks" struck away? 16. In what sense does this "set the good ship free"? 17. Find

lines that tell of the ship's work. 18. In what sense can the "Prairie's golden grain" "be hers"? 19. What is meant by the "Desert's golden sand"? 20. What poetic name is given to the Far East? 21. Find the lines that express the poet's wish for the ship. 22. Select the lines in this poem that give the most vivid pictures. 23. What picture of America at work mentioned in the Introduction, page 296, does this poem give you? 24. What consequences would result from faulty or dishonest work in shipbuilding? 25. Discuss pride in workmanship as a test of good citizenship. 26. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: spectral; craftsmen; tree-nail; spar; reeling; citadel; Hindustan; mart; main. 27. *Pronounce:* sooty; scourge; Hebrides; helm; coral.

Phrases for Study

measured stroke, **452**, 5
century-circled oak, **452**, 23
slaves of human art, **452**, 28
nor faithless joint, **453**, 3
painted shell, **453**, 17
bars and blocks, **453**, 21

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. American shipbuilding during the World War. 2. Why America should have a large number of ships of commerce.

THE BUILDERS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rime.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 343.

Discussion. 1. Tell in your own words what the first stanza means to you. 2. Find the line which tells that we must build whether we wish to do so or not. 3. Upon what does the beauty of the "blocks" depend?

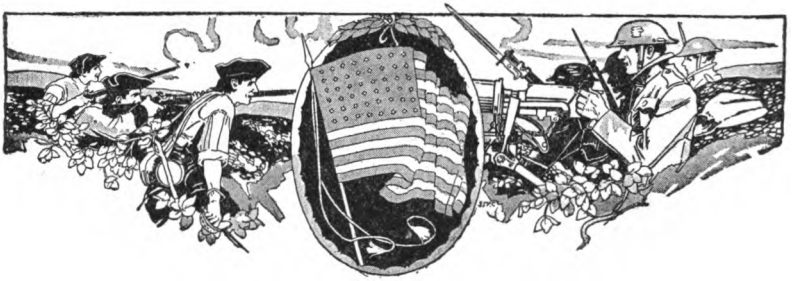
4. Explain the meaning of the fourth stanza. 5. By whom are "massive deeds" performed? 6. By whom are "ornaments of rime" made? 7. Explain the meaning of the "elder days of Art," and mention some works that belong to that time. 8. Tell in your own words the meaning of the last stanza. 9. How do the selections in the group called "American Workers and Their Work" help you to realize how infinite are the activities of our country, about which you read in the Introduction on page 296? 10. How does a poem such as this one help you to see how much the character of the workman determines the quality of his work? 11. Read again the last paragraph of the Introduction on page 296; how does this poem help you to answer the question, "What is America, and what can I do to make her happy"? 12. In the second stanza Longfellow expresses the thought that the task that we have in hand, whatever it may be, is important, and "supports the rest." Apply this thought to situations in everyday life: (a) To the stenographer who carelessly misdirects an important letter. (b) To the horseshoer who carelessly shoes a horse. (c) To the mechanic who carelessly repairs an automobile. 13. What do you think was Longfellow's purpose in writing this poem?

Phrases for Study

architects of Fate, **455**, 1
ornaments of rime, **455**, 4
elder days of Art, **456**, 5
ample base, **456**, 18
ascending and secure, **456**, 19
boundless reach, **456**, 24

Library Reading. *Heart, A Schoolboy's Journal,* De Amicis; *With the Men Who Do Things,* Bond; *All About Engineering,* Knox; *The Romance of Labor,* Twombly and Dana; *The Romance of Modern Manufacture,* Gibson.

LOVE OF COUNTRY



OLD IRONSIDES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Beneath it rang the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning, and the gale!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 432.

Historical Note. Old Ironsides was the popular name given to the U. S. frigate *Constitution,* which won renown in the War of 1812. In 1850 it was proposed by the Secretary of the Navy to dispose of the ship, as it had become unfit for service. Popular sentiment did not approve of this; it was felt that a ship which had been the pride of the nation should continue to be the property of the Navy and that it should be rebuilt for service when needed. Holmes's poem voiced this feeling so forcibly that the order to dismantle the ship was recalled.

Discussion. 1. This group of selections is called "Love of Country." Why is this poem a good one to introduce such a group? 2. As you read this poem, do you think of the frigate as an inanimate object or does it seem personified? 3. What does the poet say would be better than to have the ship dismantled? 4. Do you think this a fitting end for a ship of war? 5. Read the story of the fight between the *Constitution* and the *Guerriére* given in your history and be prepared to tell it in class. Why did the nation have particular pride in this achievement? 6. In the Introduction, on page 296, you read that history—the knowledge of past events—"must acquaint us with our country"; can you mention some other past events that are a source of pride to patriotic Americans?

Phrases for Study

tattered ensign, **458,** 1
meteor of the ocean air, **458,** 7
harpies of the shore, **458,** 15
shattered hulk, **459,** 1

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. "Old Ironsides," the forerunner of the steel battleship. 2. Compare "Old Ironsides" with a modern battleship.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

HENRY WARD BEECHER

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation which sets it forth.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long buried but never dead principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner, too; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only LIGHT, and every fold significant of liberty.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of the nation. And when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us then twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry Ward Beecher (1813-1887) was a native of Connecticut and a son of the famous Lyman Beecher. He was a graduate of Amherst College and of Lane Theological Seminary. For forty years Beecher was the pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, discussing from the pulpit the important problems of the time and championing the rights of

men everywhere, particularly the rights of the oppressed. His lectures and sermons breathed a spirit of intense patriotism.

Discussion. 1. What may be seen in a nation's flag by a thoughtful mind? 2. Of what is the American flag a symbol? 3. What are the stars of the flag compared to? The stripes? 4. What do people see in the "sacred emblazonry" of the flag? 5. Tell something of the history of this banner. 6. What does it mean to "stand by the stars and stripes"? 7. Do you think the men who fought for us in the World War lived up to the ideals given to us in this poem? 8. Did our flag mean the same thing in the World War that the author, in the third paragraph, says it means? 9. In the second paragraph the author speaks of the Hungarian flag; find out all you can about Hungarian liberty resulting from the World War. 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: symbol; tricolor; emblazonry; luminous. 11. *Pronounce:* insignia; rampant.

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "The Stars in Our Flag," Clary (in *St. Nicholas,* July, 1918).

Phrases for Study

resurrected Italy, **460**, 7
united crosses, **460**, 10
ribbing the horizon, **460**, 27
bars effulgent, **460**, 27
precious legacies, **461**, 5
come weal or woe, **461**, 20

THE FLAG GOES BY

HENRY H. BENNETT

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high.
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry Holcomb Bennett (1863-), an American journalist and magazine writer, was born in Chillicothe, Ohio. He has been a frequent contributor to *The Youth's Companion,* and to the New York *Independent.* "The Flag Goes By" is his most popular poem.

Discussion. 1. What feeling inspires the cry "Hats off!"? 2. What does the poet mean by "more than a flag is passing"? Compare with Beecher's expression of the same thought. 3. Name historical events that illustrate the different references in the third stanza. 4. How many of the things mentioned by the poet do you see when the flag goes by? 5. Do you think the poem will help you to see more? 6. How did the flag "ward her people from foreign wrong" in the World War?

Phrases for Study

steel-tipped, ordered lines, **462**, 8
strong land's swift increase, **463**, 6
equal justice, **463**, 7
reverend awe, **463**, 8

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land;
O tell us what its name may be—
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud;
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light—
The red that fires the southern rose,
With spotless white from northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round;
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;

It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew—
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 432.

Discussion. 1. What line in the first stanza answers the question with which the poem opens? 2. Explain the metaphor of the "burning star" and the "flaming band," etc. 3. How many "burning stars" does our flag contain? How many "flaming bands"? 4. How far back in history must we go to find the seed time of the Flower of Liberty? 5. Did the Flower of Liberty come to full bloom in a time of strife or a time of peace? 6. What were the "storm-winds"? What blood streaked the opening leaves of the Flower of Liberty? 7. How does the poet show that the North and South unite as one in the flag? 8. How did the American army in the World War show that all parts of our country are equally devoted to the flag? 9. How do the "blades of heroes fence" the flag? 10. Why is the Flower of Liberty thrice holy? 11. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: flaming; dome; sentry; blackening.

Phrases for Study

sunset land, **464**, 4
savage Nature's, **464**, 9
blades of heroes, **464**, 25
plants an empire, **465**, 2

CITIZENSHIP

WILLIAM P. FRYE

Citizenship! What is citizenship? It has a broader signification than you and I are apt to give it. Citizenship does not mean alone that the man who possesses it shall be obedient to the law, shall be kindly to his neighbors, shall regard the rights of others, shall perform his duties as juror, shall, if the hour of peril come, yield his time, his property, and his life to his country. It means more than that. It means that his country shall protect him in every right which the Constitution gives him. What right has the Republic to demand his life, his property, in the hour of peril, if, when his hour of peril comes, it fails him? A man died in England a few years ago, Lord Napier of Magdala, whose death reminded me of an incident which illustrates this, an incident which gave that great lord his name. A few years ago King Theodore of Abyssinia seized Captain Cameron, a British citizen, and incarcerated him in a dungeon on the top of a mountain nine thousand feet high. England demanded his release, and King Theodore refused. England fitted out and sent on five thousand English soldiers, and ten thousand Sepoys, debarked them on the coast, marched them more than four hundred miles through swamp and morass under a burning sun. Then they marched up the mountain height, they scaled the walls, they broke down the iron gates, they reached down into the dungeon, they took that one British citizen like a brand from the burning and carried him down the mountain side, across the morass, put him on board the white-winged ship, and bore him away to England to safety. That cost Great Britain millions of dollars, and it made General Napier Lord Napier of Magdala.

Was not that a magnificent thing for a great country to do? Only think of it! A country that has an eye sharp enough to see away across the ocean, away across the morass, away up into the mountain top, away down into the dungeon, one citizen,

one of her thirty millions, and then has an arm strong enough to reach away across the ocean, away across the morass, away up the mountain height, and down into the dungeon and take that one and bear him home in safety. Who would not live and die, too, for the country that can do that? This country of ours is worth our thought, our care, our labor, our lives. What a magnificent country it is! What a Republic for the people, where all are kings! Men of great wealth, of great rank, of great influence can live without difficulty under despotic power; but how can you and I, how can the average man endure the burdens it imposes? Oh, this blessed Republic of ours stretches its hand down to men, and lifts them up, while despotism puts its heavy hand on their heads and presses them down! This blessed Republic of ours speaks to every boy in the land, black or white, rich or poor, and asks him to come up higher and higher. You remember that boy out here on the prairie, the son of a widowed mother, poor, neglected perhaps by all except the dear old mother. But the Republic did not neglect him. The Republic said to that boy: "Boy, there is a ladder; its foot is on the earth, its top is in the sky. Boy, go up." And the boy mounted that ladder, rung by rung; by the rung of the free schools, by the rung of the academy, by the rung of the college, by the rung of splendid service in the United States Army, by the rung of the United States House of Representatives, by the rung of the United States Senate, by the rung of the Presidency of the Great Republic, by the rung of a patient sickness and a heroic death; until James A. Garfield is a name to be forever honored in the history of our country.

Now, is not a Republic like that worth the tribute of our conscience? Is it not entitled to our best thought, to our holiest purpose?

Let us pledge ourselves to give it our loyal service and support until every man in this Republic, black or white, shall be protected in all the rights which the Constitution of the United States bestows upon him.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. William Pierce Frye (1831-1911), an eminent lawyer and statesman, was born at Lewiston, Maine. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1850, and was a member of Congress from 1871 to 1881, and United States senator for Maine from 1881 to 1911. After the death of Vice-President Hobart, and also after the death of President McKinley, he acted as president *pro tempore* of the senate.

The Magdala affair is a striking example of what a country will do to protect its citizens. Magdala, more properly Makdala, a natural stronghold in Abyssinia, was chosen by its emperor, Theodore, as a fortress and a prison. Having taken offense because a request that English workmen and machinery be sent him was not promptly complied with, Theodore seized the British consul, Captain C. D. Cameron, his suite, and two other men, and imprisoned them at Magdala. Lieutenant-general Robert Napier was sent to rescue the prisoners. For his services in this expedition Napier received the thanks of Parliament, a pension, and a peerage, with the title First Baron Napier of Magdala.

Discussion. 1. Who are citizens of this country? 2. What is the duty of a citizen to his country? 3. What is the duty of a country to its citizens? 4. What incident illustrates the difficulties one country overcame in order to protect a citizen? 5. In the Introduction on page 296 you read that the book closes with "some expressions of love for our Country that sum up what America means to patriotic citizens." What did America mean to Senator Frye? 6. What does the career of Garfield prove about America? 7. Mention some other famous Americans who rose from humble beginnings to high honor. 8. Why should these instances increase your "love of country"? 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: incarcerated; Sepoy; debarked; impose.

Phrases for Study

broader signification, **466**, 1
duties as juror, **466**, 5
brand from the burning, **466**, 23
tribute of our conscience, **467**, 29

Library Reading. "Better Speech for Better Americans," Willett (in *St. Nicholas,* June, 1918).

Suggestions for Theme Topics. 1. What our country does for the education of its citizens. 2. What protection it gives to the life and property of its citizens. 3. What protection to public health it gives. 4. What pensions our government gives to its war veterans.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

THOMAS JEFFERSON

I think I knew General Washington intimately and thoroughly, and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke, and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and New York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contribution to whatever promised utility, but frowning and un-

yielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportioned to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one could wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback.

Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day.

His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within-doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said that never did Nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance.

For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), a native of Virginia, was Governor of Virginia, Minister to France, Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet, Vice-President, and President. He wrote the Declaration of Independence and was the founder of the University of Virginia. Jefferson was a ripe scholar, a good violinist, a skillful horseman, and an accurate marksman with a rifle. His influence was clearly felt in the framing of the Constitution, though he was in France at that time. His speeches are sound in policy and clear in statement.

Discussion. 1. What peculiarly fitted Jefferson to describe the character of Washington? 2. What conflict gave Washington an opportunity to show his greatness? 3. How had Washington's life prepared him to take advantage of his opportunities? 4. Name the qualities, as given by Jefferson, that made Washington so great a leader. 5. How did he show prudence? Integrity? Justice? 6. From your readings can you give any instance in which he showed fearlessness? 7. How did he show sureness in judgment? 8. What, in Jefferson's opinion, was the strongest feature of Washington's character? 9. How does Jefferson summarize his estimate of Washington? 10. Give a summary of the things Washington accomplished. 11. What part of this characterization of Washington impressed you most? 12. Which of the qualities mentioned would you most wish to possess? 13. In the Introduction, on page 296, you read that history and legend acquaint us with our country; how do the stories of the lives of great leaders such as Washington aid us in understanding the spirit and ideals of the country? 14. What "double service" did Washington render in the Revolutionary War, about which you read on page 220? 15. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: delineate; judiciously; deranged; prudence; integrity; colloquial; mediocrity; fluency; constellation; destiny; arduous.

Phrases for Study

little aided by invention, **469**, 7
dislocated by sudden circumstances, **469**, 13
enemy in station, **469**, 15
habitual ascendancy, **469**, 27
whatever promised utility, **469**, 31
visionary projects, **470**, 1
solid esteem proportioned, **470**, 3
deportment easy, **470**, 5
orderly train, **470**, 31

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Pale is the February sky
And brief the midday's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington, was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!
By snow-clad fell and frozen field,
Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography see page 55.

Discussion. 1. How does the poet describe a day in February? 2. Why "has no month a prouder day"? 3. Whose birthday occurs on the twenty-second of February? 4. Do you know any other great man whose birthday comes in February? 5. Give in your own words the comparison of "the mighty Hudson" and the fame of Washington. 6. Tell of some interesting incident in Washington's life. 7. In the last stanza the poet speaks of wrecked thrones; what thrones can you name that were wrecked during the World War? 8. Why is it a good thing for a country to celebrate the birthdays of its greatest citizens?

Phrases for Study

fresh array, **472, 7**
icy shield, **472, 13**
slacken his majestic course, **472, 20**
'mid the wreck of thrones, **472, 21**

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD

This man whose homely face you look upon
Was one of Nature's masterful great men,
Born with strong arms that unfought victories won.
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen,
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart.
Wise, too, for what he could not break, he bent;
Upon his back, a more than Atlas load,
The burden of the Commonwealth was laid;
He stooped and rose up with it, though the road
Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed.
Hold, warriors, councilors, kings! All now give place
To this dead Benefactor of the Race.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Richard Henry Stoddard (1825-1903), the son of a sea captain, was born at Hingham, Mass. After the death of his father, he moved with his mother to New York City, where, after a short school life, he began work in an iron foundry. Every moment of his spare time was, however, devoted to a study of literature, and at the age of twenty-four he gave up his trade and began to write for a living. For over fifty years he wrote both prose and poetry and attained to high rank as a literary critic. This beautiful characterization of Lincoln is regarded as a classic.

Discussion. 1. Tell what you can of the author, noting anything in his life that was common to that of Lincoln. 2. Name the qualities that the poet says made Lincoln "one of Nature's masterful great men." 3. What does "homely" mean as used in the first line? 4. From your study of pictures of Lincoln what other words can you suggest to describe his features? 5. Explain the meaning of "cunning with the pen." 6. Repeat any of Lincoln's famous sayings that you know. 7. What does the eighth line tell you of Lincoln's character? 8. How did his humor help him to win? 9. Why was the "burden of the Commonwealth" so great, and why was it laid on his shoulders? 10. Toward what did the road tend "suddenly downward," and how did Lincoln meet the situation created by Secession? 11. What reasons can you give for calling him a "Benefactor of the Race"? 12. Compare the achievements of Lincoln with those of Washington. 13. Explain the last two lines. 14. Which do you think the better description, that written by Stoddard or that by Jefferson? 15. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: masterful; councilor; Benefactor.

Phrases for Study

unfought victories won, **473**, 3
chosen for large designs, **473**, 5
Atlas load, **473**, 9
burden of the Commonwealth, **473**, 10

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "Lincoln, the Man of the People," Markham.

Library Reading. "A New Lincoln Statue and a Lincoln Story" (in *The Outlook,* September 29, 1920); *The Boys' Life of Abraham Lincoln,* Nicolay; *He Knew Lincoln,* Tarbell.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills.
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 445.

Discussion. 1. Tell what you know of the poet that fitted him to write of Lincoln's character and achievements. 2. In this poem the Union is compared to a ship; who is the captain of the ship? 3. What fate befalls the captain, and at what stage of the voyage? 4. What "port" has been reached? 5. What is "the prize we sought and won"? 6. Point out words of rejoicing and of sorrow in the last stanza. 7. What parts of the poem impress you with the deep personal grief of the poet? 8. This poem put into words the nation's deep grief at the time of Lincoln's death; do you think this accounts for the wide popularity of the poem? 9. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: weather'd; rack; exulting. 10. *Pronounce:* bouquet.

Class Reading. Bring to class and read, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," Whitman, describing the journey of the train bearing the body of the martyred President from Washington to Springfield, Illinois; "A 'Lost' Portrait of Lincoln" (in *The Youth's Companion,* November 25, 1920).

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

JOHN D. MCCRAE

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John D. McCrae (1872-1918), a distinguished physician, was born in Canada of Scotch parents. In 1914 he entered the World War as an artilleryman. The next year, after the Battle of Ypres, he was placed in charge of the General Hospital at Boulogne. Here he remained until January 28, 1918, when he died from pneumonia. Just before his death he was appointed Consulting Physician to the British Armies in France.

John McCrae wrote "In Flanders Fields" during the lulls in the Battle of Ypres, and it was published, without any signature, in *Punch*, an English magazine, December 8, 1915. It expressed the soldiers' feeling so beautifully that it immediately became popular both in the army and among those at home.

Discussion. 1. Tell in your own words the scene which the poet describes in the first five lines. 2. The poppy is an emblem of sleep; what significance does it have in this poem? 3. What does the poet bid us do? 4. What was the "torch" mentioned in the second stanza? 5. What do you think was the motive which inspired Lieutenant-colonel McCrae to write this poem? 6. On page 20 you were told that some poems are treasured "for their musical rhythm and the charm of their language"; point out the qualities that make this poem pleasing to you. 7. What do you notice that is unusual about the rime in this poem?

AMERICA'S ANSWER

R. W. LILLARD

Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead.
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead,
Where once his own lifeblood ran red.
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders fields.

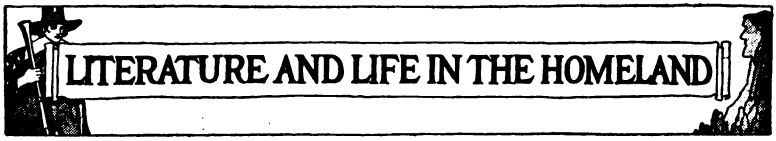
Fear not that ye have died for naught.
The torch ye threw to us we caught.
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders fields.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. "America's Answer" was written by R. W. Lillard of New York after the death of Lieutenant-colonel McCrae, the author of "In Flanders Fields." It was printed in the New York *Evening Post* as a fitting response to the sentiment expressed in Dr. McCrae's poem.

Discussion. 1. Why does the poet say that the "Flanders dead" may now rest in peace? 2. Who took up the struggle? 3. Why does the poet say that the heroes of Flanders have not "died for naught"? 4. Do you think this answer is a fitting response to the stirring poem that precedes it? Give reasons. 5. In the Introduction to Part III, page 219, you read that we owe much to those who gave their lives to leave us our "inheritance of freedom"; will future generations of Americans owe a similar debt to those who gave their lives in the World War to uphold the "torch" mentioned in this poem? 6. From your reading of the selections in the group called "Love of Country," mention several ideas you have gained that show why you should love your homeland.

Class Reading. Bring to the class and read "America, a Beacon Light of Peace," D'Annunzio; "A Sight in Camp in the Daybreak Gray and Dim," "As Toilsome I Wandered Virginia's Woods," "Ashes of Soldiers," and "For You, O Democracy," Whitman.



A Review

What picture does the word "America" bring to your mind? Probably to most of us it is a composite picture made up of cities and towns, of great tracts of land, of mountains and rivers; made up, too, of millions of people, young and old, carrying on their share of the world's work. Historical incidents help to fill in the background of the picture; and the ideals that have actuated the men and women add glory to the picture. Read again what is said of this picture in the Introduction on pages 295 and 296. Name the five units that compose Part IV. How do the selections in the unit called "Early America" help to fill in your picture of the homeland? Tell briefly what the selections in each of the other four units add to your picture.

How do the descriptions of American scenes by Hawthorne, Lanier, Dickson, and Irving differ from those found in your geography? Which of these authors are humorous in their descriptions? Find examples of their humor. Name four American writers noted for their humor. Find passages that show their humor to be delicate and subtle rather than coarse and obvious. Irving began his literary career by writing humorous squibs for a New York newspaper; do you know the name of the man who edits the joke column in the newspaper that you read? What part do cartoons play in furnishing fun for the modern newspaper reader? Do some cartoons do more than merely provide fun? Name some of the well-known characters created by American cartoonists. Mention some of the well-known moving picture actors who make America laugh. What service do the fun-makers render a country? From your own observations, would you say that "the spirit of laughter" is a strong American characteristic?

Which of the selections that picture America at work did you

enjoy most? What different kinds of workers did you learn about in your library reading suggested in Part IV? In what sense are all these workers "makers of the flag"? We think of our great industries as the expression of Americanism; can you show that honest work is a basis of good citizenship? Show that both the planner and the worker are necessary. Which selection in this group has for its theme efficiency in work? What did the reading of this selection do for you?

Select the poems in the group called "Love of Country" in which this love has expressed itself in action. Which of the four flag selections has the greatest historical interest? Which is the most thrilling? Which selections deal with great American patriots who expressed their love of country in service for America? In what ways may young Americans express their love of country in times of peace?

Quote the lines from Oliver Wendell Holmes found on page 293. Explain the fitness of this sentiment as an introduction to Part IV. Show that the picture on page 294 is particularly suited to the group of selections in Part IV. Discuss in class the appropriateness of the full page pictures together with the quotations that introduce the other three Parts of this book.

What quotations from memory can you make from this year's reading? What library reading have you done this year? Make a list of the titles and authors. In what way did you find the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* helpful? Show that you have made progress this year in silent reading. Name three selections that have especially brought you the three joys of reading. Make a list of the book reviews that have been made to the class during the year, placing a star before those that were particularly interesting or helpful. Which theme topics of the year brought out the most interesting discussion? Which of the "problems" suggested in the notes of this book proved most interesting to you?

GLOSSARY

ā	as in *ate*	ē	as in *eve*	ō	as in *note*	ŭ	as in *cut*
ă	as in *bat*	ĕ	as in *met*	ŏ	as in *not*	û	as in *turn*
â	as in *care*	ẽ	as in *maker*	ô	as in *or*	û	as in *unite*
á	as in *ask*	ê	as in *event*	ȯ	as in *obey*	o͞o	as in *food*
ä	as in *arm*	ī	as in *kind*	o͝o	as in *dog*	o͝o	as in *foot*
å	as in *senate*	ĭ	as in *pin*	ū	as in *use*		

abandoning their post, leaving their position
a-base'ment(ȧ-bās'mĕnt), humiliation
ab'bess (ăb'ĕs), head of a convent
Ab'er-deen'shire (ăb'ẽr-dēn'shẽr)
ab-hor'rence (ăb-hôr'ĕns), hatred
a-bide' (ȧ-bīd'), wait; live
abode, lived; home
a bodiless spec'tral il-lu'sion (spĕk'-trăl ĭ-lū'zhŭn), a ghost
abroad, away from home
ab-rupt' (ăb-rŭpt'), steep; sudden; hurried
absolute property, thing owned entirely by one
a-bu'sive (ȧ-bū'sĭv), insulting
a-byss' (ȧ-bĭs'), great depth
Ab'ys-sin'i-a (ăb'ĭ-sĭn'ĭ-ȧ), a country in East Africa
ac'cess (ăk'sĕs), admission
ac-com'pa-nied (ȧ-kŭm'pȧ-nĭd), went with
accord, agree
accorded into one strain, harmonized perfectly
account, consider
ac-cu'mu-la'tion (ȧ-kū'mū-lā'shŭn), collection
ac'cu-rate (ăk'ū-rāt), exact
a-chieve' your adventure (ȧ-chēv'), perform the knightly deed you have requested
a-chieve'ment (ȧ-chēv'mĕnt), deed; accomplishment
A-chil'les (ȧ-kĭl'ēz), one of the heroes in the *Iliad*
ac-quire' (ȧ-kwīr'), gain
ac'tu-at'ed (ăk'tū-āt'ĕd), inspired
a-cute' (ȧ-kūt'), deep; sharp
ad'age (ăd'ăj), old or wise saying
ad'a-mant (ăd'ȧ-mănt), hardest stone known
ad'a-man'tine (ăd'ȧ-măn'tĭn), hard as the hardest stone
a-dapt' (ȧ-dăpt'), fit
ad'der (ăd'ẽr), poisonous snake
ad-dress' (ȧ-drĕs'), speech; speak to; write to
ad'e-quate (ăd'ê-kwȧt), suitable; sufficient
ad-her'ent (ăd-hẽr'ĕnt), follower
a-dieu' (ȧ-dū'), good-by
ad-ja'cent (ă-jā'sĕnt), near by
ad-just' (ȧ-jŭst'), arrange
administered justice with dis-crim'i-na'tion (dĭs-krĭm'ĭ-nā'shŭn), in punishments he used judgment
ad'mi-ral (ăd'mĭ-răl), naval officer of the highest rank
a-do' (ȧ-do͞o'), trouble
ad-ven'tur-ous (ăd-vĕn'tûr-ŭs), bold
ad'ver-sa-ry (ăd'vẽr-sȧ-rĭ), foe
ad-ver'si-ty (ăd-vûr'sĭ-tĭ), misfortune
ad-vert' (ăd-vûrt'), refer
ad'vo-ca-cy (ăd'vô-kȧ-sĭ), support; favor
ad'vo-cate for an im-pos'tor, an (ăd'vô-kāt; ĭm-pŏs'tẽr), are you one who pleads the cause of a deceiver
a-ē'ri-al (ā-ē'rĭ-ăl), in the air
af-firm' (ȧ-fûrm'), declare
afflicted, unhappy
affliction, misfortune
afford, give
af-front'ed (ă-frŭn'tĕd), offended
a full noble surgeon, a man who knew how to care for the wounded or sick
against the red west, with the sunset sky behind them
Ag'as-siz (ăg'ȧ-sē), famous naturalist
aggravated (ăg'rȧ-vāt'ĕd), magnified
a-ghast' (ȧ-gȧst'), amazed
ag'ile (ăj'ĭl), lively; quick-moving

ag'i-tat'ed (ăj'ĭ-tāt'ĕd), frightened; excited
Ag'ra-vaine (ăg'rà-vān)
aid'de-camp (ād'dē-kămp), a general's assistant
a kind of destiny, etc., necessity which has forced me to do this
a-lert' (à-lûrt'), watch; watchful
Al-giers' (ăl-jĕrz'), African seaport
al'ien (āl'yĕn), foreign; strange
al-lay' (à-lā'), quiet
al-lege' (à-lĕj'), declare
all-hor'rent (ôl-hŏr'ĕnt), bristling all over
al-lit'er-a'tion (à-lĭt'ĕr-ā'shŭn), repetition of the same letter or sound at the beginning of two or more words in succession
al-lot'ment (à-lŏt'mĕnt), share
all that here could win us, everything that would keep us here
al-lude' (à-lūd'), refer
Almes'bur-y (ämz'bĕr-ĭ)
alms (ämz), charity
al-ter'nate-ly (ăl-tûr'nāt-lĭ), by turns; first one, then the other
al-ter'na-tive (ăl-tûr'nà-tĭv), choice
am'a-teur' (ăm'à-tûr'), careless; beginner
am'bush (ăm'bo͝osh), hiding; trap
a-mend' (à-mĕnd'), correct; change
a-mends', to make (à-mĕndz'), do all he can to make up for his sins; be forgiven by; give reward for injustice
am'o-rous og'lings (ăm'ô-rŭs ōg'lĭngz), loving looks; "making eyes"
a'mour' (à'mo͝or'), love-affair
am'ple (ăm'p'l), large; full
ample base, strong foundation
Am'ster-dam (ăm'stĕr-dăm), in Holland, the only place where printing of religious pamphlets could be done
a-nat'o-my (à-năt'ô-mĭ), science which treats of the structure of the body
ancient ice, thick ice which has been there unmelted so many years
André, Major (än'drā), a British spy
an-gel'ic kin'dred (ăn-jĕl'ĭk kĭn'drĕd), a relationship to heaven
An'gles (ăng'gl'z), old English
an'guish of spirit (ăng'gwĭsh), mental agony
an'gu-lar (ăng'gû-lär), uneven
an'i-mate (ăn'ĭ-māt), inspire
animate the people's hearts, stir the people and fill them
an-ni'hi-late (ă-nĭ'hĭ-lāt), wipe out
An-noure' (ăn-o͝or')
a-non' (à-nŏn'), at once; soon; again
An-tae'us (ăn-tē'ŭs), a giant who grew stronger each time he touched his mother, Earth
an-tag'o-nist (ăn-tăg'ô-nĭst), opponent
an'te up (ăn'tē), bet
an'them (ăn'thĕm), hymn
anticipate (ăn-tĭs'ĭ-pāt), have an idea of; foresee; hope for; get ahead of
an'ti-quat'ed (ăn'tĭ-kwāt'ĕd), old-fashioned
An-to'ni-o (ăn-tō'nĭ-ō)
an'vil (ăn'vĭl), a block of iron and steel on which metal is shaped by hammering
ap'a-thet'ic (ăp'à-thĕt'ĭk), indifferent
apathy (ăp'à-thĭ), lack of feeling
a-poc'a-lyp'ti-cal (à-pŏk'à-lĭp'tĭ-kăl), which revealed all its beauty
A-pos'tle (à-pŏs''l), one of the twelve disciples of Christ
ap-palled' (ă-pôld'), frightened
ap-par'el (ă-păr'ĕl), clothing
ap'pa-ri'-tion (ăp'à-rĭsh'ŭn), ghost; form; thing seen
ap-pend' (ă-pĕnd'), add
apper-tain'ing thereunto (ăp'ĕr-tān' ĭng), belonging to it
ap'pre-hend' (ăp'rē-hĕnd'), fear
ap'pre-hen'sion (ăp'rē-hĕn'shŭn), fear
ap'pre-hen'sive (ăp'rē-hĕn'sĭv), afraid
ap'pro-ba'tion (ăp'rō-bā'shŭn), approval
ar'ca-bu-ce'ro (är'kà-bo͞o-thā'rō), a soldier of the fifteenth century
ar'chi-tect (är'kĭ-tĕkt), designer; house planner; **architects of Fate,** makers of their own future
arch'ly (ärch'lĭ), slyly; gayly
ar'dent (är'dĕnt), strong
ar'dor (är'dĕr), eagerness
ar'du-ous (är'dû-ŭs), difficult
ar'gent (är'jĕnt), silver
A-ri'ca (ä-rē'kä), seaport in Chile
A'ri-el (ā'rĭ-ĕl)
ar-ma'da (är-mā'dä), armed fleet
arm'éd (ärm'ĕd), holding a weapon
arrant jocky (ăr'ănt), poor horseman
ar-ray' (à-rā'), dress; soldiers; parade; display; express
arrest, stop
ar'ro-gance (ăr'ô-găns), impudence
ar'se-nal (är'sē-năl), place for making or storing arms

Art, the artistic power necessary to produce a splendid structure
as-cend'an-cy (ă-sĕn'dăn-sĭ), prominence
as-cend'ing and se-cure' (ă-sĕnd'ĭng; sê-kūr'), growing higher and safe
as'cer-tain' (ăs'ĕr-tān'), make out
as he were not, after the wind dies down it seems as if there never had been any
as if a hunt were up, like the gay calls and cheers of successful hunters
as'pect (ăs'pĕkt), condition; look
As'pi-net (ăs'pĭ-nĕt), Indian chief
as'pi-ra'tion (ăs'pĭ-rā'shŭn), ambition
as-pir'ing to im'mor-tal'i-ty (ăs-pīr'ĭng; ĭm'ŏr-tăl'ĭ-tĭ), hoping for everlasting fame
as-sail' (ă-sāl'), attack
as-sault' (ă-sôlt'), attack
as-ser'tion (ă-sûr'shŭn), statement
as-sign' (ă-sīn'), suggest; give
as-sume' (ă-sūm'), take up; believe
as-sur'ance (ă-shōōr'ăns), promise; declaration
As'ta-roth (ăs'tă-rŏth), Phoenician goddess of love
As'to-lat (ăs'tō-lăt)
as'tral lamp (ăs'trăl), a kind of brilliant oil lamp
a strong as-sail' (ă-sāl'), a fierce attack
as was his wont (wŭnt), as he always did
ath-let'ic (ăth-lĕt'ĭk), muscular
at large, free
at'las load (ăt'lăs), a burden as heavy as that borne by the giant Atlas, who was represented in Greek mythology, as holding the sky on his shoulders
at once far off and near, echoing first in one place then in another
a-tone' (ă-tōn'), make up; be sorry
at-tained' to a fortune (ă-tānd'), reached a high position
at-tend' (ă-tĕnd'), wait; send
at-ten'tive-ly scru'ti-nized (ă-tĕn'tĭv-lĭ skrōō'tĭ-nīzd), looked at closely
at'ti-tude (ăt'ĭ-tūd), position
au-da'cious (ô-dā'shŭs), daring
au'di-tor (ô'dĭ-tĕr), listener
aught (ôt), anything
aus-tere' (ôs-tēr'), stern
au-then'tic (ô-thĕn'tĭk), correct
authentic records, correct history
au-thor'i-ta-tive (ô-thŏr'ĭ-tā-tĭv), commanding
aux-il'ia-ry (ôg-zĭl'yă-rĭ), helper
a-vail' (ă-văl'), help
avail themselves of their numbers, make use of their greater force
A'val-on (ă'văl-ŏn), an imaginary earthly paradise where heroes were carried after death
a-venged' upon you (ă-vĕnjd'), made you suffer for
a-vert' (ă-vûrt'), prevent; turn away
av'o-ca'tion (ăv'ō-kā'shŭn), occupation which one has for pleasure
a-vow'al (ă-vou'ăl), declaration
awful moment, tremendous importance
a-whiles' (ă-hwīlz'), sometimes
ay (ī), alas; yes
Ay'mer de Va'lence (ā'mĕr dē vă'lŏns)
A-zores' (ă-zōrz'), islands near and belonging to Portugal
az'ure (ăzh'ûr), sky-blue

Ba'al (bā'ăl), Phoenician god of love
Bacon, Sir Francis, English philosopher and statesman (1561-1626)
bade (băd), ordered; commanded
badge of his au-thor'i-ty (ô-thŏr'ĭ-tĭ), sign of his power
baf'fled (băf'ld), defeated
bal'lad (băl'ăd), a kind of short, narrative poem suitable for singing
balm (bäm), fragrance; **balms,** herbs used to preserve bodies
Bal'tic's strand (bôl'tĭks strănd), shore of the Baltic Sea
band, company of men organized for a common purpose
barb (bärb), fast horse; point
barbarian, foreigner; here, a Persian
bard (bärd), a poet and singer
bare (bâr), carried
barge (bärj), boat elegantly furnished and decorated; large flat bottomed boat
Bar'ham Down (bär'ăm)
bark (bärk), boat; ship
bar'on (băr'ŭn), a nobleman
ba-rouche' (bă-rōōsh'), open carriage
Bar-ré', Colonel (bă-rā')
bar'ri-er (băr'ĭ-ĕr), obstacle
bars and blocks, fastenings which hold a ship on shore while it is being worked on

bars ef-ful'gent (ĕ-fŭl'jĕnt), shining streaks
bar'ter (bär'tĕr), trade
barter their commodities (kŏ-mŏd'ĭ-tĭz), trade what they had for other things they wanted
base (bās), unworthy; disgraceful
base'less (bās'lĕs), false
base'ness (bās'nĕs), disgrace
Bath-she'ba (băth-shē'bà), see **David's transgression**
battlements, high towers
battle peal, noise of cannon, etc.
Baud'win (bôd'wĭn)
bear him, conduct himself
bear himself meetly, behave properly
bear sway (swā), rule
bear the brunt of (brŭnt), face the most serious
bear witness, hear me state
Beau'mains (bō'mānz)
beautiful were his feet, see *Isaiah* LII, 7
be-daubed' (bē-dôbd'), covered; coated
be-deck' (bē-dĕk'), decorate
Bed'i-vere (bĕd'ĭ-vēr)
bee'tling (bē'tlĭng), projecting
be-fits' the scene, fits the spring day
be-get' that golden time again, recall the wonderful experience you gave me
beggar description, make any description of it seem poor compared with how bad it really was
be-guiled' (bē-gīld'), led
be-hest' (bē-hĕst'), command
be-hoove' (bē-hōōv'), be proper for; befit
be-lab'o-ring (bē-lā'bĕr-ĭng), beating
Bell'i-cent (bĕl'ĭ-sĕnt)
belligerent (bē-lĭj'ĕr-ĕnt), warlike
bel'lows (bĕl'ōz), an instrument for blowing fires
be-neath' (bē-nēth')
benediction (bĕn'ē-dĭk'shŭn), blessing
Ben'e-fac'tor (bĕn'ē-făk'tĕr), one who does great good
be-nef'i-cence (bē-nĕf'ĭ-sĕns), doing good
be-nef'i-cent (bē-nĕf'ĭ-sĕnt), kind
ben'e-fits forgot (bĕn'ē-fĭts), kindness to others not appreciated by them
be-nev'o-lent (bē-nĕv'ō-lĕnt), kind
be-nign' (bē-nīn'), kind; loving
be-nig'nant (bē-nĭg'nănt), kind
bent, determined
ber'serk (bûr'sûrk), one of the wild warriors of heathen times in Scandinavia
Bertha, a legendary queen
best-appointed, having the best equipment
be-stirs' him well (bē-stûrz'), moves about briskly, or busily
be thy man, serve you
be-trayed' with a kiss (bē-trād'), deceived by pretended friendship. See *Matthew* XXVI, 48
be-troth'al (bē-trōth'ăl), marriage ceremony (the word usually means *engagement*)
bev'y (bĕv'ĭ), flock
beyond per'ad-ven'ture (pĕr'ăd-vĕn'tûr), without doubt
be'zoar (bē'zōr), a mineral matter found in certain animals, once used as a remedy to counteract the effects of poison
bi'as (bī'ăs), influence
bite so nigh (nī), hurt so much
bite the dust, die in defeat
biv'ouac (bĭv'wăk), encampment of soldiers prepared for fighting
blackening, making black; killing
blades of heroes, swords which have won great victories
Blake, Robert, a British admiral
blared across the shal'lows (blârd; shăl'ōz), called across the river
blast'ed (blăst'ĕd), withered
blazed (blāzd), marked by having a piece of bark cut away
bla'zon (blā'z'n), coat of arms
bleached, whitened by the sun
bless'ed (blĕs'ĕd), much loved
bliss of sol'i-tude (sŏl'ĭ-tūd), great comfort in lonely moments
blithe (blīth), happy; joyous
block-ad'ed (blŏk-ād'ĕd), kept
bloom, time of greatest happiness
blossom into melody, break into song
blow (blō), blossom
board, table
bod'ed ill (bōd'ĕd), foretold misfortune; **bod'ing** (bōd'ĭng), warning
bog'gy (bŏg'ĭ), marshy; having swamps
bold peas'an-try (pĕz'ăn-trĭ), brave farmers whose land belonged not to themselves, but to their lords
Bon'a-ven'ture' (bōn'ă-vĕn'tūr')
bon'dage (bŏn'dăj), slavery

bondage of error, the, mistaken view which keeps me from doing right (lines 1-4 refer to the story of God leading the Israelites through the Red Sea. See *Exodus* XIV)
bon'ny bird (bŏn'ĭ), fair lady
bookstall, a small book-shop
boon (bōōn), jovial
boor'ish (bōōr'ĭsh), rude
border, see **frontier,** second meaning
bore, went
boundless reach, endless stretch
boun'te-ous (boun'tē-ŭs), generous
boun'ti-ful (boun'tĭ-fo͝ol), generous
bou-quet' (bōō-kā'), mass of flowers
bour'geois' (bōōr'zhwä'), head man
bow (bow), forward part of a vessel
bow'er (bou'ĕr), apartment
Bra-bant' (brä-bänt'), Belgian province
brack'ish (brăk'ĭsh), salty; distasteful
brag'gart (brăg'ärt), boaster
braided light, light from the red, white, and blue intermingled
brand from the burning (brănd), piece of burning wood from the midst of the fire—that is, out of the midst of great danger
Brath'wick (brăth'ĭk)
braved (brāvd), courageously met
brawl (brôl), quarrel; rush
bra'zen (brā'z'n), brass
breach (brēch), opening
break faith, etc., fail to carry on the great work we have died doing
breast'ing (brĕst'ĭng), forcing their way through
breast'plate (brĕst'plāt), armor
breastwork, fortification
bred (brĕd), brought up
bridge, platform over the forward deck of a ship
brim'stone (brĭm'stōn), sulphur
bring him to knowledge, recognize him
bringing weary thought to me, making me discontented
brist'ling steel (brĭs'lĭng), spears pointed in the air
Brit-an'ni-a (brĭ-tăn'ĭ-ä), poetical name for Great Britain
broader sig'ni-fi-ka'tion (sĭg'nĭ-fĭ-kā'-shŭn), deeper meaning
broadside, with his side facing me
bron'co (brŏng'kō), small wild horse
brood, sit on eggs to hatch; lie
brought to bay, cornered so that escape seems impossible
brute forms, wild creatures
Bru'tus (brōō'tŭs), a Roman who was one of Caesar's slayers
buc'ca-neer' (bŭk'ä-nēr'), adventurer
Buch'an (bŭk'ăn)
budg'et (bŭj'ĕt), collection
buf'fet (bŭf'ĕt), blow
built in an age, in process of building for many years
bul'lied (bo͝ol'ĭd), irritated and injured
bul'lion (bo͝ol'yŭn), silver which has not been coined or made into objects
bul'rush (bo͝ol'rŭsh), a large rush growing in water
bul'wark (bo͝ol'wärk), fortification
buoy'ant-ly (boi'ănt-lĭ), joyfully
burden of the commonwealth, responsibilities of the whole country
bur'gess (bûr'jĕs), freeman who could vote
Bur-goyne' (bûr-goin'), the English general who surrendered to Washington
burning star, the stars and stripes of the flag are called "burning" and "flaming" to bring out their great power and beauty
bur'nish (bûr'nĭsh), polish
bur'row (bŭr'ō), hole dug in the ground
bur'then (bûr'th'n), burden
butte (būt), steep hill
by mortal means, by bringing him to great danger through someone else

Caer-le'on (kăr-lē'ŏn)
Ca'ius (kā'yŭs)
Cal'i-ban (kăl'ĭ-băn)
calm, spoken to a (käm), quieted
cal'trop (kăl'trŏp), spike driven into the ground, having four crossed points projecting at the head
Cam'el-iard (kăm'ĕl-yärd)
Cam'e-lot (kăm'ē-lŏt), the legendary seat of Arthur's palace and court
cam-paign' (kăm-pān'), war
Camp'bell, Thomas (kăm'ĕl)
can'ter (kăn'tĕr), easy gallop
ca-pa'cious (kä-pā'shŭs), holding a great deal
ca-pa'ci-ty (kä-păs'ĭ-tĭ), ability
ca-price' (kä-prēs'), fickleness
ca-pri'cious (kä-prĭ'shŭs), changeable

captives whom St. Greg'o-ry saw (grĕg'ō-rĭ), young fair-haired boys of Britain were seen in the slave market of Rome by St. Gregory, a monk of the sixth century
car'cass (kär'kăs), dead body
carded, prepared for spinning by combing
card of prudent lore (lōr), wise advice
Car-lisle' (kär-līl')
carol so madly (kăr'ŭl), sing so merrily
carried away the palm (päm), took all the honor
cascade, waterfall
case'ment (kās'mĕnt), hinged window
caste (kăst), any of the classes into which the society of India is divided. Deesa belonged to the lowest caste
cataract (kăt'ă-răkt), large waterfall
catastrophe (kă-tăs'trō-fē), calamity
caught the loom (lōōm), saw the outline far away
cause'way (kôz'wā), paved road
cav'al-cade' (kăv'ăl-kād'), procession
cav'a-lier' (kăv'ă-lēr'), knight
cav'al-ry (kăv'ăl-rĭ), horsemen
cav'ern-ous (kăv'ẽrn-ŭs), hollow; dark, like a cave
ca-vort'ing (kă-vôrt'ĭng), prancing
ce-les'tial (sē-lĕs'chăl), heavenly
cen'sure (sĕn'shûr), find fault with
century-cir'cled oak (sûr'k'ld), oak 100 years old. Each year a tree grows a circle
cer'e-mo-ny (sĕr'ē-mō-nĭ), wedding; words by which a marriage is made lawful
cerulean (sē-rōō'lē-ăn), sky-blue
chafed (chāft), raged; **chafed his hands,** rubbed to start circulation
chaf'fer (chăf'ẽr), bargain
chaf'ing (chāf'ing), excited; washing against
cham'pi-on (chăm'pĭ-ŭn), defender
chair of state, seat used only by officials or honored guests
chan'ti-cleer (chăn'tĭ-klēr), rooster
cha-ot'ic (kā-ŏt'ĭk), disordered
chap'let (chăp'lĕt), wreath of honor
characterize (kăr'ăk-tẽr-īz), describe
charm, small, decorative object
chaste (chāst), dignified
chas'tise-ment (chăs'tīz-mĕnt), punishment
Chath'am (chăt'ăm)
Cha-til-lon' (shā-tē-yôn')
cher'ish (chĕr'ĭsh), admire; love; hold; care for
chid (chĭd), found fault
chide (chīd), scold
chiv'al-rous (shĭv'ăl-rŭs), gallant
chiv'al-ry (shĭv'ăl-rĭ), courtesy and heroism
chol'er-ic (kŏl'ẽr-ĭk), hot-tempered
chord which Hampden smote, John Hampden, an Englishman, by refusing to pay an unjust tax in 1637 roused the patriotism of the people as a musician stirs his audience
chosen for large designs, the kind of man to manage great affairs
Chris'ten-dom (krĭs''n-dŭm), parts of the world where Christianity is practiced
chronicle (krŏn'ĭ-k'l), history; tale
chrys'o-lite (krĭs'ō-līt), yellow or green gems
churl (chûrl), common man; rude fellow
cinch (sĭnch) see **packing cinch**
cinque'foil' (sĭngk'foil'), a common plant with a five-parted leaf
cir'cuit, making a (sûr'kĭt), moving in a circle
cir'cum-stan'tial (sûr'kŭm-stăn'shăl), realistic
cit'a-del (sĭt'ă-dĕl), fort
City of God, see *Revelation* XXI, 10-27
civil war, war between different parties of the same country
clam'or (klăm'ẽr), shout
clan'gor (klăng'gẽr), ringing sound
cleave (klēv), cut
clem'ents (klĕm'ĕnts), Nature
clois'ter (klois'tẽr), convent
close-reefed vessels (rēft), vessels or boats with their sails folded tightly
cloud ves'ture (vĕs'tûr), dress of clouds
clutch of an idea (klŭch), first inspiration to do something great
Clyde (klīd), river in Scotland which has shipbuilding yards on its banks
cocked (kŏkt), turned up
cog-no'men (kŏg-nō'mĕn), last name
coir-swab (koir'swŏb'), mop or cloth made from outer fiber of the coconut
collapsed in proportion (kŏ-lăpst'), the other side caved in as far as the one side puffed out

col-lat'ing (kŏ-lāt'ĭng), comparing
col-lo'qui-al (kŏ-lō'kwĭ-ăl), conversational
col'um-bine (kŏl'ŭm-bĭn), dainty flower which grows on a tall branching stalk
combed (kōmd), with the fleshy crest on its head
come'ly (kŭm'lĭ), good-looking
come weal or woe (wēl; wō), whether in prosperity or in trouble
comforts of the cup'board (kŭb'ĕrd), good things they had to eat
commend me (kŏ-mĕnd'), take my regards
Commentaries of Caesar (kŏm'ĕn-tā-rĭz; sē'zär), history of the seven years of the Gallic War, written by Julius Caesar
com-min'gled (kŏ-mĭng'g'ld), combined
com-mis'sion (kŏ-mĭsh'ŭn), appoint
com-mit' (kŏ-mĭt'), to intrust
com-mod'i-ty (kŏ-mŏd'ĭ-tĭ), article
com-muned' (kŏ-mūnd'), thought over things
com-mu'ni-cat'ed electricity (kŏ-mū'-nĭ-kāt'ĕd), gave enthusiasm
companion meet, a suitable friend
com'pass (kŭm'pas), an instrument for determining directions
com'pe-ten-cy (kŏm'pê-tĕn-sĭ), supply
com-pet'i-tor (kŏm-pĕt'ĭ-tĕr), rival
com-pli'ance (kŏm-plī'ăns), accordance
com-po'nent (kŏm-pō'nĕnt), a part
com-port' (kŏm-pōrt'), agree
com-posed' (kŏm-pōzd'), made up
com-po'sure (kŏm-pō'zhûr), calmness
comprehend (kŏm'prê-hĕnd'), understand
com-press' (kŏm-prĕs'), condense
Com'yn (kŭm'ĭn)
con (kŏn), memorize
con-ceive' (kŏn-sēv'), imagine
con-cen'tric (kŏn-sĕn'trĭk), having a common center
con-cep'tion (kŏn-sĕp'shŭn), understanding; idea
conch-shell (kŏngk), sea shell
con-cise' (kŏn-sīs'), brief
con-clude' (kŏn-klōōd'), think
con'de-scend' (kŏn'dê-sĕnd'), lower oneself; consent
con'fer-ence (kŏn'fĕr-ĕns), meeting for discussion
confession in the countenance, makes, shows its sorrow in its face
con-fid'ing (kŏn-fīd'ĭng), trusting
con-fined' (kŏn-fīnd'), imprisoned; limited
confusion alone was supreme, disorder reigned everywhere
congenial (kŏn-jēn'yăl), sympathetic
con'ger (kŏn'gĕr), a large eel
con-gest'ed (kŏn-jĕs'tĕd), stopped
con'gre-gate (kŏng'grê-gāt), assemble
con'gre-ga'tion (kŏng'grê-gā'shŭn), gathering
con-ject'ure (kŏn-jĕk'tûr), guess
con'nois-seur' (kŏn'ĭ-sûr'), one well versed in any subject; expert
con-san-guin'i-ty (kŏn-săn-gwĭn'ĭ-tĭ), blood relationship
con'scious-ness of its, etc. (kŏn'shŭs-nĕs), knowledge that it is a task
con'se-crat'ed (kŏn'sê-krāt'ĕd), made sacred
con'se-quent exercise (kŏn'sê-kwĕnt), use which naturally follows
con-serv'a-tor-ies (kŏn-sûr'vă-tôr-ĭz), greenhouses
con-signed' (kŏn-sīnd'), given; laid him aside
con-signed', dust to dust be (kŏn-sīnd'), lives be given up. See *Genesis* III, 19
con-sol'a-to-ry (kŏn-sŏl'ă-tô-rĭ), comforting
con'stan-cy (kŏn'stăn-sĭ), loyalty; steadfastness; devotedness
con'stel-la'tion (kŏn'stĕ-lā'shŭn), stars; class of honored men
con-strain' (kŏn-strān'), force
con'tem-plat'ing (kŏn'tĕm-plāt'ĭng), looking at thoughtfully
con'tem-pla'tion (kŏn'tĕm-plā'shŭn), thought
con-tem'pla-tive (kŏn-tĕm'plă-tĭv), thoughtful
con-temp'tu-ous (kŏn-tĕmp'tū-ŭs), scornful
contend, fight; argue; struggle
continental blood, etc. (kŏn-tĭ-nĕn'-tăl), blood of East and West mingled
con-tor'tion (kŏn-tôr'shŭn), twisting
con'tra-band (kŏn'tră-bănd), forbidden
con-tract'ed (kŏn-trăkt'ĕd), gone into
con-trib'ute (kŏn-trĭb'ūt), furnish
con-tri'tion (kŏn-trĭsh'ŭn), repentance

con-trive' (kŏn-trīv'), plan
con-ven'tion-al (kŏn-vĕn'shŭn-ăl), formal; customary
con'verse (kŏn'vûrs), conversation
con-vey' (kŏn-vā'), carry
con-vic'tion (kŏn-vĭk'shŭn), belief
con'vo-lut'ed (kŏn'vō-lūt'ĕd), twisted
con-voy' (kŏn-voi'), take
con'voy (kŏn'voi), protection
con-vul'sive (kŏn-vŭl'sĭv), violent
cope (kōp), struggle with successfully
co'pi-ous-ness (kō'pĭ-ŭs-nĕs), large number of; abundance
copse (kŏps), grove
co-quette' (kō-kĕt'), flirt
cor'al (kŏr'ăl), skeletons of certain small sea-animals which have been deposited during the ages and form islands
Cor'bi-tant (kôr'bĭ-tănt), Indian chief
cord'age (kôr'dâj), ship-ropes
cor'dial sal'u-ta'tion (kôr'jăl săl'ū-tā'shŭn), hearty greeting
Cor'do-van (kôr'dō-văn), from Cordova, a city in Spain, famous for leather
cor'mo-rant (kôr'mō-rănt), a large fish-eating sea bird
cor-rod'ed (kŏ-rōd'ĕd), rusted and worn
cor-rup'tion (kŏ-rŭp'shŭn), wickedness
cor'sair (kôr'sâr), pirate-ship
corse'let (kôrs'lĕt), armor for the body
cos-mog'ra-pher (kŏz-mŏg'rā-fĕr), one who has made a study of the earth and the heavens
cou'lie (kōō'lĭ), deep bed of a stream
coun'ci-lor (koun'sĭ-lĕr), statesman
coun'sel (koun'sĕl), advise
coun'sel-or (koun'sĕ-lĕr), adviser
coun'te-nance (koun'tē-năns), face
coun'ter-part' (koun'tĕr-pärt'), likeness
count the risk, fear the consequences
cou'ri-er's feet delayed (kōō'rĭ-ĕrz), messenger detained on his errand
cours'er (kōr'sĕr), war horse
courted peril for its own sake, sought danger because of his love of adventure
cour'te-ous (kûr'tē-ŭs), polite
courtier (kōrt'yĕr), attendant on a king
court'ly (kōrt'lĭ), elegant; courteous
cove (kōv), inlet
cover, protection; **thick cover,** dense woods
cov'ert (kŭv'ĕrt), covering
cov'et-ed (kŭv'ĕt-ĕd), longed for
cow'er (kou'ĕr), hide in fear
cox'comb (kŏks'kōm), noisy fellow
crab'bed-ly honest (krăb'ĕd-lĭ ŏn'ĕst), honest but in a disagreeable manner
craftsmen (krâfts), skilled workmen
craft'y (kraf'tĭ), skillful
crane (krān), wading bird
cra'ni-um (krā'nĭ-ŭm), head
crave a boon of your chiv'al-ry (shĭv'-ăl-rĭ), ask that you use your bravery and gallantry in doing me a favor
cre-du'li-ty (krē-dū'lĭ-tĭ), childishness
creeper, red-flowered vine
crest (krĕst), top; head
crest-waving Hec'tor (hĕk'tĕr), tall weed. Hector, a Trojan warrior, was represented with a waving plume
cri'sis (krī'sĭs), time of trouble
cri'sis must en-sue' (krī'sĭs; ĕn-sū'), state of affairs will result
crit'i-cal a-cu'men (krĭt'ĭ-kăl ă-kū'-mĕn), thoughtful judgment
crone (krōn), old woman who knew nothing but work
cross, interfere with; sorrow
cross'hilt'ed (krŏs'hĭlt'ĕd), with a handle in the shape of a cross
cudg'el (kŭj'ĕl), beat
cu'li-na-ry (kū'lĭ-nā-rĭ), for the kitchen
cul'ling his phrases (kŭl'ĭng; frāz'ĕz), choosing his words with care
curd'ling awe (kûrd'lĭng ô), fright that made his blood run cold
cur'lew (kûr'lū), long-billed bird
cur'rent coinage, money in use at that time
cut'lass (kŭt'lăs), heavy, curved sword
cyn'i-cal-ly I play, etc. (sĭn'ĭ-kăl-ĭ), I become selfish and act like a coward
cy'press (sī'prĕs), dark evergreen tree

dal'li-er (dăl'ĭ-ĕr), shirker
Da-mas'cus (dā-măs'kŭs), a city of Syria, famous for its silks and steel
dangerous disposition, desperate state of mind
danger's troubled night, war. England had just had two naval battles with France

daunt (dânt), frighten
David, King, see *II Samuel,* VI, 1
David's transgression (trăns-grĕsh'ŭn), because he loved Bathsheba, David sent Uriah, her husband, to the front of the battle to be killed. See *II Samuel,* XI
deal, give
death without quarter, merciless death
de-barked' (dê-bärkt'), landed
de-bouch' (dê-bōōsh'), march out
de-cease' (dê-sēs'), death
de-cis'ion (dê-sĭzh'ŭn), settlement
de-cis'ive (dê-sīs'ĭv), important; positive
declivity (dê-klĭv'ĭ-tĭ), steep hill
de-co'rum (dê-kō'rŭm), fitness; modesty
de-cree' (dê-krē'), order
ded'i-cate (dĕd'ĭ-kât), give up
deem (dēm), imagine; think
deem more sa'cred-ly of (dēm; sā'krĕd-lĭ), be more reverent toward
de-fect' (dê-fĕkt'), fault
de-fi'ance (dê-fī'ăns), challenge
de-fi'ant (dê-fī'ănt), bold
de-fraud'ed (dê-frôd'ĕd), cheated
deign (dān), be kind enough
de-ject'ed (dê-jĕkt'ĕd), sad
delectable (dê-lĕk'tá-b'l), delightful
de-lib'er-ate (dê-lĭb'ĕr-ât), for deliberately, slowly
de-lib'er-at'ed to enter (dê-lĭb'ĕr-ât'ĕd), decided to go on board
deliberation (dê-lĭb'ĕr-ā'shŭn), care
de-lin'e-ate (dê-lĭn'ê-ât), describe
deliver, rescue it from evil
de-lu'sions (dê-lū'zhŭnz), deceptions
de-lu'sive phan'tom (dê-lū'sĭv făn'tŭm), false expectation
delve (dĕlv), dig; work
Dem-a-ra'tus (dĕm-á-rā'tŭs)
de-mean'or (dê-mēn'ĕr), manner
de-mol'ish (dê-mŏl'ĭsh), destroy
de-mor'a-lized (dê-mŏr'ăl-īzd), cast into disorder
de-mure' (dê-mūr'), modest
de-nom'i-nat'ed (dê-nŏm'ĭ-nāt'ĕd), called
de-port'ment easy (dê-pōrt'mĕnt), manner of carrying himself graceful
depose (dê-pōz'), take the throne from
de-pre'ci-ate (dê-prē'shĭ-ât), cheapen
de-ranged' (dê-rānjd'), disturbed
de-rived' (dê-rīvd'), gained
de-scried' (dê-skrīd'), beheld
desecrated (dĕs'ê-krāt-ĕd), which had had their sacredness disregarded and had been dug up that the Spaniards might get the riches buried with them
Desert's golden sand, products, as spices, ivory, dates, etc., carried by camels across the desert
de-sign' (dê-zīn'), plan; intend
de-spite' (dê-spīt'), in spite of
de-spond'en-cy (dê-spŏn'dĕn-sĭ), discouragement
de-spond'ent (dê-spŏn'dĕnt), discouraged
des-pot'ic (dĕs-pŏt'ĭk), tyrannical
des'pot-ism (dĕs'pŏt-ĭz'm), tyranny
des'tined (dĕs'tĭnd), intended; fated
des'ti-ny (dĕs'tĭ-nĭ), fate
de-tach' (dê-tăch'), send
de-tach'ments (dê-tăch'mĕnts), armies
devastating (dĕv'ăs-tāt'ĭng), terrible
de-vic'es (dê-vīs'ĕz), tricks
de'vi-ous (dē'vĭ-ŭs), winding
de-void' (dê-void'), destitute
de-vout' (dê-vout'), pious
dex'ter-ous (dĕks'tĕr-ŭs), clever
did but speak, was speaking only
di'et (dī'ĕt), food
dif-fuse' (dĭf-fūz'), spread
dif-fuse'ly (dĭ-fūs'lĭ), too much at length
di-lap'i-dat'ed (dĭ-lăp'ĭ-dāt'ĕd), ruined
di-late' (dī-lāt'), grew large; broad
dilating powers of an anaconda (dī-lāt'ing; ăn'á-kŏn'dá), ability to stretch like the big snake which can eat things twice its size
dil'i-gence (dĭl'ĭ-jĕns), care
dil'i-gent (dil'ĭ-jĕnt), careful; industrious
dil'i-gent-ly (dĭl'ĭ-jĕnt-lĭ), hard
dint of much effort (dĭnt), by means of much trouble
dire'ful (dīr'), terrible; frightful
dire'struck (dīr'strŭk), terrorized
dis'ad-van'tage of situation (dĭs'ăd-ván'tâj), weakness in position
dis-ad'van-ta'geous (dĭs-ăd'văn-tā'jŭs), unfavorable
dis-card'ed (dĭs-kärd'ĕd), refused
dis-cern' (dĭ-zûrn'), see
dis-charge' (dĭs-chärj'), pay

dis-com'fit-ed (dĭs-kŭm'fĭt-ĕd), driven back and almost defeated
dis-course' (dĭs-kōrs'), conversation; talk
discovered himself, made himself known
dis-cred'it-ed (dĭs-krĕd'ĭt-ĕd), no longer believed in
dis-creet' (dĭs-krēt'), polite; wise
disk (dĭsk), flat circle; surface
dis'lo-cat'ed by sudden circumstances (dĭs'lō-kāt'ĕd), forced to be changed by unexpected happenings
dis-mayed' (dĭs-mād'), discouraged
dis-or'der-ly rab'ble (dĭs-ôr'dĕr-lĭ răb'b'l), crowd of men in confusion
dispatch, send quickly; kill
dis-pelled' (dĭs-pĕld'), driven away
dis-perse' (dĭs-pûrs'), scatter
dis-per'sion (dĭs-pûr'shŭn), running away; scattering
dis-posed' (dĭs-pōzd'), occupied; anxious; inclined; **disposed of . . . how,** what he had done with
dis-sec'tion (dĭ-sĕk'shŭn), cutting in pieces
dis-sem'bled (dĭ-sĕm'b'ld), pretended he noticed nothing
dis'si-pat'ed (dĭs'ĭ-pāt'ĕd), given to the drinking of intoxicating liquors
dis-suade' (dĭ-swād'), persuade; win
dis'taff (dĭs'tăf), staff for holding the flax to be spun into thread
distant pros'pect (prŏs'pĕkt), uncertain chance
distemper (dĭs-tĕm'pĕr), illness
dis-tinc'tive (dĭs-tĭngk'tĭv), unusual
dis-tin'guished (dĭs-tĭng'gwĭsht), been so strong in; marked; made out
di-verge' (dĭ-vûrj'), leave; separate
di'vers (dī'vĕrz), several
di-vine' (dĭ-vīn'), foretell; guess
Dof'fue Mart'ling (dŏf'ū märt'lĭng)
dog'ged (dŏg'ĕd), sullen
dol'ing out (dōl'ĭng), telling
dol'or-ous (dōl'ĕr-ŭs), very sad
Dol'or-ous Garde (dōl'ĕr-ŭs gärd), sorrowful castle
do-mains' (dō-mānz'), lands; round of affairs
dome, large, rounded roof
do-mes'tic creatures (dō-mĕs'tĭk), tame animals, as the dog, cat, etc.
domestic emotions, tenderness for home things; family ties
dom'i-ciled (dŏm'ĭ-sīld), living
dominant (dŏm'ĭ-nănt), chief; haughty
do-min'ion (dō-mĭn'yŭn), province; possession; rule
do my en-deav'or (ĕn-dĕv'ĕr), try; do my best
Don Cos'sacks (dŏn kŏs'ăks), warlike Russian horsemen
donned the serge gown (dŏnd), became a monk
Dons (dŏnz), Spaniards
doom (dōōm), destruction; fate
double-reefed try'sail (trĭ'sāl), sail taken in so the wind cannot catch it
doub'let (dŭb'lĕt), close-fitting coat
dou-bloon' (dŭb-lōōn'), a Spanish gold coin, no longer used
draft (drăft), draw up
drain our dearest veins, give up our lives
draught (drăft), drink. Cleopatra is said to have drunk a glass of wine in which she had dissolved a pearl
draughts that lead nowhere (drăfts), drinks that did not satisfy him
draw'bridge (drô'brĭj), a bridge which is made to be raised over a ditch of water around a castle
dread disturbance (drĕd), serious change from the usual rule
dread me, fear
dread'naught' (drĕd'nôt'), battleship
dressed their shields, held their shields ready
drew our saddle-girths (gûrths), tightened the straps around the horses' bodies
drew the Spanish prow (prou), led the ships of the Spanish gold-seekers
drinking horn, horn of an animal used as a cup
driving, very fast, on horseback
drone (drōn), lazy fellow
due (dū), proper; suitable
dues (dūz), rights
Duke de la Rowse (dūk dē lá rouz)
duke'dom (dūk'dŭm), land controlled by the dukes
dulse (dŭls), coarse, red seaweed
Dum-fries' (dŭm-frēs')
durst (dûrst), dare
du'ties as ju'ror (dū'tĭz; jōō'rĕr), duty of being on a jury, the body of men who decide whether or not one is guilty in a trial

each unto himself, every man thought that he would be the one
eagle of the sea, warship
earth's ample round, surface of the globe
easier un'du-la'tions (ŭn'dū-lā'shŭnz) gentler slopes; smaller hills
e'co-nom'ic (ē'kō-nŏm'ĭk), practical
ec-stat'ic (ĕk-stăt'ĭk), joyful
ed'dy (ĕd'ĭ), revolve
ed'i-fice (ĕd'ĭ-fĭs), house
ef-fect'ed (ĕ-fĕk'tĕd), carried out
ef-fec'tu-al (ĕ-fĕk'tū-ăl), powerful
ef'fi-gy (ĕf'ĭ-jĭ), image
ef-ful'gence (ĕ-fŭl'jĕns), brilliance
e'go that blasts judgment (ē'gō), self-conceit which makes people selfish and narrow
e-lapsed' (ē-lăpst'), passed
e-late' (ē-lāt'), joyous
elder days of Art, ancient times which produced the pyramids, some of the beautiful Greek temples still standing, and statues such as the Venus de Milo
el'dern (ĕl'dĕrn), elderly
elder races, older civilizations
El Do-ra'do (ĕl dō-rä'dō), vast riches. El Dorado is an imaginary South American city of great wealth
e-lec'tion (ē-lĕk'shŭn), choice
e-lec'tion-eer' (ē-lĕk'shŭn-ēr'), to work for a person or party in an election
elm (ĕlm)
el'o-quent (ĕl'ō-kwĕnt), forceful in his way of speaking
e-man'ci-pa'tion (ē-măn'sĭ-pā'shŭn), freedom
em-barked' (ĕm-bärkt'), on shipboard
em-bel'lish the theme (ĕm-bĕl'ĭsh), use elegant language
emblazonry (ĕm-blā'z'n-rĭ), design
em-bos'omed (ĕm-bo͝oz'ŭmd), sheltered
e-mer'gen-cy (ē-mûr'jĕn-sĭ), necessity; crisis
em'i-nent-ly (ĕm'ĭ-nĕnt-lĭ), especially
e-mit' (ē-mĭt'), give out
Em'pire State (ĕm'pīr), New York
em'u-la'tion (ĕm'ū-lā'shŭn), imitation
en-com'pass (ĕn-kŭm'pās), surround
en-coun'ter (ĕn-koun'tĕr), meet face to face; meeting; fight
en-cum'bered (ĕn-kŭm'bĕrd), covered
en-dowed' (ĕn-doud'), gifted
endowed it with re-al'i-ty (ĕn-doud'; rē-ăl'ĭ-tĭ), made it of real use to mankind
enemy in station, hostile army encamped
enemy to stock, bears often kill cattle
en-force' those of Se-ville', etc. (ĕn-fōrs'; sē-vĭl'), make the Spanish ships allow him to pass through
en-forc'ing his careful remembrance (ĕn-fōrs'ĭng), reminding him of their many messages to those in England
engaging to restore, promising to give back
en-joined' (ĕn-joind'), laid upon
en-meshed' (ĕn-mĕsht'), caught
en'mi-ty (ĕn'mĭ-tĭ), ill-will
en-rap'tured (ĕn-rap'tûrd), delighted
en'sign (ĕn'sĭn), standard; flag
en'ter-prise (ĕn'tĕr-prīz), plan
en'ter-pris'ing, energetic
entertain a composition, stop the battle and talk over terms of peace
entertaining, holding
enter the lists against him, fight with him for a lady's favor, as knights of old
entitled, is (ĕn-tĭ'tl'd), does deserve
en-treat'y (ĕn-trēt'ĭ), beseeching; begging; **entreated admittance,** asked to be let in
e-nu'mer-ate (ē-nū'mĕr-āt), mention
ep'au-let (ĕp'ô-lĕt), a shoulder ornament showing rank
Eph-i-al'tes (ĕf-ĭ-ăl'tēz)
ep'ic (ĕp'ĭk), long narrative poem dealing with the history of a race, written in a dignified and beautiful style
e-pis'tle (ē-pĭs''l), letter
ep'i-taph (ĕp'ĭ-tăf), inscription on a tombstone
equal agency, equal share
equal justice, fairness for everyone in the country
e-quipped' (ē-kwĭpt'), fitted out with necessities
e'ra (ē'rà), period of time
er'rant knight (ĕr'ănt), man looking for adventure
er'u-di'tion (ĕr'o͝o-dĭsh'ŭn), learning
Esh'col (ĕsh'kŏl), see *Numbers* XIII, 23

es-pous'al (ĕs-pous'ăl), marriage
es-sayed' (ĕ-sād'), tried
es-tate' (ĕs-tāt'), lands and castles
esteem, self-respect; value; respect
E-ter'nal Rainbow (ē-tĕr'năl), rainbow which is always there
e'ther (ē'thĕr), sky
e-the're-al (ē-thē'rē-ăl), spiritual
etherealize (ē-thē'rē-ăl-ĭz), change
Eu-phra'tes (ū-frā'tēz)
every freeman was a host, each citizen had the strength of many soldiers
e-vinced' (ē-vĭnst'), showed clearly
ewe neck (ū), hollowed-out neck
ex-ag'ger-at'ed ap-pre'ci-a'tion, an (ĕg-zăj'ĕr-āt'ĕd ă-prē'shĭ-ā'shŭn), too high an opinion
ex-alt' (ĕg-zôlt'), praise
ex-cess' of sen-sa'tion (ĕk-sĕs'; sĕn-sā'shŭn), too much feeling
execute, carry out; put to death
executor of his estate (ĕg-zĕk'ū-tĕr), one who looks after the things he left behind
ex-empt'ed from pardon (ĕg-zĕmp'-tĕd), intentionally not pardoned
ex-er'tion (ĕg-zûr'shŭn), effort
exhalation (ĕks'hă-lā'shŭn), breath
exhausted (ĕg-zôst'ĕd), used again and again
ex-hort' (ĕg-zôrt'), encourage
ex-hort'er (ĕg-zôrt'ĕr), preacher
ex'ile (ĕg'zĭl), one who may not, or does not wish to, live in his own country
expanse, strength; extent of space
ex-pert' (ĕks-pûrt'), skillful
ex-ploit' (ĕks-ploit'), an adventure; achievement
ex-pos'ing my char'ac-ter, etc. (ĕks-pōz'ĭng; kăr'ăk-tĕr), causing criticism that
ex-press' (ĕks-prĕs'), positive
ex-press' its summer thought in (ĕks-prĕs'), make its best effort in growing
ex-press'ly (ĕks-prĕs'lĭ), only
ex'qui-site-ly (ĕks'kwĭ-zĭt-lĭ), perfectly
extenuate the matter (ĕks-tĕn'ū-āt), act as if this were of small importance
external things, all he came in contact with not of the spirit or character
ex-trem'i-ty (ĕks-trĕm'ĭ-tĭ), great need
ex-ult'ing (ĕg-zŭlt'ĭng), rejoicing
exultation (ĕk'sŭl-tā'shŭn), emotion
eyes are in the heart, etc., power of the imagination to see things of other times and other lands

fa-cil'i-ties (fă-sĭl'ĭ-tĭz), easy ways; means
factors of civilization, helps to the world's progress
fac'ul-ties (făk'ŭl-tĭz), talents
fag'ot (făg'ŭt), sticks
fain (fān), gladly
fain entreat (fān), like to ask
fair con'quest (kŏng'kwĕst), territory which had been honorably won
faith and fire within us, belief in the right, and enthusiasm we feel
faith I owe to knighthood, pledge which I took when I was made a knight
faith's pure shrine, place where they could be free to worship as they wished
Fal'kirk (fôl'kûrk)
fall within your province, come under your authority
fal'ter (fôl'tĕr), hesitate
Fan'euil Hall (făn''l), a public hall in Boston used for meetings during the Revolution
fang (făng), long, sharp tooth
fan-tas'tic (făn-tăs'tĭk), queer-shaped
fare (fâr), treated
fared (fârd), spent
farthing, English coin worth one-quarter cent
fashion of that creature, habit of all spiders
fast by, close-by
fasten a quarrel, etc., give your reasons why he is to blame in this matter
fas-tid'i-ous (făs-tĭd'ĭ-ŭs), hard to please; particular
fastness (făst'nĕs), place of defense
fa'tal (fā'tl), tragic
fatal shore, bank of the lake which caused his daughter's death
fat'ed (fāt'ĕd), fortunate
fath'om (făth'ŭm), measure; six feet
fa-tigued' (fă-tēgd'), tired
fearful, dreadful; ghostly
Feast of the Holy Trin'i-ty (trĭn'ĭ-tĭ), the eighth Sunday after Easter
fea'ture (fē'tŭr), characteristic
feign (fān), pretend

fell (fĕl), cut; marsh
fellow (fĕl'ō), man
fellowship, company
fel'on (fĕl'ŭn), villain
fel'on knight (fĕl'ŭn), wicked knight
fen (fĕn), marsh
fence, protect
fe-roc'i-ty (fē-rŏs'ĭ-tĭ), fierceness
fer'rule (fĕr'ōōl), heavy ruler
fer'ry, o'er the (fĕr'ĭ), over the river in a ferry-boat
fer'vent (fûr'vĕnt), earnest; strong
fer'vor (fûr'vĕr), earnestness
fes-toon' (fĕs-tōōn'), wreath
feud (fūd), quarrel
fi'ber (fī'bĕr), root
fi-del'i-ty (fĭ-dĕl'ĭ-tĭ), loyalty
fie (fī), shame
field of fame, their, place where they died and became heroes
fierce artificer (ăr-tĭf'ĭ-sĕr), harsh workman; here, the wind
fight not so sore, do not fight so hard
files (fīlz), rows
fil'ly (fĭl'ĭ), young horse
fi-nan'cial pan'ics (fĭ-năn'shăl păn'ĭks), unusual condition in business because of lack of money
fi-nesse' (fĭ-nĕs'), cleverness
fitful (fĭt'fōōl), starting and stopping suddenly; now showing, now behind a cloud
flail (flāl), tool for thrashing grain
flaming, bright red
Flan'ders (flăn'dĕrz), an ancient European country, now part of France, Belgium, and Holland
flank (flăngk), the side of an animal, between the ribs and the hip
flashes, northern lights
flash of fluttering drapery, sight of her dress blowing about
flaunt'ing (flänt'ĭng), waving
flaw (flô), gust of wind
flax, plant from which linen is made
Flemish, of Flanders, which *see*
fleshless palms (pämz), skeleton hands
flinched (flĭnsht), drew back
Flo'res (flō'rĕz)
flout'ed (flout'ĕd), insulted
flowing bowl, height of happiness—paradise
flu'en-cy (flōō'ĕn-sĭ), smoothness
flume (flōōm), channel of water used to obtain gold by "washing"
flush, pale pinks and lavenders; level with water
fo'c'sle (fōk's'l), forecastle, a short, upper deck forward
fo'li-age (fō'lĭ-ăj), leaves
fools'cap' (fōōlz'kăp'), large sheets of paper for writing
for'ay (fŏr'ā), raid
for-bore' (fôr-bōr'), held off
ford, shallow place in a river
fore-bod'ing (fōr-bōd'ĭng), fears
fore-go' (fōr-gō'), give up
fore'head (fŏr'ĕd)
for'eign yoke (fŏr'ĭn), English oppression
for'feit-ed (fôr'fĭt-ĕd), lost
forge (fōrj), make; furnace
for'mi-da-ble (fôr'mĭ-dă-b'l), strong; terrifying (because of the whips that came from it); important; powerful
forthwith (fōrth'wĭth'), without delay
fort'night (fôrt'nĭt), two weeks
for'tune (fôr'tūn), luck
forward, help to accomplish
fos'ter father (fŏs'tĕr), man who acted as father
foun'der (foun'dĕr), sink
fowl'ing-piece (foul'ĭng), light gun
frail ten'e-ment (tĕn'ē-mĕnt), poorly-built house
fraught with much danger (frôt), accomplished by much risk
fresh ar-ray' (ă-rā'), new grass
friendship is feign'ing (fān'ĭng), friends only pretend to be friends
frigate (frĭg'ăt), large sailing-vessel
frol'ic ar'chi-tec'ture (frŏl'ĭk är'kĭ-tĕk'tūr), the beautiful structures built in a merry mood by the wind
from the press, out of the crowd
fron-tier' (frŏn-tēr'), land bordering on a foreign land; border-land, that part of a country bordering on an unsettled region
fruitless, useless
fu'gi-tive sov'er-eign (fū'jĭ-tĭv sŏv'ĕr-ĭn), ruler who was fleeing
fulfilling your be-hest' (bē-hĕst'), carrying out your order
fulfillment, coming
full, very; **full hard,** with difficulty
fur'bish-ing (fûr'bĭsh-ĭng), freshening
fur'long (fûr'lŏng), forty rods

fur'ther-ance (fûr'thĕr-ăns), accomplishment
fu-til'i-ty (fū-tĭl'ĭ-tĭ), uselessness
fu-tur'i-ty (fū-tū'rĭ-tĭ), the future

Ga'her-is (gā'hĕr-ĭs)
gainsay (gān'sā'), contradict; question
gait (gāt), manner of walking or running
Gal'a-had (găl'ā-hăd)
gale (gāl), wind; strong wind
gal'le-on (găl'ē-ŭn), a large sailing vessel
gam'bol (găm'bŏl), trick; game
garbed (gärbd), dressed
Gar'eth (găr'ĕth)
gar'ish (găr'ĭsh), showy
gar'nered (gär'nĕrd), gathered
garrison (găr'ĭ-s'n), troops on duty in a fort; furnish with soldiers
gar'ru-lous (găr'ōō-lŭs), talkative
gashed (găsht), cut
gather cherries in Kent, etc., he means that he, so much older than Priscilla, could not win her love
gaud (gôd), an ornament; brightness
gaud'y (gôd'ĭ), showy
gaunt (gänt), lean
Ga'wain (gô'wān)
ga-zette' (gā-zĕt'), a newspaper
gear (gēr), clothing; materials; treasure; armor
gen'ius of fam'ine (jēn'yŭs; făm'ĭn), spirit of hunger
gen'tian (jĕn'shăn)
gently in-sin'u-at'ing (ĭn-sĭn'ū-āt'ĭng), little by little
gen'try (jĕn'trĭ), people of education and culture
ge-og'ra-pher (jē-ŏg'rā-fĕr), one who has studied the earth
ges'ture (jĕs'tûr), movement
gi-gan'tic (jī-găn'tĭk), very large, like a giant
glade (glād), open place in a forest
glaring (glâr'ĭng), straight up and down
glazed (glāzd), of glass
glaz'ing breath (glāz'ĭng), a breath possessing the power to make like glass
glebe (glēb), soil
glen (glĕn), valley
glib'ly (glĭb'lĭ), easily
glint'ed (glĭnt'ĕd), darted
gloated (glōt'ĕd), gazed at enviously
gnarled (närld), knotted
gnome (nōm), tiny being with magic powers
gob'lin (gŏb'lĭn), mischievous spirit
golden-cui-rassed' (kwē-rást'), having a yellow body like a breastplate
golden time, his youth
Goliath of Gath (gō-lī'ăth; găth), the giant slain by David. See *I Samuel* XVII
Gon-za'lo (gŏn-zä'lō)
good brand Ex-cal'i-bur (ĕks-kăl'ĭ-bûr), fine sword called Excalibur
good'ly (gōōd'lĭ), handsome; worthy
gor'geous (gôr'jŭs), elaborate; showy
gor'get (gôr'jĕt), collar
gor'y (gōr'ĭ), bloody
got to horse, mounted
gran'deur (grăn'dûr), look of splendor
gran'ite (grăn'ĭt), stone
grate, grating; crossed bars
grave, engrave; serious
gray, forgotten years, dimly-remembered past
great torrent of mi-gra'tion (mī-grā'shŭn), constant moving of people
greener graves, easier way to die
green'sward' (grēn' swôrd'), grass
grew loud a-pace' (ā-pās'), was fast becoming worse
griev'ance (grēv'ăns), complaints
griev'ous (grēv'ŭs), severe; sad
Grif'let (grĭf'lĕt)
grim (grĭm), fierce; horrible
grooves (grōōvz), hollows by means of which the ship slides down into the water
gross (grōs), exaggerated
grot'toes (grŏt'ōz), caves
grounding his musket, dropping one end of his gun to the ground firmly
grow brave by reflection, gain courage from his own strength of mind
Guay'a-quil' (gwī'ä-kēl'), city in Ecuador
guer-ril'la (gĕ-rĭl'ä)
Guiana (gē-än'ä), region of South America
guin'ea (gĭn'ē), an English gold coin worth about $5.11; a kind of fowl
Guin'e-ver (gwĭn'ē-vēr)
guise (gīz), manner
gules (gūlz), red color
gul'ly (gŭl'ĭ), deep, dry river-bed
gun'wale (gŭn'ĕl), upper edge of a boat

Gur'net (gûr'nĕt). point north of Plymouth Bay
gut'tur-al (gŭt'ŭr-ăl), hoarse
gyr'fal'con (jûr'fô'k'n) a large hawk found in cold countries

hab'i-ta'tion (hăb'ĭ-tā'shŭn), home
hab-it'u-al as-cend'en-cy (há-bĭt'ū-ăl ă-sĕnd'ăn-sĭ), constant control
nabitual breadth of view, an (há-bĭt'ū-ăl), his usual kind way of looking at all sides of a question
haft (hăft), handle
Hai-nault' (ĕ-nō'), Belgian province
halter, strap used to lead an animal
hand-gre-nade' (grĕ-nād'), explosive to be thrown by hand
hand'i-work (hănd'ĭ-wûrk), work of His hands, that is, the world He had made
hanging him in ef'fi-gy (ĕf'ĭ-jĭ), hanging a figure of someone to show hatred
happy me'di-um (mē'dĭ-ŭm), that which is better than either of the before-mentioned
har'ass (hăr'ăs), annoy
har'bin-ger (här'bĭn-jĕr), announcer; one who goes before
hard, close
hard'i-hood (här'dĭ-hŏŏd), endurance
hard'i-ness (här'dĭ-nĕs), vigor
hardy Highland wight (wīt), fearless Scotchman
har'mo-nies of law (här'mō-nĭz), friendship among all the nations
har'pies of the shore (här'pĭz), men who care only for gain; in mythology the harpy is pictured as a thieving monster with a woman's head and upper body, and the wings, tail, and claws of a bird
harpy, see **harpies of the shore**
har'ried (hăr'ĭd), annoyed
hashed met'a-phor (mĕt'ă-fĕr), incorrect comparison. Wings cannot "trip"
haunt (hänt), come to, again and again; home; place he haunted
Hav'i-lah (hăv'ĭ-lä), a land rich in gold and precious stones. See *Genesis* II, 11
haw'thorne (hô'thôrn), flowering tree
haz'ar-dous (hăz'ăr-dŭs), dangerous
haz'ard their lives (hăz'ărd), risk their lives in battle
head-waters, upper part of a stream
hearth (härth), fireside
heart's chamber, depths of his chest
heated, forced to a hard struggle
heathen hosts (hōsts), great armies of men who were not Christians
heave (hēv), raise
Heb'ri-des (hĕb'rĭ-dēz), islands off the west coast of Scotland
height'en his glory (hī't'n), increase his power (by winning the war)
heir (âr), child to inherit the title
heir'loom (âr'lōōm), any piece of personal property owned by a family for generations
Hek'la (hĕk'lä), a volcano in Iceland
held, considered
helm (hĕlm), helmet; steering wheel
Hemans, Felicia (hĕm'ănz fē-lĭsh'ĭ-ä)
her'ald (hĕr'ăld), messenger
Herculean (hĕr-kū'lē-ăn), powerful, like Hercules, a mighty hero of Greek mythology
he-ret'i-cal (hē-rĕt'ĭ-kăl), positive
hermit, man who lives alone, giving his time to prayer and good deeds
her'mi-tage (hûr'mĭ-tāj), hermit's home
her'o-ism (hĕr'ō-ĭz'm), courage
her'on (hĕr'ŭn), a wading bird
Hessian trooper (hĕsh'ăn), German soldier hired by England to fight the colonists in the Revolution
hie (hī), hasten
high-hearted buc'ca-neers' (bŭk'ă-nērz'), joyous pirates
Hil'de-brand (hĭl'dē-brănd)
hilt (hĭlt), handle
Hin'du-stan' (hĭn'dōō-stän'), India
hoard (hōrd), keep secretly
hoar'y (hōr'ĭ), white; gray
hobbled, having the legs tied
Ho'bo-mok (hō'bō-mŏk)
hoist, raise
holding con'verse (kŏn'vērs), talking
holy ground, place made holy by their sacrifice and ideals
hom'age (hŏm'ăj), loyalty; service
home'ly (hōm'lĭ), plain; strong
hood'wink (hŏŏd'wĭnk), deceive
hopelessly in-volved' (ĭn-vŏlvd'), caught so they could not get out
ho-ri'zon (hō-rī'zŭn), line where the earth and sky seem to meet; western sky

hos'pi-ta-ble (hŏs'pĭ-tȧ-b'l), making them welcome to his home
host (hōst), very large number; army
hos'tile (hŏs'tĭl), warlike
hours are numbered, his, he has not much longer to live
hour that brings re-lease' (rē-lēs'), time when we rest
housings of the horses (houz'ĭngz), saddle, bridle, blanket, etc.
hove (hōve), appeared
hov'er (hŭv'ĕr), stay close
hovering band (hŭv'ĕr-ĭng), Swiss patriots. *Hovering* here means "watchful"
how'itz-er (hou'ĭt-sĕr), cannon
hue (hū), color
hulk (hŭlk), body
hum'ble (hŭm'b'l), modest
Hum'boldt, von (hōōm'bōlt fŏn), German scientist and statesman
hu'mor (hū'mĕr), fancy
hunted for the boun'ty (boun'tĭ), killed to get a small reward
hus'band-man(hŭz'bănd-măn), farmer
hus'ban-dry (hŭz'băn-drĭ), farming

I-be'ri-an (ī-bē'rĭ-ăn), Spanish
Ich'a-bod (ĭk'ȧ-bŏd)
I charge thee, I earnestly command you
icy bridge, etc., ice that never melts, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific
icy shield, protection of ice
i-de'a (ī-dē'ȧ), thought
idle, foolish; useless
I doubt (dout), I think
I'dyl (ī'dĭl), poem giving a picture
ig-no'ble (ĭg-nō'b'l), not noble; base
ig-no'ble yoke (ĭg-nō'b'l), slavery which had bound them down, as a yoke weighs down the neck of an ox
I-graine' (ē-grān')
ill coun'sel (koun'sĕl), bad advice
il-le'gal (ĭ-lē'gȧl), not lawful
ill starred (stärd), unlucky
illuminated (ĭ-lū'mĭ-nāt'ĕd), explained; **illuminated fog,** haziness
il-lu'sion (ĭ-lū'zhŭn), dream; imagination; fancy; false delusion
il-lus'trate (ĭ-lŭs'trāt), make clear
il-lus'trat-ed (ĭ-lŭs'trāt-ĕd), with magic-lantern slides
il-lus'tri-ous (ĭ-lŭs'trĭ-ŭs), famous
im-bibe' (ĭm-bīb'), adopt; receive
im-bued' (ĭm-būd'), filled
im-bued' with dem'o-crat'ic principles (ĭm-būd'; dĕm'ō-krăt'ĭk), filled with desire for a government of the people
im-mor'tal date (ĭ-môr'tăl), date in history which will never be forgotten
im-mor'tal-ized (ĭ-môr'tăl-īzd), described so that it will never be forgotten
im-mor'tal Prov'i-dence (ĭ-môr'tăl prŏv'ĭ-dĕns), heavenly powers
Im-mor'tals (ĭ-môr'tȧ.z), so called because of their bravery; *immortal* means *undying*
immovable as a setter, as still as a hunting dog when he scents game
im-pas'sa-ble (ĭm-pȧs'ȧ-b'l), which could not be crossed
impediment (ĭm-pĕd'ĭ-mĕnt), hindrance
impenetrably (ĭm-pĕn'ē-trȧ-blĭ), thickly, so they could hardly get through
imperative (ĭm-pĕr'ȧ-tĭv), commanding
im'per-cep'ti-ble (ĭm-pĕr-sĕp'tĭ-b'l), very slight
im-per'il (ĭm-pĕr'ĭl), endanger
impetuosity (ĭm-pĕt'ū-ŏs'ĭ-tĭ), force
im-pet'u-ous (ĭm-pĕt'ū-ŭs), violent
im'pi-ous (ĭm'pĭ-ŭs), unholy; wicked
im-pla'ca-ble (ĭm-plā'kȧ-b'l), endless
im-pla'ca-ble cla'mor (ĭm-plā'kȧ-b'l klăm'ĕr), noise which seemed as though it would never stop
im'ple-ment (ĭm'plē-mĕnt), tool
im'ple-ments of hus'band-ry (ĭm'plē-mĕnts; hŭz'băn-drĭ), farm tools
im-ply' (ĭm-plī'), suggest
importunate (ĭm-pôr'tū-nāt), insistent
im-pose' (ĭm-pōz'), place upon; lay down
im-prac'ti-ca-ble (ĭm-prăk'tĭ-kȧ-b'l), impassable
im-preg'na-ble (ĭm-prĕg'nȧ-b'l), unconquerable
im'pulse (ĭm'pŭls), feeling; desire
impulsive (ĭm-pŭl'sĭv), without thinking
im-pu'ni-ty (ĭm-pū'nĭ-tĭ), safety
im'pu-ta'tion (ĭm'pū-tā'shŭn), suggestion
inalienable rights (ĭn-āl'yĕn-ȧ-b'l), rights that cannot be taken away
in-ap'pli-ca-ble (ĭn-ăp'lĭ-kȧ-b'l), unsuitable

In'ca (ĭn'ka), a South American Indian tribe which attained unusual culture

incantation so serene (ĭn'kăn-tā'-shŭn), magic song sung so clearly and calmly

in-car'cer-ate (ĭn-kär'sĕr-āt), imprison

in-com'pa-ra-ble (ĭn-kŏm'pā-rā-b'l), matchless; remarkable

in-con'se-quen'tial (ĭn-kŏn'sē-kwĕn'-shăl), unimportant

inconsiderable interval (ĭn'kŏn-sĭd'ĕr-ā-b'l ĭn'tĕr-văl), small space of time

in-cor'po-rate (ĭn-kôr'pō-rāt), unite; combine into one body

incredible (ĭn-krĕd'ĭ-b'l), hard to believe

in-cum'brance (ĭn-kŭm'brăns), hindrance

in-curred' (ĭn-kŭrd'), brought on oneself

in-cur'sion (ĭn-kûr'shŭn), attack

Indian file, one behind another

in-dif'fer-ent (ĭn-dĭf'ĕr-ĕnt), unconcerned; ordinary

in-duced' (ĭn-dūst'), persuaded

in-dulge' in (ĭn-dŭlj'), allow himself to have; **in-dul'gent,** kind

in-es'ti-ma-ble (ĭn-ĕs'tĭ-mā-b'l), priceless

in-ev'i-ta-ble (ĭn-ĕv'ĭ-tā-b'l), unavoidable; sure

in-ex'o-ra-ble (ĭn-ĕk'sō-rā-b'l), merciless

in'ex-press'i-ble concern (ĭn'ĕks-prĕs'-ĭ-b'l), greatest anxiety

in'fa-mous (ĭn'fā-mŭs), base; horrible

in-fect' (ĭn-fĕkt'), affect

in-fest' (ĭn-fĕst'), fill

in'fi-del (ĭn'fĭ-dĕl), Mohammedan

in'fi-nite (ĭn'fĭ-nĭt), endless

inflexible (ĭn-flĕk'sĭ-b'l), strong-willed; stubborn; honorable

in-fused' (ĭn-fūzd'), poured

In'gel-ram de Um'phra-ville (ĭng'gĕl-răm dē ŭm'frā-vĭl)

in-gen'ious (ĭn-jēn'yŭs), clever

in-gra'ti-at'ing (ĭn-grā'shĭ-āt'ĭng), agreeable

in-i'tial (ĭn-ĭsh'ăl), beginning

in-i'ti-a-tive (ĭn-ĭsh'ĭ-ā-tĭv), energy

inkhorn, inkwell of an animal's horn

in league with e'vil (lēg; ē'vĭl), in partnership with the devil

in noble heat, in a righteous revolt

in'no-va'tion (ĭn'ō-vā'shŭn), style

in-nu'mer-a-ble (ĭ-nū'mĕr-ā-b'l), too many to count

in-qui'ry (ĭn-quī'rĭ), question; investigation

in-scru'ta-ble (ĭn-skrōō'tā-b'l), mysterious

in-scru'ta-ble faculty (ĭn-skrōō'tā-b'l), talent which is not understood

in-sid'i-ous (ĭn-sĭd'ĭ-ŭs), deceitful

in-sig'ni-a (ĭn-sĭg'nĭ-ā), mark by which it is known

insignificant (ĭn'sĭg-nĭf'ĭ-kănt), little

in-sip'id (ĭn-sĭp'ĭd), stupid

in'so-lent'ly (ĭn'sō-lĕnt-lĭ), disrespectfully

in'spi-ra'tion (ĭn'spĭ-rā'shŭn), brilliant thought

in'stan-ta'ne-ous (ĭn'stăn-tā'nē-ŭs), at the exact moment of

in'sti-gates the moral reflection (ĭn'stĭ-gāts), suggests the wise thought

in'stinct (ĭn'stĭngkt), feeling

in'stru-ment (ĭn'strōō-mĕnt), servant

in'su-lat'ed (ĭn'sū-lāt'ĕd), isolated

in-sur'gent (ĭn-sûr'jĕnt), rebel

in'sur-rec'tion (ĭn'sŭ-rĕk'shŭn), rebellion

integrity (ĭn-tĕg'rĭ-tĭ), honesty

in-tel'li-gence (ĭn-tĕl'ĭ-jĕns), news

in-tent' on (ĭn-tĕnt'), busy with

intently, closely; earnestly

intercommunication (kŏ-mū'nĭ-kā'-shŭn), hearing from all parts of the country

in'ter-course (ĭn'tĕr-kōrs), conversation

in-ter'mi-na-ble (ĭn-tûr'mĭ-nā-b'l), seeming endless

in'ter-po-si'tion (ĭn'tĕr-pō-zĭsh'ŭn), coming between to help

in-ter'pret (ĭn-tûr'prĕt), tell the meaning of

in-ter'pre-ta'tion (ĭn-tĕr'prē-tā'shŭn), explanation

in-ter'pre-ter (ĭn-tûr'prĕt-ĕr), one who knew both languages

in'ter-val (ĭn'tĕr-văl), brief time

in'ter-vene' (ĭn'tĕr-vēn'), come between

in the crude and fashioned (krōōd), both ore, and silver made into things

in the scowl of heaven, under the terrible storm cloud's shadow

in the sunless, etc., the sun shines a short time, and the nights are very long

intimate (ĭn'tĭ-mât), suggest; familiar
intoxication gave way (ĭn-tŏk'sĭ-kā'-shŭn), excitement died down and changed
in'tri-ca-cies (ĭn'trĭ-ká-sĭz), confusing windings
in-ured' (ĭn-ūrd'), accustomed
in-val'u-a-ble (ĭn-văl'ū-á-b'l), very desirable; precious
in-vest' (ĭn-vĕst'), clothe
in-vet'er-ate (ĭn-vĕt'ĕr-ât), old; incessant
invetenate propensity (ĭn-vĕt'ĕr-ât prŏ-pĕn'sĭ-tĭ), incurable habit
in-vin'ci-ble (ĭn-vĭn'sĭ-b'l), courageous; unconquerable
in-vi'o-late (ĭn-vī'ō-lât), uninjured
in-vis'i-ble tearing (ĭn-vĭz'ĭ-b'l), beating of the wind and snow, which they could not see, against the house
in-vol'un-ta-ri-ly (ĭn-vŏl'ŭn-tā-rĭ-lĭ), without realizing it
involuntary (vŏl'ŭn-tā-rĭ), unexpected
involuntary fervor (fûr'vĕr), feeling so strong he could not control it
inward eye, power of imagination which can recall past happiness
iron hail, small shot falling thick
i'ron-y (ī'rŏ-nĭ), saying the opposite of what one means, to emphasize it
ir're-sist'i-ble (ĭr'ē-zĭs'tĭ-b'l), undeniable; uncontrollable
irresolution (ĭ-rĕz'ō-lū'shŭn), doubt
is'sue (ĭsh'ū), come forth; consequence; result
i-tin'er-ant (ī-tĭn'ĕr-ănt), wandering
it is meet I should, I ought to

jas'per (jăs'pĕr), dark green stone
jaunt (jânt), short pleasure excursion
jeop'ard-y (jĕp'ărd-dĭ), risk; danger
joc'und (jŏk'ŭnd), merry
john's-wort (wûrt), St. John's-wort, a small yellow-flowered plant
John the A-pos'tle (á-pŏs''l), *Revelation* was written by St. John
journalist, newspaper writer
journalizing, keeping a daily record of
judiciously (jōō-dĭsh'ŭs-lĭ), wisely
just (jŭst), combat on horseback between two knights with spears
jus'ti-fy (jŭs'tĭ-fī), cause

keel (kēl), ridge extending along the middle of the bottom of a ship
keep, fortress
Kil-drum'mie (kĭl-drŭm'ĭ)
Kil-men'y (kĭl-mĕn'ĭ)
kin'ni-kin-nick' (kĭn'ĭ-kĭ-nĭk')
knave (nāv), rascal
knee-haltered, tied at the knees
knell (nĕl), funeral bell
knight er'rant of yore (ĕr'ănt; yōr), knight who used to go about seeking adventure
knightly exercise, training necessary to become a knight
knocked down, sold at auction

Lab'ra-dor' (lăb'rá-dôr'), in Canada
lab'y-rinth of whims (lăb'ĭ-rĭnth; hwĭmz), many queer notions
Lac'e-dae-mo'ni-ans (lăs'ē-dē-mō'nĭ-ănz), Spartans
lad'ing (lād'ĭng), load; cargo
la-goon' (lá-gōōn'), pond
laid aboard the ship (á-bōrd'), brought our boat to the ship's side
laid waste to, ruined
Lam'o-rak (lă'mŏr-ăk)
lamp of experience, past experience which helps us to see our way in the future
Lan'ca-shire (lăng'ká-shĕr)
Lan'ce-lot du Lac (lăn'sē-lŏt dē lăk)
lanc'es in rest (lăn'sĕz), spears aside
land of cypress, etc. (sĭ'prĕs), southern United States. Dickson was born in South Carolina
Land Office, a government office where sales of public land are registered
lan'guid (lăng'gwĭd), making one feel as if he could scarcely move
lan'guor (lăng'gĕr), dullness
Lan-ier' (lăn-ēr')
lar'gess (lär'jĕs), gift
lar'i-at (lăr'ĭ-ăt), rope with a long noose used to lasso cattle or horses
lashing, beating down; rope
lat'er-al (lăt'ĕr-ăl), sidewise
lat'tice box (lăt'ĭs), box made of a network of strips to let in air
laud (lôd), praise
laudable (lôd'á-b'l), praiseworthy
launch (länch), start out in a boat; set afloat; let fly
lau'rel (lô'rĕl), a tree whose leaves are used as a sign of honor
la'ver (lā'vĕr), vessel for washing, used by priests
lav'ish (lăv'ĭsh), generous
lay (lā), song

laz'a-reet' (lăz'ă-rēt'), for *lazeretto*, in sailor's language, a place near the stern of a merchant vessel, used as a storehouse
leaden rain, bullets falling like rain
league (lēg), about three miles
leagued (lēgd), united in a plot
lean and ef-fete' (ĕ-fēt'), poor and worn-out
lee (lē), sheltered side
leg'a-cy (lĕg'ă-sĭ), inheritance
leg'end (lĕj'ĕnd), story that has been handed down
leg'ion (lē'jŭn), large number; army
le-git'i-mate-ly descended, be (lē-jĭt'ĭ-măt-lĭ), actually come
leisurely, comfortable; slow
Le Morte D'Arthur (lē môrt där'thēr), French for *the death of Arthur*
Le-od'o-gran (lā-ŏd'ō-grăn)
Le-on'i-das (lē-ŏn'ĭ-dăs)
let slip their ca'bles (kā'b'lz), drop the ropes, leaving their anchors behind
level the ranks, tear up
li-ba'tion (lī-bā'shŭn), wine offered as sacrifice to the gods
like'li-est knights (līk'lĭ-ĕst), best men engaged in chivalry
lily's breezy tent, bell-shaped blossom open to the summer wind
lin'e-age (lĭn'ē-ăj), descent; family
Lin-lith'gow (lĭn-lĭth'gō)
lin'net (lĭn'ĕt), singing-bird in the same family as the swallow
lin'sey-wool'sey (lĭn'zĭ-wo͝ol'zĭ), coarse cloth of linen and wool
Li'o-nes' (lē'ō-nēs')
lists (lĭsts), field of knightly combat
lit'ter (lĭt'ĕr), stretcher to carry a sick or wounded person on
little aided by invention, without much power to meet new situations and act quickly
liv'er-y (lĭv'ĕr-ĭ), dress; appearance
living pages of God's book, wonders of life and nature we see about us
living sunbeam, as quick, as shining, and as beautifully colored as a ray of sun
load'stone' (lōd'stōn'), magnet
loath (lōth), unwilling
Loch-gyle' (lŏk-gīl')
Locke, John, English philosopher
lodgepole pine, small tree of hard wood
lolled (lŏld), hung
long mesh'es of steel (mĕsh'ĕz), steel nets used to entangle the submarine
loom (lo͞om), appear
loosed storm breaks furiously (lo͞ost), storm suddenly let out from the clouds where it has been kept locked
lose the tide, be too late to take advantage of the flowing out of the tide
Los Mu-er'tos (lōs mo͞o-ār'tōs)
lost his coun'te-nance (koun'tē-năns), turned white and expressionless, because of grief and shock
lou'is d'or (lo͞o'ĭ dôr), French gold coin
lour (lour), threaten
luckless forms, unfortunate creatures
luckless starr'd, born under an unlucky star; unfortunate
lu'di-crous (lū'dĭ-krŭs), ridiculous
lu'mi-nous ('lū'mĭ-nŭs), shining
lu'rid (lū'rĭd), like glowing fire seen through cloud or smoke
lurk (lûrk), hide; **lurking,** secret
Lu'ther, Martin (lo͞o'thĕr), German translator of the Bible

made but jest, only made fun
mag'a-zine' (măg'ă-zēn'), storehouse
Ma'gi (mā'jī), the three wise men who brought gifts to the Christ child. See *Matthew* II
mag-nan'i-mous (măg-năn'ĭ-mŭs), unselfish
mag'ni-tude (măg'nĭ-tūd), greatness
mag-no'li-a (măg-nō'lĭ-ă), tree with large fragrant blossoms
ma-hout' (mă-hout'), keeper and driver of an elephant
maimed (māmd), broken
main (mān), sea
main'te-nance (mān'tē-năns), support
ma-jes'tic playfulness (mă-jĕs'tĭk) amusing herself in her dignified way
malevolent (mă-lĕv'ō-lĕnt), destructive
Ma'lis (mā'lĭs)
Mal'or-y, Sir Thomas (măl'ō-rĭ)
mam'moth (măm'ŏth), difficult
man, make up the crew
manfully abide battle, bravely wait for the attack
man'gle (măng'g'l), spoil
man'i-fest (măn'ĭ-fĕst), visible
man'i-fes-ta'tion (măn'ĭ-fĕs-tā'shŭn), proof

manifold aspects of Nature, flowers, trees, sky, water, animals, etc.
man'or (măn'ẽr), dwelling house of a large estate
ma-raud' (má-rôd'), raid; steal
ma-raud'er (má-rôd'ẽr), thief
mar'gin (mär'jĭn), edge
mar'i-ner (măr'ĭ-nẽr), sailor
market, full, forenoon
marshal (mär'shăl), general
mart (märt), market
mar'tial (mär'shăl), warlike
martial array, warlike outfit of ships and troops
mask his dismay, hide his surprise
Mas'sa-soit (măs'sá-soit)
mas'ter-ful (más'tẽr-fo͝ol), powerful
match'lock' (măch'lŏk'), an old style gun
ma-te'ri-al (má-tẽ'rĭ-ăl), noticeable
Math'er, Cotton (măth'ẽr), American clergyman and author. He took an active interest in witchcraft
mat'tock (măt'ŭk), tool for digging and smoothing the ground
ma-ture'ly (má-tūr'lĭ), carefully
mau'ger (mô'gẽr), in spite of
max'im (măk'sĭm), proverb
McCrae, John D. (má-krā')
mead (mēd), meadow
me-an'der (mē-ăn'dẽr), wind
measured in cups of ale, knew the length by the number of cups drunk
meas'ured stroke (mĕzh'ûrd), sound of the ax falling regularly
Medes (mēdz)
mediocrity (mē'dĭ-ŏk'rĭ-tĭ), the ordinary
meditate, think over and over
me'di-um (mē'dĭ-ŭm), substance to look through
mel'an-cho-ly (mĕl'ăn-kŏl-ĭ), mournful; sad; sadness
mem'oirs (mĕm'wŏrz), recollections
mem'or-a-ble (mĕm'ô-rá-b'l), remarkable
memorably (mĕm'ô-rá-blĭ), so remarkably well that it would long be remembered
me-mo'ri-al (mē-mō'rĭ-ăl), statement of facts with a petition
men'ace (mĕn'ăs), threat; threaten
men'di-can-cy squad (mĕn'dĭ-kăn-sĭ skwŏd), company of beggars—that is, if it did not exactly "beggar description," it almost did
Mer'cu-ry (mûr'kû-rĭ), in Roman mythology, the messenger of Jupiter
mercy des'pots feel (dĕs'pŏts), kindness that can be expected from tyrants
mere (mēr), lake
mere'stead (mēr'stĕd), farm
mer'e-tri'cious (mĕr'ẽ-trĭsh'ŭs), gaudy
meseemeth (mẽ-sēm'ĕth), it seems to me
met'a-phor (mĕt'á-fẽr), figure of speech in which one thing is called another
me'te-or (mē'tẽ-ŏr), strange appearance in the sky
meteor flag, flag that flies above the ship like a bright star
meteor of the ocean air, the flag which had waved over the ocean for so long
met'tle (mĕt''l), energy
Mid'i-an-ites (mĭd'ĭ-ăn-ĭts), Arabian tribe that made war on the Israelites
midships, against the middle of her side
'mid the wreck of thrones, democracy having triumphed over kings
might not serve him there-to' (thâr-to͞o'), would not let him do it
mighty prow'ess (prou'ĕs), great deeds of courage
mi'grate (mī'grāt), move
Mil'an (mĭl'ăn), in Italy
mi-li'tia (mĭ-lĭsh'á), military reserve
milky way, the faintly white streak across the night sky made up of millions of stars
mil'let (mĭl'ĕt), kind of grain
mimic in slow structures (mĭm'ĭk), attempt to do in a long time
Mi'nor-ites (mī'nŏr-ĭts), an order of monks
mi-nute' (mĭ-nūt'), very small
minutely (mĭ-nūt'lĭ), carefully; exactly
minutest (mĭ-nūt'ĕst), slightest
mire (mīr), mud
mis'ad-ven'ture (mĭs'ăd-vĕn'tûr), disaster; luck
mis'chie-vous (mĭs'chĭ-vŭs), naughty in a gay way
mis-giv'ing (mĭs-gĭv'ĭng), fear
mis'sile (mĭs'ĭl), weapon
Mme So-fron'ie (má'dăm' sô-frōn'ẽ), Mme is the abbreviation for madame, French for *Mrs.*

Modred and his array (mō'drĕd), the fine showing made by Modred and his men
mold'ered (mōl'dĕrd), crumbled
mo'les-ta'tion (mŏ'lĕs-tā'shŭn), harming; annoyance
mo'men-ta-ry (mō'mĕn-tá-rĭ), brief
mo-men'tum (mō-mĕn'tŭm), force
mo-not'o-nous (mŏ-nŏt'ŏ-nŭs), dull
mon-te'ro (mŏn-tē'rō), hunting cap
Mon'te-zu'ma (mŏn'tĕ-zōō'má), chief of the Aztecs, Indians of ancient Mexico
moored their bark (mōōrd), anchored their ship
mo-rass' (mŏ-răs'), deep swamp
more than the flag, etc., all that the flag stands for goes with it
Morning-land, far East, Asia
mortal, causing death; deadly; human
mortal war, battle till one is killed
Mo'ses (mō'zĕz), see *Exodus* I
mos'sy (mŏs'ĭ)
Mo'ti Guj (mō'tĭ gōōzh)
mounted on pillions (pĭl'yŭnz), climbed up on to cushions
Mow'bray (mō'brā)
moy'dore (moi'dōr), old gold coin of Portugal
much affected by learned men (lĕrn'ĕd), in which wise men were much interested
Mu-er'tos (mōō-ăr'tōs)
mul'ti-tu'di-nous (mŭl'tĭ-tū'dĭ-nŭs), many different kinds of
musing (mūz'), thoughtful; thinking
mus'ter (mŭs'tĕr), gather
must needs be possessed, would certainly be taken
mu'ta-ble (mū'tá-b'l), changing
mute (mūt), silent
mu'tin-eer' (mū'tĭ-nēr'), rebel
mu'tu-al (mū'tū-ăl), common; which they both had; to each other
my heart giveth unto you, my liking for you tells me
Myn-heer' (mĭn-hār'), Dutch for *Mr.*
myr'i-ad-handed (mĭr'ĭ-ăd), many-handed
mystery of an eelpot, trap that is easy to get into but impossible to get out of
mys'tic (mĭs'tĭk), mysterious
mystical Arabic sentence (mĭs'tĭ-kăl ăr'á-bĭk), mysterious words in the Arabic language

na'tive feeling (nā'tĭv), natural enthusiasm; **nature,** natural
Nelson, Horatio (hŏ-rā'shĭ-ō), great English admiral (1758-1805)
Newcastle's best, finest kind of gun made in the city famous for guns
new-found strength, power they had never before realized
Newton, Sir Isaac, English philosopher and mathematician (1642-1727)
Ni-gel (nĭ'gĕl)
nig'gard-ly (nĭg'ărd-lĭ), stingy
nine fold, numerous offspring
noised abroad, told all over the country
nor faithless joint, no badly made fastening
norther, storm from the north
North-ga'lis (nôrth-gā'lĭs)
northwind's masonry (mā's'n-rĭ), things the north wind has built of snow
nup'tials (nŭp'shălz), marriage

ob-lique'ly (ŏb-lēk'lĭ), slantingly
obstinately maintained (ŏb'stĭ-nāt-lĭ), stubbornly kept up
obstinately pacific system (pá-sĭf'ĭk), method of continuous peace
obtained an audience of, was allowed to see
Ock-la-wa'ha (ŏk-lä-wä'hä), branch of the St. John's River in Florida
ode (ōd), poem suitable to be sung
of-fen'sive war (ŏf-ĕn'sĭv), war started by the colonies
of ill coun'sel (koun'sĕl), because you have taken bad advice
of weight and au-thor'i-ty (ô-thŏr'ĭ-tĭ), of influence and power
Og, King of Ba'shan (ŏg; bā'shăn), giant defeated by the Hebrews. See *Deuteronomy* III
Old French War, French and Indian war, between Great Britain and France in America, ending 1763
old order was changing, way of doing things was being improved
oly koek (ōl'ĭ-kōōk), kind of doughnut
om'i-nous (ŏm'ĭ-nŭs), expressive; suggestive
on'er-ous (ŏn'ĕr-ŭs), burdensome
on tiptoe for a flight, looking as though they were ready to fly
openly disclosed, told the secret

oph-thal'mi-a (ŏf-thăl'mĭ-ȧ), inflammation of the membrane of the eye
op-pres'sion (ŏ-prĕsh'ŭn), cruelty
op-pres'sion's woes (ŏ-prĕsh'ŭnz), unhappiness of not being free
oppressive op'u-lence (ŏp'ū-lĕns), great riches
orderly train, well worked-out system
ord'nance (ôrd'nȧns), cannon balls
or'gy (ôr'jĭ), drunken merrymaking
original divinity in-tact' (ĭn-tăkt'), purity which is born in every man revealed
Ork'ney (ôrk'nĭ), county in Scotland
ornaments of rime, poetry
or'ni-thol'o-gy (ôr'nĭ-thŏl'ŏ-jĭ), study of birds
ort'a-gues (ôrt'ȧ-gūz), Spanish coins
or'tho-dox (ôr'thō-dŏks), according to law
overcame his scru'ples (skrōō'p'lz), conquered his objections
over-ruling Providence above (prŏv'ĭ-dĕns), a Power which foresaw and guided

pace (pās), walk upon
packing cinch, strap to fasten pack to saddle
packing it out, taking it on his horse
page, boy in training for knighthood
painted shell, the ship
pal'frey (păl'frĭ), lady's saddle-horse
pal'ing (pāl'ĭng), fence
pal'let (păl'ĕt), small bed
pal'lid (păl'ĭd), pale
palm (pām), tropical tree. The cocopalm bears coconuts
Pal-om'i-des (păl-ŏm'ĭ-dēz)
Pa'ri-an (pā'rĭ-ăn), from Paros, an Island in the Aegean Sea from which beautiful white marble came in ancient times
par'ley (pär'lĭ), talk
Par'lia-ment (pär'lĭ-mĕnt), body of men from different parts of England who make the laws
par'ried (păr'ĭd), worked off
parsimony (pär'sĭ-mō-nĭ), stinginess
pass, narrow passage in mountain
pass by the offered wealth with unrewarded eye, do not notice the beauty of common things
pas'sion (păsh'ŭn), eagerness; sin; emotion
pass sentence on, judge
pas'tor-al ages (pȧs'tĕr-ăl), time when there were no cities. Everyone lived a simple life out of doors
pat'ent (păt'ĕnt), plain
pa'tri-ot'ic (pā'trĭ-ŏt'ĭk), loyal to their own country
pa-trol' (pȧ-trōl'), go the rounds of
pa'tron (pā'trŭn), employer and host
pa-vil'ion (pȧ-vĭl'yŭn), tent; realm
peas'ant (pĕz'ănt), farmer who worked the land of his lord
Peck'su-ot (pĕk'sōō-ŏt)
pe-cul'iar (pē-kūl'yär), strange
peculiar portion, his, all his own
pe-cu'ni-a-ry consideration (pē-kū'nĭ-ȧ-rĭ), thought of money
ped'a-gogue (pĕd'ȧ-gŏg), teacher
ped'i-gree (pĕd'ĭ-grē), line of ancestors
peer, companion; equal; nobleman
peer'age (pēr'ăj), rank of titled men in England
peer'less (pēr'lĕs), without an equal
pelt (pĕlt), skin
pel'tries (pĕl'trĭz), skins and furs
Pendleton, Colonel Edmund, American statesman and patriot
penny-royal (pĕn'ĭ-roi'ăl), mint
pensive, thoughtful; **pensive mood,** thoughtful state of mind
Pen'te-cost (pĕn'tē-kŏst), seventh Sunday after Easter
pent up, hidden
pe'on (pē'ŏn), laborer
per'ad-ven'ture (pĕr'ăd-vĕn'tûr), perhaps
per-am'bu-la'tion (pĕr-ăm'bû-lā'shŭn), walk
per-cep'ti-ble weak'en-ing (pĕr-sĕp'tĭ-b'l wēk''n-ĭng), noticeable change for the better
perpendicular, straight up and down
per'se-ver'ing (pûr'sĕ-vēr'ĭng), trying over and over again
per'son-a-ble (pûr'sŭn-ȧ-b'l), handsome
per-son'i-fy (pĕr-sŏn'ĭ-fī), to speak of or represent anything as if it were a person
per'ti-na'cious (pûr'tĭ-nā'shŭs), constant
per-verse' (pĕr-vûrs'), obstinate
perverse ep'i-cur-ism (ĕp'ĭ-kūr-ĭz'm), obstinate appetite
pe-ti'tion (pē-tĭsh'ŭn), request
petty em'bas-sies (ĕm'bȧ-sĭz), unimportant errands

pha'lanx (fā'lăngks), closely massed lines of infantry soldiers
phe-nom'e-non (fê-nŏm'ê-nŏn), marvel
phi-lan'thro-pist (fĭ-lăn'thrŏ-pĭst), one who spends his time or money for others
Phi-lis'tines (fĭ-lĭs'tĭnz), people frequently at war with the Hebrews
phi-los'o-phy (fĭ-lŏs'ŏ-fĭ), thoughts on the meaning of life
Pho'cians (fō'shŭnz)
phys'i-og'no-my (fĭz'ĭ-ŏg'nō-mĭ), face
picket, fasten with stakes; place where he usually worked and was fed; **picketing,** tying
pier-glass (pēr), full-length mirror
pil'grim (pĭl'grĭm), traveler
pil'grim-age (pĭl'grĭm-ăj), journey
pil'lage (pĭl'ăj), captured treasure
pil'lion (pĭl'yŭn), cushion behind a man's saddle for a woman to ride on
pi'lot house (pī'lŭt), shelter on upper deck where steering is done
pin'na-cle (pĭn'ă-k'l), top
pi'o-neer' (pī'ŏ-nēr'), one who leads the way for others
pipe (pīp), sing
piper, common climbing shrub
piqued (pēkt), prided
pitch'es (pĭch'ĕz), points and peaks
plac'id (plăs'ĭd), quiet; calm
plague (plāg), disease
plain'tive (plān'tĭv), sorrowful
plants an em'pire (ĕm'pīr), forms a colony of its country
plash'y tramp (plăsh'ĭ), footsteps in a wet place
plas'tic artist (plăs'tĭk), sculptor
pledge of blithe'some May (blīth'sŭm), sign of the happy month of May
pli'a-bil'i-ty (plī'ă-bĭl'ĭ-tĭ), changeableness
plied (plīd), worked out
plight (plīt), condition
plow'share' (plou'shār'), see **share**
poem of the air, snowflakes, an expression of beauty from the clouds as a poem comes from "cloudy fancies"
poet laureate (lô'rê-ât), title given a poet by the king of England. His duty is to write poems on historical events
point for as-sault' (ă-sôlt'), a weak spot to attack
pole-man, man who pushes boat off shallows with a long pole
pom'mel (pŭm'ĕl), knob at the front of a saddle
pomp (pŏmp), splendor
pom'pous (pŏm'pŭs), magnificent
pon'der-ing (pŏn'dĕr-ĭng), thinking
pon'der-ous (pŏn'dĕr-ŭs), heavy
pop'u-lous (pŏp'ū-lŭs), thickly inhabited
port, end of the war
port-cul'lis (pôrt-kŭl'ĭs), grating over gate
por-tend' (pôr-tĕnd'), foretell
por-ten'tous (pôr-tĕn'tŭs), foretelling a calamity
por'ti-co (pôr'tĭ-kō), large porch with pillars
portion, money her father would give her
port'ly (pōrt'lĭ), stout
post, mail
post'ed (pōst'ĕd), on guard; placed
posted down from London, hastened, by fast stagecoach, from London
pos-ter'i-ty (pŏs-tĕr'ĭ-tĭ), descendants
pos'tern-gate (pōs'tĕrn), rear gate
po'tent (pō'tĕnt), strong; powerful
po'ten-tate (pō'tĕn-tāt), ruler
po'tent-ly (pō'tĕnt-lĭ), strongly
pound, silver, English money, $4.87
pow'wow' (pou'wou'), celebration; medicine man
prayed him for suc'cor (sŭk'ĕr), begged him for aid
pre-ca'ri-ous (prê-kā'rĭ-ŭs), uncertain
pre'cept (prē'sĕpt), order
pre-cep'tor (prê-sĕp'tĕr), teacher
precious leg'a-cies (lĕg'ă-sĭz), America's inheritance of freedom
pre-cip'i-tate (prê-sĭp'ĭ-tât), throw
pre'con-ceived' (prē'kŏn-sēvd'), already thought out
pre-dom'i-nat-ing (prê-dŏm'ĭ-nât-ĭng), chiefly
pre-ĕm'i-nent (prê-ĕm'ĭ-nĕnt), most prominent
prel'ate (prĕl'ât), a high officer of the church
pre-pos'ter-ous (prê-pŏs'tĕr-ŭs), ridiculous
pres'er-va'tion (prĕz'ĕr-vā'shŭn), saving
pre-sides' over the des'ti-nies (prê-zīdz'; dĕs'tĭ-nĭz), watches over the fortunes

press, throng; **press we to the field,** we hasten to battle
pretensions to the throne, claims that he should be made king
pre-vail' (prē-vāl'), succeed; conquer; **upon,** persuade; **prevailed,** was decided on; were common
prev'a-lence (prĕv'ā-lĕns), large number
pri-me'val (prī-mē'văl), which had never been cut before
primeval hush, stillness of a place where man has never been
prim'i-tive (prĭm'ĭ-tĭv), roughly built
printer's devil, printer's assistant
prison bars, his body
pri-va'tion (prī-vā'shŭn), suffering
prize we sought is won, winning of the war is accomplished
proc'la-ma'tion (prŏk'lā-mā'shŭn), notice
procure its repeal, have it recalled
prod'i-gal (prŏd'ĭ-găl), spendthrift
pro-di'gious (prō-dĭj'ŭs), terrible
prod'uce (prŏd'ūs), result
prof'fer (prŏf'ĕr), offer
pro'file (prō'fīl), outline
pro-fuse'ly (prō-fūs'lĭ), thickly
proj'ect (prŏj'ĕkt), plan
pro-ject'ed (prō-jĕkt'ĕd), raised; extended
prone (prōn), inclined
pro-pen'si-ty (prō-pĕn'sĭ-tĭ), habit
proph'e-cy (prŏf'ē-sĭ), prediction of what is to happen; their hopes
proph'e-sy (prŏf'ē-sī), expect; foretell
pro-phet'ic (prō-fĕt'ĭk), expected
pro-por'tion (prō-pōr'shŭn), size
prosperous gales, favorable winds
pro tem'po-re (prō tĕm'pō-rē), for the time being; temporarily
prouder summer-blooms, flowers which are usually more admired than dandelions are
proud u-sur'pers (ū-zûr'pĕrz), rulers who have no right to the powers they claim
proved not themselves right, the people of the Middle Ages believed that a man who won against heavy odds did so because of divine help, and so was proved in the right
Prov'i-dence (prŏv'ĭ-dĕns), heaven
pro-vin'cial (prō-vĭn'shăl), narrow-minded
provocation (prŏv'ō-kā'shŭn), cause
pru'dence (prōō'dĕns), judgment; common sense; carefulness
prudence dictates, reason gives warning
Psalm'ist (sām'ĭst), David
psalm'o-dy (sā'mō-dĭ), singing psalms
pulse (pŭls), plant that could be eaten; here, beans
pur'blind' prank (pûr'blīnd'), an act the seriousness of which we do not realize
purpling east (pŭr'plĭng), sunrise sky
pur'port (pûr'pōrt), meaning
purpose of res'o-lu'tion (rĕz'ō-lū'shŭn), decision to carry out the idea
pursue his principles, fight for the things he believes in
put everything at stake, risked life and liberty
put his person in adventure, took risks

quaffed (kwăft), drank
quag'mire (kwăg'mīr), marsh land which draws things under its surface
quail (kwāl), tremble; fall back; bird
Quak'er (kwāk'ĕr), gray-clothed
quar'ry (kwŏ'ry), object of the hunt; pit, from which building stone is obtained
quarter, mercy; back
quarter an army, have the soldiers camp
quartering to me, coming toward me in a zigzag manner
Queen of She'ba (shē'bá), a famous queen of old. See *I Kings* X, 1-13
quer'u-lous (kwĕr'ōō-lŭs), complaining
queued (kūd), plaited into pigtails
quin'tal (kwĭn'tăl), hundred pounds
quiv'er (kwĭv'ĕr), case for arrows

Rach'rin (răk'rĭn)
rack (răk), wreck
ra'di-ant (rā'dĭ-ănt), glowing
raging white, white-capped and growing fiercer
rak'ing (rāk'ĭng), shooting through the entire length of
ral'lied unto (răl'ĭd), continued to fight as hard as they could with
ramp'ant (răm'pănt), furious
ran'dom (răn'dŭm), chance

ranging forward, changing its course
rant'i-pole (răn'tĭ-pōl), wild young
rapt (răpt), overcome
rav'age (răv'ăj), ruin
rave (rāv), blow furiously
rav'en-ous (răv''n-ŭs), greedy
ra-vine' (rȧ-vēn'), steep valley
rav'ish-ment (răv'ĭsh-mĕnt), rapture
rawboned proportions, gaunt, or having little flesh upon its forms
re'ad-just'ment (rē'ă-jŭst'mĕnt), knowing how to meet the new situation
realm (rĕlm), kingdom
rear'd (rērd), raised
rea'soned (rē'z'nd), well-thought-out
reason to the root of things (rōōt), think of the right and wrong of the question
Rebecca and Isaac (ĭ'zȧk), see *Genesis* XXIV
rebuke, scold; blame; criticism
re-ced'ing (rē-sēd'ĭng), disappearing; stepping back
re-cep'ta-cle (rē-sĕp'tȧ-k'l), case
re-cess' (rē-sĕs'), a short playtime
re-coil' (rē-koĭl'), draw back
rec'on-ciled, be (rĕk'ŏn-sīld), become friends again
rec'on-cil'i-a'tion (rĕk'ŏn-sĭl'ĭ-ā'shŭn), reunion
re-deem' (rē-dēm'), make right
re-doubt'a-ble (rē-dout'ȧ-b'l), dangerous; honorable
reduced (rē-dūst'), saddened; brought
reel (rēl), fall from side to side; fall; holder; unsteady
ref'u-gee' (rĕf'ū-jē'), runaway
ref'use (rĕf'ūs), left over
refused to execute, not carried out
rel'a-tive (rĕl'ȧ-tĭv), between the two
relentless (rē-lĕnt'lĕs), without pity
re-lieved' (rē-lēvd'), softened
re-lin'quish (rē-lĭng'kwĭsh), give up
re-luc'tant (rē-lŭk'tănt), hesitating
re-ly' (rē-lī'), depend
rem'i-nis'cence (rĕm'ĭ-nĭs'ĕns), story
re-mon'strance (rē-mŏn'străns), protest
re-mon'strat-ed (rē-mŏn'strāt-ĕd), argued
ren'der (rĕn'dĕr), give; make; leave
ren'dered me account (rĕn'dĕrd), given me satisfaction; been punished by me
rent (rĕnt), torn
re-pel' (rē-pĕl'), hold back; drive out
re-pose' (rē-pōz'), rest
rep'tile (rĕp'tĭl), snake
re-pute' (rē-pūt'), character
re'qui-em (rĕk'wĭ-ĕm), funeral hymn; service for the dead
re-search' (rē-sûrch'), study
re-sist' the u-surp'er (rē-zĭst'; û-zûr'-pĕr), fight against the man who had wrongly seized the power to rule
re-sort' (rē-zôrt'), turn
re-sourc'es of the earth (rē-sōrs'ĕz), natural wealth, such as minerals, waterways, forests, farm lands
re-spond' to (rē-spŏnd'), return
responsive to, answering
rest, attachment on front of armor to hold handle of spear
res'ur-rect'ed Italy (rĕz'ŭ-rĕkt'ĕd), Italy was changed from a number of small separate kingdoms to a united country in 1870
re-taught the lesson, reminded England, by fighting for freedom, of her teachings of liberty
re-tire'ment (rē-tīr'mĕnt), being alone; privacy
rev'el (rĕv'ĕl), merrymaking
revenue (rĕv'ē-nū), income
re-vere' (rē-vēr'), respect
reverend awe (ô), respect
rev'er-ie (rĕv'ĕr-ĭ), daydream
rev'o-lu'tion-ize (rĕv'ō-lū'shŭn-īz), make great changes in
re-volved' his discomfort (rē-vŏlvd'), thought over his troubles
re-vul'sion (rē-vŭl'shŭn), change of feeling
rhyth'mic pul-sa'tions (rĭth'mĭk pŭl-sā'shŭnz), regular beating
rib'bing the ho-ri'zon (rĭb'ĭng; hŏ-rĭ'zŭn), streaking the sky
ribs of steel, steel framework
rich as Li'ma Town (lē'mä), Lima is the capital of Peru, a country noted for its gold mines
rig'id (rĭj'ĭd), strict; severe
Ri'o (rē'ō), Rio de Janeiro (dā zhȧ-nā'rō), city in Brazil
riv'et (rĭv'ĕt), fasten firmly
riv'u-let (rĭv'ū-lĕt), small stream
ro-bust' (rō-bŭst'), healthy-looking
roist'er-ing blade (rois'tĕr-ĭng), conceited fellow
roun'de-lay (roun'dē-lā), lively tune with a repeated strain

rout (rout), disorderly flight
route (rōōt), way
roy'al-ist (roi'ăl-ĭst), man on the king's side
rue'ing (rōō'ĭng), ashamed
ruf'fi-an-like (rŭf'ĭ-ăn), like a cruel, brutal fellow
ruf'fle (rŭf''l), muffled beat
rug'ged (rŭg'ĕd), with rough bark
ru'mi-nate (rōō'mĭ-nāt), graze
ru'mi-na'tion (rōō'mĭ-nā'shŭn), meditation; thought
ru'ral (rōō'răl), country
rushy, banks with plants and weeds along the shores
rus'set (rŭs'ĕt), reddish brown
rus'tic (rŭs'tĭk), farmer; countrified
Ruth and Bo'az (bō'ăz), see *Ruth* IV
ruth'less-ly (rōōth'lĕs-lĭ), without pity

Saar'dam (zär'däm)
sa'ber (sā'bĕr), curved sword
sa'ble (sā'b'l), black
sa'chem (sā'chĕm), chief
sacked (săkt), collected all the treasures of
sacred professions, faithful promises
saddle-girth (gûrth), band encircling body of horse to hold saddle on
safe conduct, promise of a journey without danger of attack
Sa-fere' (să-fēr')
sa'ga (sä'gä), Scandinavian legend
sa-ga'cious (să-gā'shŭs), wise
sag'a-more (săg'ă-mōr), Indian chief
sage (sāj), wise man; wise; serious
sage'ly observed (sāj'lĭ), wisely remarked
sa-laam' (să-lăm'), low bow
sal'lied (săl'ĭd), rushed
sal'low (săl'ō), willow tree
sal'ly (săl'ĭ), rush
sal'u-ta'tion (săl'ū-tā'shŭn), greeting
sal'ving (säv'ĭng), treated with ointment
sa'mite (sā'mĭt), kind of heavy silk
Sam'o-set (săm'ō-sĕt), Indian chief
sanc'tion of earth (săngk'shŭn), permission of the law
sanc'tu-a-ry (săngk'tū-ă-rĭ), place of protection
sand-bar, ridge of sand under water
Santee (săn-tē'), river of South Carolina
sap'ling (săp'lĭng), slim young tree
sap'phire (săf'ĭr), bright-blue gem
Sar'a-cens (săr'ă-sĕnz), Mohammedans who held the Holy Land
saturated (săt'ū-rāt'ĕd), soaked
sau'ri-an (sô'rĭ-ăn), reptile; snake
savage Nature's far abode, uninhabited part of the world
sa'vor-y (sā'vĕr-ĭ), appetizing
Sax'on (săk'sŭn), English; blond
scabbard (skăb'ard), cover for a sword
scald (skôld), ancient Scandinavian poet who sang of the heroic deeds of his people
scan (skăn), examine; look at
scanty gleam of heaven, small share of perfection which everyone has
scathed (skāthd), struck
scoff of all men, the (skŏf), mocked by everyone
score (skōr), twenty
scourge (skûrj), whip; strike
scour'ing (skour'ĭng), race
scout (skout), spy
scribe (skrīb), writer
scru'ples (skrōō'p'lz), delicate feelings; hesitation
scru'pu-lous-ly (skrōō'pū-lŭs-lĭ), carefully; conscientiously
scrutinized (skrōō'tĭ-nīzd), examined
scru'ti-ny (skrōō'tĭ-nĭ), examination
scut'tling (skŭt'lĭng), running swiftly
sea'mew (sē'mū), sea-gull
seamless dome (dōm), the gray sky without a break anywhere
seg'ment (sĕg'mĕnt), part
self-con'dem-na'tion (kŏn'dĕm-nā'shŭn), guiltiness
self-vaunt'ing (vänt), conceited
sem'blance (sĕm'blăns), likeness; disguise
sensibly, sharply
sen'tries (sĕn'trĭz), guards
Se'poy (sē'poi), native of India
se'quence of lon'gi-tu'di-nal strips (sē'kwĕns; lŏn'jĭ-tū'dĭ-năl), change from one part to another
se-ques'tered (sē-kwĕs'tĕrd), secluded
se-rene'ly high (sē-rēn'lĭ), of noble aspect
ser'ried (sĕr'ĭd), one after another
served his ap-pren'tice-ship (ă-prĕn'tĭs-shĭp), learned his trade
ser'vile (sûr'vĭl), which bind them to an unjust king
set, hardened (by worry); rushed
sev'er-al (sĕv'ĕr-ăl), separate

se-ver'i-ty (sĕ-vĕr'ĭ-tĭ), harshness; cruelty
Se-ville' (sĕ-vĭl'), province of Spain
shad (shăd), fish
share (shâr), sharp part of plow that turns up the ground
shattered hulk, worn-out body
sheathed (shēthd), covered
Sheba, Queen of, see **Queen**
sheer (shēr), straight; pure
shift (shĭft), act
shriek of the baf'fled Fiend, angry howling of the wind because of his failure to get at the warm fireside
shrine (shrīn), altar
si-er'ra (sĕ-ĕr'á), ridge of mountains
sig-nif'i-cant (sĭg-nĭf'ĭ-kănt), full of the meaning
silent ghosts in misty shrouds (shroudz), like noiseless ghosts dressed in garments of mist
silent syllables, snowflakes which fall so quietly
si-mil'i-tude (sĭ-mĭl'ĭ-tūd), likeness
sin'ew (sĭn'ū), cord which connects muscle to body
sin'ew-y (sĭn'ū-ĭ), powerful
single reflection well applied, one thought (just stated) if rightly understood
sin'gu-lar'i-ty (sĭng'gū-lăr'ĭ-tĭ), peculiarity
sin'is-ter (sĭn'ĭs-tĕr), evil
sin'u-ous (sĭn'ū-ŭs), curving
si'ren (sī'rĕn), hope, deceiving us, as the sirens beguiled the sailors in the *Odyssey*
Skaw (skô), north point of Jutland, Denmark
skein (skān), quantity of thread
skip'per (skĭp'ĕr), captain
skir'mish (skûr'mĭsh), minor fight
skirt'ing the brink (skûrt'ĭng), running along the edge
Skoal (skōl), Scandinavian for *Hail*
slab (slăb), tombstone
slack'en his ma-jes'tic course (slăk'-ĕn; má-jĕs'tĭk), change the flowing of the dignified river
slaty-blue (slāt'ĭ), dark bluish-gray
slaves of human Art, wonderful forces which serve mankind
sledge-hammers, large, heavy hammers
sleeping-bag, long bag of skins used by hunters to sleep in
slew him knightly, killed him in fair battle
sloop (slōōp), sail-boat
small-bore, with a small opening
smallclothes, knee breeches
smith, workman who hammers metals into shape
smith'y (smĭth'ĭ), workshop
smit'ten the leaves (smĭt''n), withered them with his touch
snare (snâr), trap
snipe (snīp), bird with long, straight beak
so'journed (sō'jûrnd), dwelt for a while
sol'ace (sŏl'ăs), comfort
solid esteem proportioned to it (prō-pōr'shŭnd), respect he deserved
so-lil'o-quy (sō-lĭl'ō-kwĭ), mutterings to himself
sol'i-tude (sŏl'ĭ-tūd), being alone
sons of thine, Englishmen who had founded the American colonies
soot'y (sōōt'ĭ)
sor'cer-ess (sôr'sĕr-ĕs), woman magician
sor'did (sôr'dĭd), mean; selfish; narrow-minded
sore vexed, much troubled
sor'rel (sŏr'ĕl), plant with sour juice
sorrowing beyond measure, overcome with grief
souls that sped, men who were killed
Sound, strait between Seeland (Denmark) and Sweden
sounding aisles (īlz), echoing depths. The trees formed long aisles
sounding wing, noise made by the wind as it passes
sound of sin'is-ter o'men (sĭn'ĭs-tĕr ō'mĕn), noise which suggested the coming troubles
sov'er-eign (sŏv'ĕr-ĭn), ruler
spa'cious (spā'shŭs), large
spar (spär), mast
Sparks, Jared, American historian
spas-mod'ic, becoming (spăz-mŏd'ĭk), dying out for a little while, then starting up suddenly
spawn (spôn), bring forth
spe'cie (spē'shĭ), money
spectacle (spĕk'tă-k'l), sight
spec'tral (spĕk'trăl), ghostly · shadowy
spec'u-la'tion (spĕk'ū-lā'shŭn), opinion; wondering
sped (spĕd), got along

speed, fight (that is, win)
spindle, rod on spinning wheel which holds thread
spi'ral-ly (spī'răl-ĭ), round and round
spoil, lands and riches seized by the victors; captured treasures
spon-ta'ne-ous-ly (spŏn-tā'nē-ŭs-lĭ), naturally
spouse (spouz), wife
sprightly (sprīt'lĭ), lively; gay
squad'ron (skwŏd'rŭn), division of the fleet
squal'id (skwŏl'ĭd), dirty; fowl; filthy
Squan'to (skwăn'tō)
squib (skwĭb), short, witty editorial
squire (skwīr), title of dignity next below that of knight
stag'nant (stăg'nănt), foul
stain the heath'er (hĕ'thĕr), color the grass and plants red
stalk'ing (stôk), walking haughtily
stal'wart (stôl'wĕrt), strong
stanch (stănch), true; stop the bleeding of
stand'ard (stăn'dărd), flag; side
star'board (stär'bōrd), right hand of a ship to one facing the front
stark (stärk), stiff
starve'ling (stärv'lĭng), lean
stat'ure (stăt'ûr), figure; height
stat'ute (stăt'ût), law
stave (stāv), note
stayed, held back
steel-tipped ordered lines, military parade of soldiers with swords
steep, high shore
stem, make headway against; dam
ster'ling (stûr'lĭng), genuine
stern (stûrn), back of a ship
stew'ard (stū'ĕrd), overseer of the kitchen and supplies; cook
stim'u-lat'ed (stĭm'û-lāt'ĕd), inspired
stock saddle (stŏk), saddle with high knob in front, used by cowboys
stom'ach-er (stŭm'ŭk-ĕr), ornamental covering for the front of the waist
storm-winds, troubles met in the founding of the nation—wars, etc.
stout-hearted men, brave, hopeful men
strad'dle-bug (străd''l), long-legged beetle
strain (strān), song
strat'a-gem (străt'ă-jĕm), cleverness
stretching to lee'ward (lē'wĕrd), like a line before us
strip'ling (strĭp'lĭng), youth; boy
strong land's swift increase, growth of a prosperous country
strong mother of a Lion-line, England, which has produced such strong men
stu'pe-fied their senses (stū'pē-fīd), dulled their feelings
stu-pen'dous (stū-pĕn'dŭs), large
stur'geon (stûr'jŭn), large fish covered with tough skin
sub-jec'tion, into (sŭb-jĕk'shŭn), under my power
subject of the Crown, loyal citizen of England
sub'ju-ga'tion (sŭb'jōō-gā'shŭn), conquest
sub-lim'i-ty (sŭb-lĭm'ĭ-tĭ), nobility
sub-merged' (sŭb-mûrjd'), under water
subordinate (sŭb-ôr'dĭ-nāt), adjoining
sub'se-quent (sŭb'sē-kwĕnt), later
substantial (sŭb-stăn'shăl), wealthy
sub'ter-ra'ne-an (sŭb'tĕr-ā'nē-ăn), underground
sub'tle (sŭt''l), mysterious
subtle de-cep'tions, etc. (dē-sĕp'-shŭnz), his mistaken idea of his feeling for Priscilla
suc-ces'sion (sŭk-sĕsh'ŭn), history
succession, rapid, quickly one after the other
suc'cor (sŭk'ĕr), help
suc'cors . . . . thrown into (sŭk'ĕrz), troops forcing their way
suffer, permit; **suffer me,** allow me
suffering worth, one who has suffered a great deal and deserves a happier life
suit (sūt), request
suit'a-ble ex-trav'a-gance (sūt'ă-b'l ĕks-trăv'ă-găns), act of insanity which would have fitted the occasion
sul'phur-ous (sŭl'fŭr-ŭs), like burned matches
sul'try (sŭl'trĭ), hot and moist
summer soldier, soldier who brags about fighting when there is none to do
sum'mons (sŭm'ŭnz), service
summon your whole for'ti-tude (fôr'tĭ-tūd), be as brave as you can
sump'tu-ous promise (sŭmp'tū-ŭs), wonderful prospect
sumptuous time, season when there are so many good things to eat

sunburn on our breasts, to the, nearly to our armpits
sun'der (sŭn'dĕr), cut
sun-il-lu'mined (ĭ-lū'mĭnd), with the sunlight on it
sunset land, America is in the western hemisphere. The sun seems to set in the West
sunshine pa'tri-ot (pā'trĭ-ŏt), man who is loyal to his country only when it is not in trouble
su'per-nu'mer-a-ry (sū'pĕr-nū'mĕr-ā-rĭ), extra
su-per-sti'tion (sū-pĕr-stĭ'shŭn), untrue beliefs about mysterious things
su-pine'ly (sū-pīn'lĭ), helplessly
sup-plant'ed (sŭ-plănt'ĕd), taken my place
sup'ple-jack' (sŭp'l-jăk'), shrub with a tough, easily bent stem
supplicating attitude, begging manner
supply by ad-dress' (ă-drĕs'), make up for by skillful management
sup'po-si'tions (sŭp'ō-zĭsh'ŭnz), hopes
sup-pressed' (sŭ-prĕst'), low
surety (shōōr'tĭ), guarantee of character
surge (sûrj), waves
sur-mount'ed (sûr-mount'ĕd), topped
sur-vey'ing (sûr-vā'ĭng), science of measuring land
sus-tain' (sŭs-tān'), meet with; assist; bear; support
swain (swān), beau
swel'ter of yesterday (swĕl'tĕr), yesterday's heat
swerved (swûrvd), turned aside
Syb'a-ris (sĭb'ă-rĭs), ancient city of Italy, famous for wealth and luxury
syc'a-more (sĭk'ă-mōr), kind of maple tree
Syc'o-rax (sĭk'ŏ-răks)
syl'van (sĭl'văn), forest

tac'i-turn (tăs'ĭ-tûrn), quiet
tack'le (tăk''l), ropes
tale of visionary hours (vĭzh'ŭn-ă-rĭ), suggestions of imaginary happiness
tamed by human cunning, put under control by men's invention
tank'ard (tăngk'ărd), covered mug
ta'per (tā'pĕr), delicately pointed
tap'es-try (tăp'ĕs-trĭ), ornamental hangings
Tap'pan Zee (tăp'ăn zā)
tar'nish (tär'nĭsh), dishonor
tar'ry (tăr'ĭ), stay; wait; loiter
Tar'tar (tär'tär), wild Asiatic tribe famous for horsemanship
task e-ter'nal (tăsk ē-tûr'năl), endless labor of doing service for others
taunt (tänt), sneering
te'di-ous (tē'dĭ-ŭs), tiresome
teemed with life (tēmd), was filled with animals of many kinds
tem'po-ral con-cerns' (tĕm'pō-răl kŏn sûrnz'), business affairs
temporal salvation, happiness on earth
tempt (tĕmpt), explore
te-nac'i-ty of life (tē-năs'ĭ-tĭ), being so hard to kill
ten'ant-less man'sion (tĕn'ănt-lĕs măn'shŭn), lonely existence
tender you my hom'age (hŏm'ăj), offer you my loyalty
ten'dril (tĕn'drĭl), little coiling attachments to the stem
ten'or (tĕn'ĕr), tone: character
ter'mi-nat'ed (tûrm'ĭ-nāt'ĕd), ended; bounded
ter'mi-na'tion (tûr'mĭ-nā'shŭn), ending
ter-rif'ic (tĕ-rĭf'ĭk), brilliant; threatening
tete'a-tete' (tāt'ă-tāt'), private talk
Thames (tĕmz), river in England
thatch (thăch), roof of straw
the charm's complete, the one thing that was missing has appeared
the'o-ry (thē'ŏ-rĭ), his idea
there'fore (thâr'fōr)
Ther-mop'y-lae (thĕr-mŏp'ĭ-lē)
the troubled heart, etc., the sorrows one feels can be seen in the face
thick cover, see **cover**
thine arms withstood, resisted your army
thinking no mar'vel (mär'vĕl), not considering it anything wonderful
this day twelvemonth, a year from today
thros'tle (thrŏs''l)
thunders from her native oak, the cannon roar as they shoot their balls through the portholes of the ships built of wood grown in England
thwart (thwôrt), oppose; rower's seat across the boat
tile (tīl), thin piece of baked clay for building purposes; here, the snow
tiller, handle used to steer boat
tim'ber (tĭm'bĕr), woods

time dried the maiden's tears, gradually she grew happier
tim'o-thy (tĭm'ō-thĭ), hay
tin'y (tīn'ĭ), very small
'tis life, it is glorious
Ti'tan (tī'tăn), in mythology, a god of great size and strength
Ti-tan'ic (tī-tăn'ĭk), enormous
to be your champion, to fight for you
tod'dy (tŏd'ĭ), hot sweet drink
Tok'a-ma-ha'mon (tŏk'ä-mä-hä'mŏn)
to'ken (tō'k'n), keepsake; sign; distinguishing mark
tol'er-a-ble degree of tran-quil'li-ty (tŏl'ĕr-ä-b'l; trăn-kwĭl'ĭ-tĭ), fair amount of happiness
toll (tōl), tax
tooth, sting
to'paz (tō'păz), a yellow gem
torch, ideal we were fighting for
tor'pid touch (tôr'pĭd), touch which can deaden or freeze it
To'ry (tō'rĭ), man on the king's side
to the Highlands bound, on his way to the northern part of Scotland
touch of trans'mu-ta'tion (trăns'mū-tā'shŭn), ability to turn things into gold
tour (tōōr), journey
tour'na-ment (tōōr'na-mĕnt), combat between mounted armed knights
to'ward (tō'ĕrd)
trace his footsteps now, see where he has been
tractable (trăk'tä-b'l), easily controlled
trai'tor knave (trā'tĕr nāv), unfaithful soldier
trance (tråns), doze
tran'quil'li-ty (trăn'kwĭl'ĭ-tĭ), calmness
tran-scend'ent (trăn-sĕn'dĕnt), extraordinary
transfigured (trăns-fĭg'ûrd), beautified
transgression (trăns-grĕsh'ŭn), sin
tran'sient (trăn'shĕnt), temporary
transmuted (trăns-mūt'ĕd), changed
trawl'er (trôl'ĕr), vessel that fishes by dragging nets
treacherous (trĕch'ĕr-ŭs), unfaithful
tread'le (trĕd''l), pedal
treated it with rid'i-cule (rĭd'ĭ-kūl), made fun of it
treenail, wooden peg for fastening the planks of a vessel
tre'mor (trē'mŏr), quivering
trem'u-lous (trĕm'ū-lŭs), trembling
trench'ant (trĕn'chănt), sharp
trib'u-ta-ry (trĭb'ū-tă-rĭ), branch; country paying a tax to another
tribute of our conscience, devotion of our better nature
tricolor, French flag, blue, white, red
trifling jest, little joke
Tro'jans (trō'jănz), people of Troy
tro'phy (trō'fĭ), thing won by effort and preserved as a remembrance
tropics, warm countries
troth (trōth), promises
troubled sky, stormy sky
truc'u-lent (trŭk'ū-lĕnt), savage
true and tried, has proved itself faithful
trump (trŭmp), call
trump'er-y (trŭm'pĕr-ĭ), goods
trumpets of the sky, loud winds
trussed (trŭst), with wings fastened to the body
trysting-place (trĭst'ĭng), meeting-place
tu-mul'tu-ous pri'va-cy (tū-mŭl'tū-ŭs prĭ'vä-sĭ), shelter from the noisy storm outside
turf (tûrf), grassy sod
turn the scale, win the battle
tur'ret (tŭr'ĕt), tower
Tus-ca-ro'ra (tŭs-kä-rō'rä)
twofold shout, shout and its echo
Tyler, Wat (tī'lĕr, wät), English rebel
typ'i-fied by (tĭp'ĭ-fīd), likened to

Ul'lin, Lord (ŭl'ĭn)
Ul'va (ŭl'vä)
un'af-fect'ed (ŭn'ä-fĕk'tĕd), sincere
un'as-sum'ing (ŭn'ä-sūm'ĭng), humble
unbroken line of lances, row of spears which left no opening
un-cour'te-ous to rebuke (ŭn-kûr'tē-ŭs), impolite to find fault with
un-couth' (ŭn-kōōth'), strange; ugly; rough
undaunted (ŭn-dän'tĕd), bold; fearless
under native rule, if India had been ruled by its own people
under pain of a fearful curse, threatening them with terrible punishment
under sure'ty of my word (shōōr'tĭ), with a promise from me
undertake he will do great marvels, am sure he will do very unusual things

un'du-la'tion (ŭn'dū-lā'shŭn), motion
un-feigned' regard (ŭn-fānd'), sincere affection
unfought victories won, difficulties of poverty, lack of education, etc., overcome
ungentle knight, one who does not deserve the title
u'ni-son (ū'nĭ-sŭn), harmony
united crosses, etc., one cross on the other
unlocks a warmer clime (klīm), makes me feel as if I were in a warmer climate
unmarked, unnoticed
unobtrusive (ŭn'ŏb-trū'sĭv), modest
unredressed (ŭn'rē-drĕst'), not righted
un're-served' (un'rē-zûrvd'), frank
un-sa'vo-ry ŭn-sā'vĕr-ĭ), unpleasant to smell
un-scathed' (ŭn-skāthd'), unharmed
unscorched wing, untouched by fire; see *Hekla*
unseen quar'ry (kwôr'ĭ), hidden bed of stone (tile) where the north wind gets his building material
unsubstantial (ŭn'sŭb-stăn'shăl), unreal
un-taint'ed ears (ŭn-tānt'ĕd), ears that have heard no wickedness
un-wield'y (ŭn-wēld'ĭ), fat
unwonted (ŭn-wŭn'tĕd), unusual; rare
un-world' ly (ŭn-wûrld'lĭ), unselfish
unworthy in'nu-en'does (ĭn'ū-ĕn'dōz), undeserved suggestions
up-braid' (ŭp-brād'), reproach
upper work altogether razed (rāzd), sails, masts, etc., all shot away
up-tears' (ŭp-târz'), uproots
urchin (ûr'chĭn), boy
u-surped' (ū-zûrpt'), seized without any right
U'ther Pen-drag'on (ū'thĕr pĕn-drăg'ŭn)
ut'ter-ance (ŭt'ĕr-ăns), expression
vacant, not thinking of anything
vague pre'mo-ni'tion (vāg prē'mŏ-nĭsh'ŭn), a strange, undefinable warning
vale (văl), valley
val'iant (văl'yănt), brave
van (văn), front
va'ried (vā'rĭd), different
variegated (vā'rĭ-ē-gāt'ĕd), mixed
var'let (vär'lĕt), coward
vas'sal (vās'ăl), slave
vast congregation, large gathering
vast ex'pec-ta'tions (vást ĕks'pĕk-tā'shŭnz), prospects of future riches
vaunt'ing (vänt'ĭng), boasting
veer (vēr), turn
veg'e-tat'ing (vĕj'ē-tāt'ĭng), living quietly and simply, like plants
vehemently (vē'hē-mĕnt-lĭ), furiously
ven'er-a-ble (vĕn'ĕr-ā-b'l), dignified old
veneration (vĕn'ĕr-ā'shŭn), reverence
ver'dant (vûr'dănt), green
verge (vûrj), edge
ver-mil'ion (vĕr-mĭl'yŭn), red paint
vi'brate to the doom (vī'brāt), the movement started by Hampden will influence men until the end of the world
viciousness (vĭsh'ŭs-nĕs), bad temper
vicissitude (vĭ-sĭs'ĭ-tūd), comedown
vict'ual (vĭt''l), food
victualer (vĭt''l-ĕr), provision ship
vig'il (vĭj'ĭl), wakefulness
vig'i-lant (vĭg'ĭ-lánt), watchful
viking (vī'kĭng), a Northman pirate
vil'lain (vĭl'ĭn), scoundrel
vir'gin (vûr'jĭn), new
virtue has been acquired (ă-kwīrd'), the Greeks had to work to gain their good qualities
vis'age (vĭz'ăj), the face
vi'sion-a-ry (vĭzh'ŭn-ă-rĭ), dreamy
vi'sion-a-ry proj'ects (vĭzh'ŭn-ă-rĭ prŏj'ĕkts), doubtful plans
vis'ta (vĭs'tà), opening
vo-ca'tion (vō-kā'shŭn), occupation
vo-cif'er-ous (vō-sĭf'ĕr-ŭs), noisy
void (void), useless
vo-ra'cious (vō-rā'shŭs), greedy
vouch for (vouch), swear to
vows were plight'ed (plīt'ĕd), pledges of love were made
vul'ner-a-ble (vŭl'nĕr-ă-b'l), weak
vul'ture-beak (vŭl'tûr), dangerous point of the icebergs. Vultures are large flesh-eating birds

waft (wáft), carry; blow
wam'pum (wŏm'pŭm), shell beads
wandering shadow, dead skipper's ghost
wandering voice, voice of a hidden bird
wane (wān), pass; get shorter
want, lack; **want breath,** lack energy
ward (wôrd), guard; keep

warded off tyr'an-ny (tĭr'ă-nĭ), kept away an unjust ruler
warlike gear (gēr), armor
warm ten'e-ment (tĕn'ē-mĕnt), comfortable home
war'rant (wŏr'ănt), declare
wa'ry (wā'rĭ), cautious
was'sail-bout (wŏs'ĭl-bout), drinking revel
waters fast pre-vail'ing (prē-vāl'ĭng), waves breaking over the boat
waters warp (wôrp), freeze the streams
water-wraith (rāth), spirit of the water
Wat-ta-wa'mat (wät-tä-wä'mät)
wat'tled (wŏt'l'd), having fleshy growths hanging from its neck
ways of na'tive-dom (nā'tĭv-dŏm), habits of the poorer classes
weather'd (wĕth'ĕrd), lasted through
we find it a river, etc., the banks are so marshy it seems as though they were a continuation of the river
weighed (wād), pulled in anchors
weigh their anchors, raise the anchors
well-considered, thoughtful
well-ruled and fair-languaged, man of good conduct and pleasant speech
were'wolf' (wēr'), in old superstition, a human being turned into a wolf
whatever promised utility (ŭ-tĭl'ĭ-tĭ), whatever seemed to do actual good
what sig'ni-fies it (sĭg'nĭ-fīz), what does it matter
whelm him o'er, ruin his life
whet'ting (hwĕt'ĭng), rubbing to try its sharpness
whi'lom (hwī'lŭm), once
whim'si-cal (hwĭm'zĭ-kăl), freakish
white bas'tions (băs'chŭnz), fortifications of snow
wholesale merchants, men who sell large quantities to smaller stores
wider field of activity (ăk-tĭv'ĭ-tĭ), larger territory in which to work
wight (wīt), person
wild little poet, untamed songbird
willfulness, disobedience
wince (wĭns), shrink
wind'lass (wĭnd'lăs), machine for pulling up anchor
windward, on the side from which the wind is blowing
Win'kel-ried (wĭng'kĕl-rēd)
wise (wīz), a way; case
wit (wĭt), humorist
witch'er-y (wĭch'ĕr-ĭ), magic
withe (wĭth), flexible, slender twig
withheld by remorseful misgivings (rē-môrs'fo͝ol), kept back by his doubt as to whether it was right
with his fellowship, accompanied by his following of knights
with respect to fu-tu'ri-ty (fū-tū'rĭ-tĭ), in the future
wit'ting-ly (wĭt'ĭng-lĭ), knowingly
wont (wŭnt), habit
wood'bine (wo͝od'bīn), honeysuckle
woods are greening, trees are budding
worldly effects (ĕ-fĕkts'), possession
world'ly ends (wûrld'lĭ), actual problems, such as trying to gain wealth or power
worming his way, crawling slowly
wormwood, common weed
wor'ship (wûr'shĭp), high rank
wor'sted (wo͝os'tĕd), wool
wor'thies (wûr'thĭz), great men
wound (wo͞ond), injury
wound'ed (wo͞on'dĕd), hurt
wrapt in a vision pro-phet'ic (prō-fĕt'ĭk), a dream of the future coming to him
wrench'd of ev'ry stay (rĕncht), every assistance is taken away
wrench'd their rights from (rĕncht), gained liberty by fighting
wroth (rōth), angry
wroth the tempest rushes (rōth), the storm becomes worse and worse
wrought (rôt), worked
wrought together (rôt) both worked
wrought upon and molded (rôt), influenced and shaped

Xer'xes (zûrk'sēz)

yard, mast to hold the sail
yeo'man-ry (yō'măn-rĭ), land owners
yeo'men (yō'mĕn), farmers
yield thee as rec're-ant (yēld; rĕk'rē-ănt), surrender to me, coward!
yoke of ser'vi-tude (sûr'vĭ-tūd), rule of a conqueror
yon (yŏn), over there
your warrant (wŏr'ănt), the witness, who will prove what you have done

zeal (zēl), eagerness; enthusiasm
zeal'ous (zĕl'ŭs), enthusiastic; active
zest (zĕst), enjoyment